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THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN

The Original Memoirs of Elizabeth Baroness Craven afterwards Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth and Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire (1750–1828) Edited with Notes and a Biographical and Historical Introduction containing much unpublished matter by

A. M. BROADLEY & LEWIS MELVILLE

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CHAPTER VII

De Bievre—Blanchard the aëronaut—Comte de Goertz, late minister of the Great Frederic—Anecdotes—Prince Kaunitz.

MONSIEUR DE BIEVRE, the famous French punster, came to Triesdorf in his way to Italy. I had never known him before: he was very agreeable; but he died at Triesdorf of the small-pox, the infection of which he had brought from London with him. I remember one of his puns whilst with us.—The Margrave and some others were conversing about the Court of France, when a remark was made,—if France became disturbed, what would Louis XVI do? they had heard that the only good talent which he had was that of being a fine locksmith: "*Ah!*" said De Bievre, "*mais il ne trouvera pas le clef de cette énigme là.*"

We had written a play called, I think, *Le Séducteur;* he wished much to see my actors. I shall never forget the terrors of the Countess d'Aldfeldt, and a few more, at the idea of performing before him. I was obliged to use all my energy to scold them out of it.

Blanchard[1] came over to us, and elevated a balloon; De Bievre galloped after it, and we all accompanied him, for the Margrave was determined to be present at the descent. Such a dangerous ride I never took before or since—we followed the wind. The Margrave ordered a beautiful medal to be struck of pure gold, weighing about thirty guineas, with *basso relievos* well executed; and this gave me an opportunity of being of some use, as the Maréchal de la Cour was extremely perplexed, for he had no doubt but that the Margravine would present the medal to Blanchard: "And you know," he said, "*Miladi*, that I dare not even ask that he should come into the drawing-room; and if I tell the Margrave this, he may feel displeased." I wished that all parties should be gratified: I therefore went to the Margravine, and told her that I had a favour to ask—that I wanted to have a very long conversation with the aëronaut about the means of directing the balloon; and that, as the Margrave had cast a medal which he wished him to receive, if she would not present it, I begged that I might be permitted. I saw she looked rather indignant when I came to *if*: "But," she said, "arrange it, my dear, with the Margrave, in your own way—just as you please."

I then attacked the Margrave, saying, "You know, Sir, I have no time to speak to any one long: the Margravine has granted me the pleasure of presenting the medal to Blanchard; so let me talk to him in the second drawing-room, as I have much to say to him, having

[1] François Blanchard (1738–1809). In 1785 he crossed the Channel, and was rewarded by Louis XVI with a present of 12,000 francs and an annuity of 1200.

thought about flying in the air very often:"—and I added all the nonsense about the bliss of balloon-conveyances I could muster.

Blanchard was appointed about one o'clock, and we conversed for nearly two hours after I had given him the medal. About a year and a half after this time, I received a letter from him to thank me for some hints I had suggested to him concerning the direction of the balloon. I am certain I do not recollect what observations I made; but it must have arisen from my asking him a thousand foolish questions. Ignorance, indeed, from its constant inquiry, has frequently produced something new to those who have lost their combinations by being too abstract on the subject.

The Comte de Goertz,[1] an old minister of the Great Frederic, who was named, by his successor the late King of Prussia, *Ministre accrédité aux Cercles de Franconie*, frequently came to Triesdorf. On his first visit, the nobility told me he was a man of such haughty manners, that he never deigned to speak to any one but the Margrave and Margravine; and they added to *pauvre Miladi*, "He will sit next you at dinner, and will not utter a word." I resolved to make the attempt of rousing him to conversation. When he had finished his soup, I said to him, "*Il n'y a personne que j'envie autant que vous, Monsieur le Comte!*" "*Moi! Miladi, moi! Et vous m'enviez?*"—"*Oui, Monsieur,*" I replied, "you have not only been honoured with the confidence of the greatest man of the age, as his Minister, but have enjoyed his society in private. Your memory must retrace

[1] Johann Eustach Goertz (1737–1821). He was at this time Prussian Ambassador at The Hague.

that in such a manner, as to make us humbler mortals appear unworthy of your condescension. I do really envy you." I cannot forget his smile: he ceased to eat to talk incessantly to me, and repeated many anecdotes of his illustrious master,—while the Margrave and Margravine, and all the Court, were looking at us with astonishment, and afterwards inquired what talisman I had used to make him so conversable? I told them, if the remembrance of the great Frederic's conversation had sealed up his lips, the only way of opening them was that which I took—to speak of the admirable qualities of his former master: and the old man was so delighted, that he sent William Spencer to me; and when I went from Ratisbon to Vienna, down the Danube, two years after my marriage with the Margrave, he betrayed the greatest solicitude for my safety, by hiring the boat for me and recommending me to the care of the people.

I have often endeavoured to account for the absurdities and contradictions which are to be found in the Germans, but in vain. Most of them are born with excellent ears for music, but with no taste for the fine arts. They appear to be always above or below human nature.

I remember, when I was obliged to have a Spanish male dress made for me, the Court tailor brought the clothes for me to try: the waistcoat was at least four inches too long for me; my breeches were not long enough; and when I pointed out to him repeatedly that it would be impossible for me to wear them, he said, "*Ça, il fait rien!*"—"*Comment?*" said I with great emphasis: he replied, "*Si la culotte est trop courte, la veste est trop longue, et cela revient à la même chose;*" and as I knew nothing could drive it out of his head, I

sent him away, gave my suit of clothes to another performer, and had quite a new one made for me.

At another time, a nobleman of the Court, looking at some copies that were hanging in my room, of the Cardinal Virtues, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the University of Oxford, asked me what they were; to which I answered, "*Les Vertus Cardinales, copiées en petit d'après ceux en grand, que le Chevalier Reynolds avait fait.*" After looking at them some time, he said, "*Sont-ce des Cardinaux de Rome ou des Evêques Anglais, car ils sont de très belles figures?*"

M. de Brenkenhoff, who had been attached to Frederic, was one day speaking of the Pomeranian dominions, which formed part of that King's empire. In a report which he made to his master with regard to the state of the nobility there, he found that in one village, called Czarnidarmo, which did not contain more than one hundred and forty or fifty acres of cultivated land, the community was formed by twelve noble families, consisting of fifty-nine persons; and that the cow-keeper and the crier were the only persons in the village who were not noble, but that their wives, however, were born nobles. What an idea of nobility!

Old Prince Kaunitz had many peculiarities, which only set off to greater advantage his amiable qualities. He was one day found by a foreign minister in the body of a carriage, placed in one of his own rooms: he was lining the inside of it, because the coachmakers, he insisted, did not know how to do it properly. I can easily imagine this, as I have frequently myself snatched a spade or rake from an awkward gardener, whose want of taste could not execute what my ideas of beauty had imagined.

At his own table he was particularly partial to venison; and such attention was always paid to him, that no one presumed to be helped twice from the dish which was placed before him. A young English officer, who was unacquainted with this etiquette, one day sent up his plate for a second slice of venison, which was placed before the Prince, who, looking at me, hesitated whether he should help him. Upon such occasions I generally look down; but on this I fixed my eyes on his, and said, "*Excusez, un soldat Anglais aime le cerf, et n'en trouve pas souvent.*" He then smiled, and helped him with much politeness. His niece, Madame de Clary, and all the company, who were very attentive to what was passing, were delighted with me.

This officer, whose name was Mulcaster, was a brave rough soldier, and an honest spirited man, and had defended Fort Elizabeth when the French were near taking Jersey and Guernsey. On being once sent for to criminate an innocent wife, from whom his friend wished to be divorced *sans rime ni raison*, and who depended on him to speak in court what was necessary to effect it, Mulcaster gave evidence, on the contrary, that cleared the injured wife's reputation, and that covered the husband's conduct with confusion, and obtained for himself the greatest credit. I should, therefore, have been sorry if poor Mulcaster had not had his venison, and should have been much displeased with Kaunitz. As Mulcaster did not understand French, my phrase had the complete good-natured effect.

I was excessively amused one day after my marriage with the Margrave, when, travelling in a private carriage of my own, without my coat-of-arms, and unattended, I

stopped at an inn, and was shown into the only apartment which was unoccupied. Having ordered my dinner, just as I was sitting down I perceived a well-dressed lady standing in the yard, observing a dragoon who was cleaning one of the troop-horses. Having inquired who it was, I was told that she was the Major's wife of the regiment, and that she was waiting till some apartment should be ready for her reception, as there was not one vacant. I immediately told the landlord to say, that, if she would do me the favour, a lady was just sitting down to dinner and would be happy in the pleasure of her company: with this she immediately complied, and we passed a very pleasant *tête-à-tête*. When our repast was finished, and I found it time to depart, I inquired for the reckoning, which being brought, the lady offered to pay her share, imagining that it was a *table d'hôte*, though very small. I prevented her from doing this: she with much politeness then inquired to whom she was indebted for this civility. I then informed her that I was the Margravine of Anspach. Her modest confusion may be easily conjectured: she apologized for the familiarity she had assumed, and begged my pardon a thousand times. I took her cordially by the hand, and, with every good wish to her, departed.

CHAPTER VIII

I accompany the Margrave into Italy, after a residence of some time at the Court of Anspach—Court of Naples—Ferdinand—Sir William and Lady Hamilton—Our amusements.

DURING my residence at Anspach for five years, the Margrave took two journeys into Italy. In the winter following my arrival in Anspach, the Margrave wished me to go to Naples with him, in order to pass a few months there: I of course acceded to his proposition, and we set off, with my youngest son, Keppel. We were received at Court with the greatest delight, for the Margrave had always been held in the highest estimation by the King of Naples.[1] The Queen also,[2] who at that time was ill, showed me a great partiality, as I was allowed to attend upon her; and, by my attentions, I truly gained her heart.

Ferdinand IV was in his person tall and muscular, active in his undertakings, capable of undergoing immense fatigue, and, to all appearance, formed for a long life. His nose was immoderately long, like that of his father,[3] Charles III, King of Spain, and of his brother,

[1] Ferdinand IV of Naples. Ascended the throne 1759, deposed by the French in 1799 and again in 1806; restored in 1815, when he took the title of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies. He died in 1825.

[2] Caroline Maria, daughter of Maria Theresa. Married May, 1768. The Queen of Naples died in 1814.

[3] He was familiarly known to the *lazzaroni* as "Nasone."

who succeeded, Charles IV. His features were coarse and harsh; yet the general expression of his countenance was rather intelligent, and perhaps even agreeable, although, separately taken, every feature was ugly. His conversation, his deportment, his manners, were, from an unpolished simplicity, rude in their nature, though rather pleasing; as they removed from the mind what is always to be expected from a sovereign, that habit of disguise, artifice, and concealment, which accompany the possessor of a throne. If he did not converse much with strangers, yet he always appeared to say what he thought; and, although destitute of art or elegance, he did not betray a want of understanding or of information. He reminded me of a rustic elevated by accident to the crown; but then it was an honest well-intentioned countryman, not entirely unworthy of such an honour. There are pictures of their Majesties at Kensington Palace, in the apartments of the Duke of Sussex.

The Queen of Naples, who was sister to the Emperor Joseph, appeared much better calculated to represent the majesty of a throne, and to do the honours of a Court, where she had first imbibed the rudiments of her education. It was natural to her. Though her face was neither beautiful, nor her person lovely, yet was she not altogether deficient in either point: her figure might be esteemed too large, but it wanted neither dignity, grace, nor attractions.

Her Majesty soon took such a fancy to me, that she made me pass most of my evenings with her *tête-à-tête*; while, in the mornings, I frequently accompanied the King in his hunting or shooting parties, of which he was

extremely fond. My adroitness in killing game, my skill in riding on horseback, and the indifference I showed about my person in rain, in wind, or whatever might be the fatigue, endeared me much to the King. Sir William Hamilton,[1] who, early in life, had experienced the kindness of my relations to him, returned that kindness in my person, by saying such handsome things of me at Court that I became a universal favourite.

The Margrave, I think, was never so happy as during our stay at Naples: as he excelled in all manly exercises, he was not a little gratified to display me as one accustomed to these sports. The King had never seen a side-saddle, and was much amused with it, and extremely jocose on seeing that method of riding.[2]

From Sir William Hamilton I learned that the King's education had been entirely neglected, purposely, by his father; for Charles, alarmed at the imbecility of his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria, who on that account had been set aside in the succession, ordered particularly, on his departure for Spain in 1759, that this son, who was the third, should not be allowed to apply to severe studies, or attend to any thing which required intense application.

Before the present King had attained his seventeenth year, a wife was provided for him from the Court of Madrid. The Archduchess Josepha, one of the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa, was selected for him.

[1] Sir William Hamilton (1730–1803). His second wife, Amy Lyon, better known as Emma Harte, the famous mistress of Nelson, was born in 1761 at Hawarden, and died at Calais in 1815.

[2] An account of King Ferdinand and his Queen written by Lady Craven during this visit has recently been published by Signor S. di Giacomo, Custodian of the Biblioteca Lucchesi-Palli. See Vol. I, Introduction, p. xvii.

As she was agreeable in her person, and amiable in her disposition, the young Ferdinand expected her arrival with the greatest anxiety and impatience. But unfortunately the fatal intelligence soon reached him from Vienna that she had fallen a sacrifice to that scourge of mankind, and which disorder had been so destructive to many branches of the Royal Families of Europe - the confluent small-pox. He manifested as much sorrow as could be expected from one who had never beheld the object of his hopes: but he was sadly disappointed at being prevented from enjoying his usual exercises out of doors, as it was necessary to observe the decorum of mourning on such an event.

As the policy of the Court of Austria directed it to an union with the Court of Naples, the Archduchess Caroline was substituted in the place of her sister, and was soon afterwards conducted from Vienna to Naples. She was then only sixteen years of age, and had many charms, although not regularly handsome. They were married in the year 1768.

The Queen herself, so great was the King's partiality for hunting, was often obliged to attend him in his expeditions. The immense quantity of game preserved in the royal parks and woods at Caserta, Caccia Bella, and Astruni, exceeds all credibility: wild boars, and stags, and deer of every kind, were slaughtered without mercy. The King never missed a shot, and would cut up the animals after they were killed with all the skill of a butcher. The Queen was often obliged to witness these scenes.

His Majesty's skill on the water was equal to that on land: he harpooned, or caught fish, and was regardless

of cold, hunger, fatigue, or danger. He was generally attended by a number of the inhabitants of the Lipari Islands, who have always been particularly skilful as fishermen.

Placed at the extremity of Italy, and enjoying a delicious climate, upon shores to which the Romans retired when conquerors of the world, to partake of luxuries not to be attained in any other quarter, and which still are covered with the remains of Roman magnificence or Grecian splendour,—where all the productions of the Levant, blended with those of the Mediterranean, are to be found,—Ferdinand had such means of happiness as rarely fall to the lot of mortals. His popularity was great; perhaps his indifference to public business removed him from the odium consequent on such engagements; while the Queen, who possessed an active mind and considerable talents, as well as love of power and ambition, assumed a share in administration; not that Ferdinand was indifferent to the welfare of his subjects, or regardless of the prosperity and security of his dominions, but his minister indulged his natural propensities, and was glad of every opportunity of keeping him remote from public affairs.

Sir William and Lady Hamilton constituted for a time the great pleasure of the Court. Sir William had been brought up from early life under his late Majesty George III, to whom after his accession to the throne he became equerry. He had entered in his youth into the army, and was present at the battle of Fontenoy, and another engagement. His superior understanding and philosophic turn of mind made him a most interesting man. In every branch of science and polite literature he

excelled, while the versatility of his character constituted the most extraordinary composition. After having explored the wonders of Vesuvius, he would dedicate his leisure to the sports of the field with the King; and when he had attained the age of seventy, he preserved an undiminished ardour. In his person he was tall and thin, of a dark complexion, with an aquiline nose. He was the son of Lady Archibald Hamilton, who enjoyed a distinguished place under Frederic, late Prince of Wales.

Though a finished courtier, he had none of that servility of manners, or that species of adulation, which is generally to be met with, but he preserved an independence which seemed to qualify him particularly for the diplomatic profession. No foreign minister ever enjoyed in so peculiar a degree the confidence and affection of the King of Naples, which he proved by every instance of personal regard, and which even extended to the British nation.

Our time passed in every enjoyment which the luxury of an Italian Court could afford, and in every species of amusement for which the country is celebrated: we had the best musicians and the best dancers.

The theatre of St. Charles[1] is one of the largest and the most magnificent in Europe. If we imagine one of those amphitheatres which the Romans erected to contain a whole nation, some idea may be formed of the grandeur of this: it consists of one hundred and seventy-two boxes, of six ranges in height, without including that of the King, which forms a superb and magnificent hall. These boxes will contain about two thousand persons; and the space for the pit is equally capacious. Each box is

[1] San Carlo.

illuminated with a brilliant lustre; and on the grand gala days seven or eight hundred flambeaux add to the splendour, forming at once, to the eye of the spectator, a scene hardly to be paralleled.

The music of Nicolai Piccini,[1] my favourite composer, enchanted us, while the dancers were the best that could be selected. It is impossible to give an idea of the splendour of the masked balls given by the King, when the whole house is united to the stage. A vast hall appears, as it were, upon entering it, filled with lights, and containing from four to five thousand masks—all well dressed.

The King and Queen appear at all these balls in habits of masquerade. To give a description would fill an entire volume: it seemed as if all the world were masked, and the four quarters of the globe doing honour to the amusements. Characters of every nation appeared to be there assembled, with monsters, satyrs, slaves, and sorcerers. I have been credibly informed, that, during the carnivals at Naples, above forty thousand masked habits have been either hired or sold; and if a calculation were made of all the expenses attending these festivities, the amount would be found most enormous.

We were surrounded at these scenes by all the beauty of Naples, the ladies sitting in their boxes unmasked. I was greatly amused one evening in seeing the ballet of Henry IV, when that great sovereign made his appearance in the midst of a troop of figurants, leaping and capering like a buffoon. I was surprised to see this King, who was an honour to his Government when alive, diverting the

[1] Niccolo Piccini, musical composer. Born at Bari, Italy, 1728; died in Paris, May 7, 1800.

pit of a theatre in Italy after his death. I only waited to see the Duke de Sully, his Minister, that grave and serious character, dance a *pas de deux* with Henry—he who never made a *faux pas* during his life in his administration; but in vain—the *maître de ballet* had forgotten him, and by this means he escaped the royal pantomime.

In the midst of the applause at this dance I heard a young Italian thus eulogize the monarch: "*Per Dio, Arrigo era un gran principe!—Quanto felici esser dovevano i Francesi, quando avevano per loro Re un così bravo ballerino!*"[1]

[*A somewhat prolix account of the amusements and antiquities of Naples is omitted.*]

We intended to have protracted our residence at Naples till the month of April or May;[2] but an unexpected circumstance occurred, which caused us to change our determination.

One day, whilst I was dressing for dinner, a servant of the Margrave's came to me, and told me that the Margrave desired to speak with me. I went into his room, and found him much disturbed: he ordered the servants to leave the apartment; when, taking me by the hand and kissing it, he said, "You have conducted yourself like a sister indeed; but I have one request to make to you (he held a letter in his hand, and that hand shook with anger): I must go to Berlin *incog.*—will you go with me? it is the only sacrifice of your time I will ever require of you."

The Margrave told the King of Naples exactly what he intended to do, with his reasons for his conduct. He

[1] "By God, Henry was a great prince! How happy the French must have been to have such a good dancer as King!"

[2] 1790.

informed me that an infamous plot had been formed at Anspach, to create mischief and discontent. As he had never been to Berlin to his cousin since his accession to the throne, he chose to go without the knowledge of his Ministers; nor did he ever communicate to me the contents of that letter. I requested him to be calm, lest his Chamberlains and other people might observe his agitation, and told him that I was ready to give him any proof of my esteem and gratitude in my power; that we would talk about it in the evening, when the Court and my child were at rest.

The Margrave was born ardent—perhaps violent—but his moral virtues checked every evil propensity, and no man ever deserved so much credit as he did in conquering his passions; and I may truly say, that except in me and in two other subjects of his, he never met with any treatment but ingratitude for all his princely and virtuous deeds.

At this time the death of the Emperor Joseph was expected every moment: his brother Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was to succeed him.[1] The Margrave resolved to impart in confidence to the Grand Duke the subject of this letter, and what were his intentions with regard to the King of Prussia.

This circumstance took place at a time when the Grand Duke was enjoying the Carnival at Paris, and was just three days before its conclusion. We were there; and to my great mortification, our pleasures were to end. The Margrave wrote a note to the Grand Duke, who in half an hour came, on foot and unattended, wrapped up in a cloak, with a lanthorn in his hand.

[1] Joseph II died 1790.

After a quarter of an hour's *tête-à-tête* had passed between the two Sovereigns, I received a message to inform me that I must join them. I was received by the Grand Duke with that cordiality which I have always experienced from the Austrian family; when the Margrave said, "We both wish you to hear our conversation:" and turning to Leopold, observed to me, "We can never have a better witness to our opinions than yourself, upon matters that concern the peace and welfare of mankind."

I observed, during this conversation, that there was some particular reason which made the Margrave conceal the contents of this letter which he had received, from me, and I guessed that I was mentioned or hinted at in it.

The Grand Duke left us after making us promise to come to his ball and supper. The Margrave had ordered all his suite at Naples to proceed to Roveredo, a town on the frontiers of the Tyrol, intending to meet them at that place; but when the carriages arrived at Florence, my sensible child, whom I had left with Mr. Pavini, the Grand Duke's secretary, told the company that he only was to go with them to Anspach, and that the Margrave and myself had taken another road into Franconia. It was with difficulty that I could persuade the Margrave to confide in Keppel's extreme youth, being then only between ten and eleven years old, and he objected to his knowing the place whither we were going; but I knew his disposition, and was certain that he would have been in despair if I had not informed him of the place of our destination. I represented to him the amusement he would have in hearing the various con-

jectures of his fellow-travellers; and told him that t secrecy he would observe, would be an eternal honour him, and a proof to me that my opinion of his discreti was just, and that he merited my confidence.—He c served his word, and from that moment has nev deviated. This little digression I think due to t feelings of a mother towards a child who has uniform conducted himself in the most honourable manner.

Leopold was a prince of deep reflection, sound juc ment, and enlarged capacity; his management of Italian Sovereignty, which was prudent and benefice showed that he aspired to a truer reputation than can acquired by the mere splendour of royalty. He had very numerous family, yet notwithstanding was ce brated for his gallantries, which had such an effect up his constitution, that he survived as Emperor of Germa to which dignity he succeeded in this spring, only t years. He was suspected of being poisoned; and af his death, his body was opened by his physician, Agusius, who did not scruple to declare that he ent tained no doubt of this circumstance. During the l year of his life, his faculties became much impaire his memory was weakened, and he could hardly recoll any thing from one day to another. His determinati not to engage in the war with France was the ca given for his destruction; and it was reported at Prag that the party which dreaded the effects of his defens system, as most injurious to their tenure of power, moved him in this manner; while the others accu the emigrants of having caused his death, as the o means left them of regaining their estates by forcing immediate rupture between the Austrian and Fre

Governments. He died at Prague, on the 1st of March, 1792, to which city he had repaired for the purpose of being crowned King of Bohemia. The poison was said to have been administered to him in sweetmeats which were presented to him by a lady at a masquerade. Every endeavour was used to conceal the circumstance, but in vain; it was even pretended that he had destroyed himself by drugs or incentives which he had prepared in his own laboratory, as he was much addicted to chemical processes and researches.

CHAPTER IX

We return to Anspach, after paying a visit to the King of Prussia at Berlin—We reside three months at the Palace—Illness of Lord Craven at Bath—Death of the Margravine—Sir William Hamilton informs me by letter of the death of Lord Craven—Lady Betty Germaine.

THE Margrave dispatched a courier from the last place we slept at, towards Berlin, to acquaint His Majesty of our intended arrival.[1] It was the etiquette of the Court of Prussia for all princes in the line of succession to the throne, to repair to Berlin, to pay their respects to the King on the demise of his predecessor. The Margrave had never been to his cousin: the reason for such an omission I could never learn, but he seemed displeased whenever it was hinted to him. Old General Treskaw, a most respectable military commander, who was *en chef* at Anspach, and a confidant of old Frederic's, by whom he had been strongly recommended to his nephew, requested me to represent to the Margrave, that it was not right that he should remain without performing this duty, as he was the only relation who had not been at Berlin; and he urged me to use my influence with the Margrave: but this I begged leave to decline.

[1] The hitherto unpublished letter from Lady Craven to Mr. Francis James Jackson, British Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin, fixes the date of their arrival at the Prussian capital as December, 1790. She again wrote to Mr. Jackson from Paris in 1802, when he was Minister Plenipotentiary at Berlin (see Vol. I, Introduction, p. c).

Upon our return to the Margrave's dominions, he deposited me safe in my English garden at Triesdorf,—a residence in which I delighted; and, without sitting down, he went to the stables, ordered a horse to be saddled, and with the Chamberlain galloped off for Anspach, where the *Secrétaire du Cabinet*, Mr. Schmidt, was confined by illness to his bed.

From General Treskaw I received an account of what passed. The Margrave went to the man's bed-side, and, shaking his whip over his head, he said, "You rascal, give me the key of your bureau!" This was given to him immediately, when the Margrave himself opened all the drawers: he took one letter away; which letter I afterwards saw. He remained till it was time to return to dinner at Triesdorf.

The Margrave had ordered our return to this place so, that we arrived at ten o'clock in the morning. The nobility, Chamberlains, and all the Court, were at Triesdorf; and as soon as they knew of his sudden departure for Anspach, they came to the English garden, and waited in the large circular room till I had embraced my child and changed my dress. On my entrance into the room, I found a circle of men, whose countenances betrayed the terror they felt; and my surprise on this occasion amused me afterwards not a little. Their fears increased when I told them that I was perfectly acquainted with the motives of the dreadful journey I had undergone; and that a letter, which the Margrave had received at Naples, was the cause of our return; but that I had never seen it, nor was I informed of its contents.

Some of them immediately began to assure me, that

they entertained the highest possible respect for me: and one of them acknowledged that he had been persuaded by Mr. C. Schmidt, that my reason for staying at Anspach was for the purpose of placing Englishmen in the Margrave's service of every description; but added, that he had long seen that it was a falsehood invented for the purpose of creating an enmity against me.

I listened with that calm contempt which I always feel at things beneath my comprehension.

When we met at dinner, I found the Margrave perfectly composed; while the Margravine's joy at seeing me gave me infinite satisfaction, and her questions respecting Berlin occupied the time while the Margrave pursued his usual custom of passing two hours where all ranks might see him.

Soon after, Mr. Schmidt, the secretary, was dismissed; when his character was perfectly discovered, with the nature of which I had long been acquainted. I considered him as a tiger-cat, grinning only to scratch. He was clever in business, and laborious, but always amused himself with laughing at the folly of people. He pretended to like rural amusements, because they pleased the Margrave. He talked of books to the librarian—of natural history to Mr. Schæuf—and of heraldry to the nobles.

He soon took a dislike to me, because when, during the two first years I was in that country, he watched every opportunity for an excuse to come to ask me if I had no business—nothing to communicate to him in which he could serve me; he was always at my commands—I told him that I had nothing to engage him in, and that I had no trouble of any sort to give him. As I saw him continually in the open air with the Margrave and his suite,

I observed that his amusement was to watch my countenance at what passed; and his satirical turn of mind made him smile when he saw that I refrained from laughing myself. He enjoyed the confidence of the first Minister and of the Margrave for a long time; and of course all others paid him the greatest respect, whilst he was amusing himself at their expense: and as his sole desire was to please the Margrave, he seemed studiously to admire and encourage talents and industry, that all matters of business might be left to him.

As I detest all tiger-cats, I had never bestowed a thought on the man till the event happened which I have related; and which was followed by the Margrave's telling me one day that, among other things, he was sure Schmidt had poisoned the minds of all his Court against me; for, in a letter from one of his Ministers (whose name I shall not mention) from Bareith, he had been advised to be on his guard against the *Ultramontaine*,—a name it seems they had given me in their correspondence. "The wretches!" said the Margrave; "you, whose conduct proves that, as a mother or a sister, your whole time is occupied in creating delight here, where dullness and monotony have taken up their abode." Much more, and often, did that amiable Prince say to me, which I trust his residence in England proved that I deserved.

I am thoroughly persuaded that the unjust suspicions of people against me induced the Margrave, among other causes, to resolve to cede his dominions to the King of Prussia; as he imparted to me after his journey to Berlin. This resolution I combated with all the arguments I could adopt.

That summer the Margrave informed me that he had

received an invitation from the King of Prussia, to go to Berlin, to pass the Carnival there with the Royal Family; and that I was also desired to accompany him, as the King's adopted sister.

As a proof of my unwillingness at any time to interfere in the arrangements of the Margrave, I may state that, the year before these circumstances took place, Lady Cecilia Johnson's[1] [Johnston] son, who had been some time at the academy at Erlangen, wished to be put on the Margrave's establishment at Anspach; and the Margrave, ever too partial to the English, would have acceded to his request; but as I was sure what construction would be put upon such a thing taking place, I declared boldly to him, that if he placed one Englishman at his Court while I was there, I should be under the necessity of quitting it. When I made this declaration he smiled, and, with his usual kindness, kissed my hand, saying, "You are too disinterested and too good."

That year and the following we passed our time tolerably, although the disappointment the Margrave had met with in his ideas of the establishment at Davendorf, for the purpose he proposed, and the discovery of the plans of his misled courtiers, had given him much uneasiness; and he did not attend as much as usual to the employment in his English garden, which had hitherto afforded him much amusement.

Before our departure for Berlin, the Margrave had

[1] Henrietta Cecilia West, eldest daughter of John, Earl de la Warr, by Lady Charlotte M'Carthy. An amateur musician and actress of note, but credited with a passion for gambling. She married Colonel Johnston in 1762, and was called by her friends "the divine Cecilia," or "St. Cecilia."

presented the Margravine with a place called Schwanegen, —a country residence twelve miles from Anspach, where his mother had ended her melancholy life. The Margravine had fitted it up anew, and took me over to see the arrangements she had made; and she appeared in better health and spirits than I had ever seen her.

When I took my leave of her, her manner of embracing me had something in it very affecting: it seemed, as it were, a foreboding that we should never meet again: she had certainly a presentiment that this was our last parting. After the uncommon length of time which she kept me after supper, to say the most kind and flattering things to me, such as, "Dance minuets—show them what dancing is," and many other pleasantries, she called me back from the stairs when the Grand Marshal was handing me down.

It was usual with her, when I took leave of her at night, to make a curtesy to me, and to every body round her, and then retire to her own apartment. But that night she stood as if she were fixed to the ground, and lost in thought; and, instead of turning towards the door which led to her room, as customary, she walked forward through the second drawing-room and through the dining-room. A general bustle prevailed; and, as I had loitered to bid adieu to those in the second room, it was on the fourth step of the staircase I was descending that I was called back, on the top of which I saw the Margravine; and, hurrying up to her, I asked her what it was. "To bid you once more good-bye," she said; and, placing her hands on my shoulders, she kissed my forehead. I bowed my head on her breast for the last time.

There was something so novel in her conduct, that the Marshal, who handed me down, and the courtiers who followed, were struck with astonishment, and a dead silence ensued. I then withdrew into my apartment.

Upon my arrival at Berlin, I found myself in the Princess Amelia's palace, where the pages and domestics of the King were in waiting. We reached this place late, for our carriage had broken down and delayed us. I went to bed fatigued, and was dropping asleep, when my door opened, and a female servant with two wax-lights ushered in the Margrave, who coming to the side of my bed, said, "You are to dine with the King at two o'clock to-morrow, and to be presented by him to all the Royal Family as his sister." It was then past one o'clock in the morning: I began to feel a little discomposed, when the Margrave, taking my hand, said, "You must go;" and immediately left me.

A little before two on the following day I made my appearance before His Majesty, with a violent nervous head-ache, when all the family were drawn up in a formidable line, whilst the King, holding me fast by the hand, named each member of the Royal Family to me. The Margrave was standing by the Queen.

Next day the King came in person to the palace allotted to us, and said to me, "This is yours. You are my adopted sister, as well as the Margrave's."

This palace had been built by the Princess Amelia, the great Frederic's sister, as a residence for herself. It was done on a French plan: the entrance was a large octagon room, on each side of which a door led to an apartment on the right and left, so that the Margrave and I were as if in two distinct and separate houses.

After I had resided here a short time, the Margrave told me that I was to be present at the subject of the conversation, for which purpose he had expressly come to Berlin; and that, to avoid suspicion and curiosity, the conference was to be held in my apartment. Upon the arrival of His Majesty, who came as if to pay a visit to me, the Margrave was ready to receive him, and I was seated near a window that looked into a garden.

Here they conversed on the proposed intention of the Margrave to give up his principalities to Prussia. I never uttered a syllable; and they repeatedly met here in order to discuss this important matter.

One day the King said to the Margrave, "We must be very amusing, for our sister is often obliged to suppress a smile;" and turning to me, "Can you deny this," added he: "now, pray tell me the cause."

I replied frankly, as I hope I have always spoken to Sovereigns, that the idea which floated on my mind was, that they never would come to any arrangement, unless a Minister of Finance was entrusted with the secret, and could arrange matters between them; for the disinterestedness of both Sovereigns was so great, that each wanted to give up all pecuniary advantages, and when all idea of calculation was lost between them.

The King and the Margrave were so diverted at my answer, that they both laughed; the King most heartily, who said to the Margrave, "She is right; we must have Bernsprunger:" and Bernsprunger was employed; who, as far as I can judge, adjusted things to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

During our stay at Berlin, which lasted three months, we were continually engaged in the hurry of dress and

parties. I lived entirely with the Royal Family. The Duke of Brunswick Oels,[1] uncle to the late Queen Caroline of England, was given to me as my cavalier. The Margrave's near relationship to the King obliged him to attend to the Queen.

The Duke of Brunswick Oels had wit and humour, and soon found he might amuse all his relations by teazing me; nor did there pass a day in which he did not find some pretence to show off his raillery, at the expense of my negatives; but at the same time with so much politeness, that although he shone, he roused me to answer him, and we thus afforded excellent sport to the Royal party.

He said, that it was in vain for me to attempt to conceal my thoughts by looking down; it was all I could do to prevent a smile. I told him he was perfectly right: to hear two Princes wishing to settle a pecuniary affair, while the generosity of both caused each of them to give up every thing to the other without indemnity, was a circumstance which led me to think that a trio might have been performed some weeks under my window, unless some Minister of Finance had been called in to conclude the arrangement.

Bernsprunger, who was an able man, for some time came often to my apartment, and lingered frequently talking to my boy, but with evident signs of wishing to disclose something which seemed to labour on his mind. I said to him, "You look as if you had something which you wish to say to me, but are afraid of mentioning: you are not surely afraid of me?"—"I hope not," he

[1] Frederick Augustus, Duke of Würtemberg-Oels (*b.* 29 Oct., 1740), uncle of Queen Caroline, consort of George IV. He is so described in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

answered;—he then said, that he was charged by the King with a commission of so delicate a nature that he was afraid to begin the subject.— I replied, that there was nothing with which the King could charge him that I could not answer to.

He informed me that the King was surprised that his cousin intended to give up every thing, and that he never named me or my child; that, as he would have no possessions or estates but in Franconia, His Majesty wished me to accept a gift of lands for myself, and titles for my child. I told Bernsprunger, that my situation as a mother, and as a wife not parted by law from my husband, made it impossible for me to accept of any thing out of England; and with regard to titles for Keppel, in case of the demise of his two elder brothers without legitimate male heirs, he became a peer with a large estate: that I refused all the gifts the Margrave had offered me, and that he might be certain that my gratitude and veneration for him always kept me about him; and that, in whatever situation I might be placed, my duty as an adopted sister, and my feelings for his great partiality to me, would make it my study through life to increase his comforts and happiness: that I entreated the King not to think that it was pride, or the fear of future vents, that influenced me to refuse his offers; and that my thanks were due to His Majesty as much as if he had given me millions; but that I trusted in Providence for its protection during the rest of my days: and I requested, as the only favour he himself could confer on me, that he would not acquaint the Margrave with what had passed.

A few days after this I received news from England,

that Lord Craven, who was at Bath for the benefit of the waters, had suddenly been seized with a fit. My brother, Lord Berkeley, had been so enraged at my not expressing a wish to live under the same roof with my husband again, that he protested he would never forgive me; but I had informed him that my resolution was fixed, and nothing should make me alter it; and that I retained Keppel about me, in order that one of my children might know what their mother was, and might be able to contradict the falsehoods which were invented against me.

When Lord Berkeley saw the period pass by at which Keppel was to return to England, he went to Lord Craven, who never told him of the letter I had written to him; but when Lord Berkeley advised him to stop the payment of my jointure, to compel me, as he said, to return, Lord Craven replied, "God forbid that I should ever do that: whose fortune might she not have where she bestowed her society?"

Lord Berkeley then tried another manœuvre. When I first left Lord Craven, I sent him word he might have the diamonds he had given me when he came to his title. This he had refused. I had intended to have left the chief part of them at the banker's; but Lord Craven's agent, a Mr. Hill, told me that if I did so, his Lordship's mistress would soon make him send for them, and, as we were not separated by law, nothing could prevent the banker from giving them up.

I then left the diamonds with Lord Berkeley, who chose to adorn my eldest daughter with them the day she was presented at Court, thinking (foolish man!) that I should return and claim them. He was mistaken,

however. This conduct of Lord Berkeley's led me to think that I should expect more persecution from him; I therefore put my son, under a feigned name, at Harrow, and persuaded the Margrave of the propriety of this step.[1]

Mr. Hill was one of the greatest eccentricities I ever saw; his was a character that I have never seen, except in Englishmen. When I was only nineteen years old, he told Lord Craven one day, who had put him into a passion by not seeming to care for the accounts he had brought him, that that young lady of his (meaning me) would manage his income, if he would give it up to her, which he recommended him to do. "Let her manage it," he said, "and do you take pin-money yourself." This man in every respect showed the highest opinion of me: and yet, like Lord Berkeley, because I would not write to ask to live with Lord Craven again, two years after he had parted with me, he became my most bitter enemy, and certainly altered that part of Lord Craven's will, in which he had provided for me handsomely and properly; as my daughters have since declared to me, that when their father made an alteration in his will, his fits had rendered him quite inadequate to such an act. His will had originally been made when my son Berkeley Craven was born, thirteen years before the period of Lord Craven's illness.

After we had quitted Berlin, we stayed one day at Bareith, which place the Margrave disliked. I had been there before with him to a great review of troops, and where he was for the purpose of being near Stept, a town on the Maine, in order to embark fifteen hundred men for Holland.

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. lxxiv, note 1.

Count, afterwards Prince Hardenberg,[1] and General Treskaw, met us at Bareith, and imparted to us the intelligence of the death of the Margravine, which took place at Schwanegen, her country villa, where her brother, the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, who had not seen her before for ten years, was upon a visit to her.[2]

The subject of her interment was a matter of perplexity. The Margrave's mother was a Royal Princess of Prussia, and had been buried with royal honours; the Margravine was not Royal: and it became a question in what manner she was to be buried. The Margrave and Count Hardenberg asked my opinion. This subject puzzled me, and I requested time to reflect. Count Hardenberg gave me the night for consideration, as the hussar was to set off at nine the next morning. I appointed him, at half-past eight, to come to me, when I informed him, that as the Margrave was a Prince Royal at Berlin, his consort was also Royal, and that thirty years of union with the Margrave gave her a right to every respect that could be paid; and if any fault was found, I begged that it might be attributed to me: that I made it my request that she should be interred with all the honours which were conferred upon the Margrave's mother. The courier was dispatched with the orders, and we remained a week at Bareith. When the body of the Margravine was embalmed, the source of all her complaints was discovered.

[1] Charles Augustus, Prince Hardenberg (1750–1822), Prussian statesman who played an important part in the German uprising of 1812–13.

[2] Ernest Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg (*b.* 1724), succeeded his father, Duke Francis Joseph, in 1764. Married 23 April, 1749, Sophie Antoinette, daughter of Ferdinand Albert, Duke of Brunswick. He died in 1800, and was succeeded by his son, Francis Frederick.

FREDERIKA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA, WIFE OF KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH, MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH, K.G., AND MOTHER OF THE HUSBAND OF LADY CRAVEN

From the contemporary engraving in the collection of A. M. Broadley

We passed three months between Anspach and Triesdorf, surrounded by mourning; and in June the Margrave declared his intention of going to England, whence only he meant to disclose the purpose of his resignation of the Margraviate to his people. Count Hardenberg, the Margrave's Minister, was entrusted with the arrangement to be made between the two Sovereigns, and except him and myself no one had an idea of the Margrave's intentions: had it been known in the principalities, the Margrave was so beloved by the soldiers and peasantry that they never would have suffered him to depart.

One circumstance will show the ingenuous and indefatigable spirit of the Germans, who are in general supposed to be slow and indifferent about things which are of no consequence to themselves.

The Count de Goemengen, to the infinite regret of the Margrave, left his service, because the Margrave had dismissed M. Seckendorf, a Minister of Finance; who being of the immediate *noblesse*, it was not thought fit by Goemengen, as he was himself noble, that he should retain his situation, when a man of the rank of the financier was excluded from office. But the cause of the dismissal of the Minister of Finance was, that when he was sent to England by the Margrave, to receive the money due to his troops which he had sent to America, he had converted a large sum of money to his own use, instead of paying it into the coffers of the State.

The Margrave, as usual, instead of putting the defrauder in prison, or at least of banishing him from his dominions, permitted him to remain at Anspach. The consequence of this lenity was, that the wretch took every opportunity in his power to plan mischief and to

torment the Margrave, and to join the party against the *Ultramontaine.*

Upon the death of the Margravine, this M. de Seckendorf wrote to Madame Schwellenburg,[1] the confidential friend of the Queen of England, to inform her that the Margrave intended to marry the Princess Royal of England;[2] but as no such intimation came officially, Madame de Schwellenburg wrote to M. de Seckendorf, to know why no proposals had arrived. To this he wrote in reply, that a pair of fine eyes at the Court of Anspach would prevent the possibility of the Margrave's marrying as long as their influence continued.

This was all discovered by Mr. William Spencer's being sent to me by the Count de Goertz from Ratisbon, where the former was Minister from the Court of England. He told me, that if the Margrave was to marry, as it was reported he would, I, as the adopted sister of the King of Prussia and the Margrave, must employ my rhetoric to persuade him that a Princess of the House of Brandenburg would be the proper object of his choice. I shall not mention what was the reply of the Margrave to his mediator; and leave it to Mr. William Spencer himself to tell how he was received by the Margrave, when he found him with me, and I had told him of the purport of his errand.

It is impossible to describe the anger of the Margrave, that any report of his marrying again should be spread abroad. He shut himself up with his Minister; had all

[1] The confidential attendant of Queen Charlotte, who figures conspicuously in Madame d'Arblay's *Diary*, Dr. Wolcot's satirical verse, and James Gillray's caricatures.

[2] The Princess Charlotte married, May 18, 1797, Duke Frederick William of Würtemberg.

his letters intercepted; and the correspondence between Madame Schwellenburg and M. Seckendorf cleared up all the mystery.—Seckendorf thought he could not wound the Margrave's feelings in a more tender point, than in representing me in an odious light to the Queen of England; and from this invention arose all the Queen's conduct towards me.

Lord Craven's death took place six months after the decease of the Margravine.[1] He had gone to Lausanne, accompanied by his four daughters, and the present Lord Craven and his tutor. Upon his Lordship's death, which took place there, a physician, who differed in opinion from the rest concerning the cause of his complaint, requested permission of his son to have the head examined, as he constantly affirmed that the cause existed there. From a blow which he had received on the head in hunting, from a large branch of a tree, eight years before, a deposit of blood was found upon the brain.

Sir William Hamilton, who was returning from England to Naples at this time, found, I know not by what means, that there was no truth in the reports concerning Lord Craven's ill health; and guessing that all the falsehoods were invented and propagated only to torment me, as his Lordship died just as Sir William was passing through Switzerland, the latter wrote me word of his death.

Lady Betty Germaine,[2] my great aunt, had lent Sir

[1] Lord Craven's death took place September 28, 1791.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Germaine, second daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, *m.* Sir John Germaine, Bart., of Drayton, co. Northampton. He died Dec., 1718, without issue. Lady Betty survived till 16 Dec., 1769. She made Lord George Sackville, 3rd s. of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, her heir. He assumed the name of Germaine, and was subsequently created Viscount Sackville.

William Hamilton 300*l.* on his first entering the army, which she never would be repaid; and his constant attentions and kindness to me originated in the gratitude and reverence he had for her Ladyship, who died at the advanced age of ninety-seven, two years after my marriage with Mr. Craven.

On the day of my wedding she sent me a hundred guineas newly coined, and a little note in the purse that contained them, on which she had written—"For my dearest niece, Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, the last time I shall ever write that name."—At the same time a widow of a great uncle of mine (Colonel Colleton) sent me 500*l.* to add to my wedding clothes.

CHAPTER X

The Margrave and I proceed to England on our journey to Lisbon — Our arrival there—We are waited upon by the Ministers — The Queen of Portugal writes to me—My marriage with the Margrave.

AS we had formed the intention of going to England on our way to Lisbon, the Baron and Baroness Treskaw accompanied us thither, and Mastefield, the son of the Grand Ecuyer. We were detained at Calais by the French three days, for Louis XVI had left Paris in his flight, and we were not permitted to stir till he was brought back from Varennes.[1]

As we had determined to go to Lisbon, we hired a packet for the purpose; and when the Margrave and I were about to sail, the captain came to inform us that some extraordinary event must be pending, for he had received an order not to sail till a messenger should come to give him dispatches with his own hand,—a circumstance, he added, which had never occurred before, as dispatches were always received by the mail.

When the messenger arrived we set sail, and were seven days before we reached Lisbon. Upon our arrival, the captain took a boat and went on shore, and thence proceeded to Mr. Walpole's[2] (the embassador's) house in the country.

[1] June 21–3, 1791.

[2] Robert Walpole, kinsman of Horace Walpole, British Minister at Court of Lisbon from 1771 till 1800.

Pinto, who had been Minister to England some years, and was then Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Court of Portugal, waited upon me, and brought with him the son of the Marquis of Marialva.

All the foreign Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Walpole, paid their respects to me; and there appeared to be a solicitude on my account which was very extraordinary.

I subsequently discovered, that when the Margrave informed the English clergyman of his intention, the man was so alarmed that he went to Walpole to inform him of it; and from him he learned that he knew of Lord Craven's death five days before I had intelligence of it, but which, like a base sycophant, he kept from me.

I received a letter from the Queen of Portugal,[1] in which she desired me never to send for my letters to the post-office, as she herself had given orders that they should not be delivered, being once arrived, into any hands but mine. One of her Ministers being alone with me, I requested him to tell me why I was treated with so much kindness; he said he could trust to me, and would tell: he then informed me that the Queen, soon after my arrival, sent for Pinto, and asked him if I was the Lady Craven who married so young, and of whom Mr. Faulkner,[2] when at Lisbon, had told her such delightful things. Pinto answered to her Majesty, "*Il n'y a qu'une* Lady Craven."—"Then," said the Queen, "I

[1] Maria Frances Isabella. She reigned jointly with Pedro III from 1777 until 1786, and then alone till the state of her health necessitated the appointment of her son John as Regent in 1792.

[2] William Fawkener (not Faulkner) was appointed in 1786 as envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary at the Court of Lisbon for negotiating commercial affairs in conjunction with the Hon. Robert Walpole.

will protect her; for the Queen of England, as a mother, should protect and not persecute her:" and she then told Pinto that Walpole had received orders not to wait upon me; and that it was reported at Lisbon that Lord Craven was in perfect health, but that I artfully would say that I expected news of his death every day, in order to live as I pleased.

Previously to this conversation I had refused balls and large parties, saying that I did expect such news; and, as I was not parted from Lord Craven, I thought it would be highly reprehensible in me to lead a gay and dissipated life, when expecting by every post to hear of the death of my husband.

But envy soon amused itself at my expense, and there were two distinct parties in the great world at Lisbon: all the good and spirited people, with the party attached to the Queen of Portugal, were for me; while the base and corrupted levelled the shafts of their malice against me.

In the month of October, however, the veracity of Lady Craven obtained a complete triumph; for the weather having been bad, I was prevented from going to the post-office for my letters, a thing I always did myself: the first time, therefore, when I was able to go again, I found five there apprising me of the death of Lord Craven.

The climate of Lisbon made my hair grow very long and extremely thick; and the salubrity of the air refreshed and invigorated my constitution.

[*A somewhat tedious account of the history of Portugal is here omitted.*]

The Opera-house at Lisbon is very grand: we fre-

quently visited it, and were seated in the Royal box; and on a Sunday there were bull-feasts, which were celebrated in a large amphitheatre, capable of containing many thousand spectators. Prodigious dexterity was shown by the horsemen, while those who fought on foot displayed the most extraordinary coolness and agility. But I shall leave a description of this scene to my account of what I saw at Madrid, though I never received any gratification in amusements of a barbarous nature.

As, by the death of Lord Craven, I felt myself released from all ties, and at liberty to act as I thought proper, I accepted the hand of the Margrave without fear or remorse. We were married in the presence of one hundred persons, and attended by all the English naval officers, who were quite delighted to assist as witnesses.[1]

[1] Lady Craven and the Margrave were married in the chapel of the British Embassy at Lisbon on October 30, 1791. The official record of the ceremony has been reproduced at length in the Introduction. See Vol. I, p. lxxvi.

CHAPTER XI

We proceed to Spain—Our arrival at Madrid, and reception there—Charles IV—Royal Palace—Madrid—The Escurial—The Theatre—Spanish Manners—Spanish Women—Napoleon and the Spanish Princes—Josephine—Escoiquez—Duchess of Chevreuse—We leave Madrid, and pass through France on our return to England.

AFTER the event which took place at Lisbon, the Margrave and I proposed to return through Spain and France, as I dreaded a long sea-voyage for the Margrave in winter,—he having been very sick on the passage in the summer.

We arrived at Madrid, where I received the congratulations of all my Spanish acquaintances and connexions in the most flattering manner. In paying to the Margrave all the respect due to his rank, they seemed to try (which was not necessary) to make him feel the value of his wife.

At that time Charles IV,[1] a man of uncouth manners and singular countenance, was on the throne of Spain, and Count Florida Blanca at the head of the administration.

The Royal Palace stands on an eminence, on the western side of the city. This structure is spacious and magnificent, consisting of three courts which command an extensive prospect: each of the fronts is 470 feet in

[1] Charles IV (1788–1808). In the last-named year the King of Spain, under the pressure of Napoleon, abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand VII.

length, and 100 in height. There is no palace in Europe fitted up in a style of greater magnificence. The great chamber of audience is hung with crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. It was ornamented with immense looking-glasses made at St. Ildefonso, and the tables were made of the finest marble.

The Palaces of the Grandees are more remarkable for their spaciousness than their structure: those of the Dukes of Alba, del Infantado, and de Medina Celi, deserve the most attention. The old and modern streets of Madrid are copiously mixed with ill-contrasted buildings. In the modern quarters, the streets of *San Bernardo de Fuencarral* and *de Alcala*, with some others, may be justly esteemed among the finest of Europe; yet their beauty is contrasted with some wretched and mean habitations.

. . . . . .

In the morning, by ten o'clock, all the bells in the city are ringing, the guards mount, and the procession for mass sets forward. At one, people dine: a great deal of saffron and many love-apples, with oil and pimento, afford a rich luxury, with the La Mancha wine, old Xeres, and Malaga.

La siesta, or the afternoon's nap, produces a deadly silence in the streets: all the window-shutters are put up, or the curtains let down; and even the industrious porter stretches his length along his mat and falls fast asleep.

At four, every body repairs to the bull-fight, to the Canal, or to the *Prado*;—all is gaiety and life. At the close of the afternoon, when evening sets in, every Spaniard says prayers of salutation to the Virgin, and all

the bells ring again. They then hasten to the theatres and the *tertulias*, and the squares fill with every kind of music and dancing: the crowds continue till near one in the morning, when they disperse, and nothing is heard but the solitary tinkling of some remote guitar.

[*A lengthy description of Madrid is here omitted.*]

. . . . . .

Madrid has two theatres,—the Prince's and that of the Cross. The former is the largest, but its entrance is inconvenient and dirty,—on which account the latter is preferred. Their insides have the appearance of that of a church. The *coguela*, where none but veiled ladies are admitted, perfectly resembles a choir of nuns; the *aposentos*, or boxes, are like a row of church pews; and the *gradas*, or benches, seem to be seats in the nave of a church. Besides these, there are the pit for the common people, and the *lureta*, or seats near the orchestra, for people of fashion.

The machinery of the Spanish theatre has been much improved of late years. The actors I found far from being so bad as I had imagined: in tragic parts, I must confess, they appeared extremely unnatural; but in comic ones they were truly masterly. The women, in particular, display great powers: the men please best in the *saynetes*, or little farces, in which the national spirit is strongly blended with Nature. Besides these two theatres, there is an opera-house, in which performances are given twice a week entirely by Spanish actors, and sacred music and oratorios in Lent. There are many private theatres, very elegant, in the houses of the nobility. At the public theatres a foreigner may see

Hamlet, Merope, Julius Cæsar, and Alzire, with many excellent original pieces of various kinds.

The ladies of Spain are handsome, particularly in the eyes of those accustomed to see the southern nations. A witty Frenchman used to say that the Spanish women were queens,—probably alluding to their pride and love of domination. Their sparkling eyes—the pale sallow complexion—the delicate frame—the wild vivacity of their motions—must not be compared with the roses and lilies, and the softness, of the northern beauties; but then we may nevertheless do justice to the romantic Spanish women, who breathe every voluptuous sensation.

In the early period of their youth the Spanish women are fascinating: their charming mixture of temperament, their reserve, and their modesty, make them truly amiable. In maturer years they endeavour to please by vivacity, by their shape, and by their wit. It is a pity that these qualities are blended with violence and selfishness, and a spirit incompatible with the character of gentleness. They are wild and impetuous, capricious and obstinate, and swerve from one extreme to the other, by incessant transitions; either every thing or nothing,—their character knows no moderation.

Women of this description are certainly not formed for matrimony. A Spanish woman considers her lover as her husband, and her husband as her slave: from the one she receives presents, services, and attentions of every kind; from the other the same, and her maintenance also.

[*Here follows a long description of the Escurial Palace and its treasures.*]

. . . . . .

What changes have taken place in Spain since my visit to that country! Bonaparte, at the Treaty of Tilsit, had engaged the Emperor Alexander not to interfere in any designs which France might have relative to Spain. Charles IV, relying on the good faith of him who nourished in his breast the contemplation of the best means of acquiring the riches of both hemispheres, was at ease with regard to his designs. The Emperor had insinuated that his army was directed towards Denmark, and imposed upon the Cabinet of Madrid by his secret agents and emissaries. Thirty thousand French soon penetrated into Spain. The Prince of Asturias was indignant at the influence which Godoy, the Prince of Peace, held over the Royal Family: he projected the destruction of that favourite; but he imagined that Napoleon would consent to assist him in that enterprise. The Emperor was projecting, at the same time, to give the elder daughter of Lucien Bonaparte to him in marriage. A secret agent received orders to sound the Prince on the subject, and to suggest to him the propriety of addressing the Emperor for the purpose of procuring him a wife.

The heir presumptive of the Crown of Spain consulted the Emperor upon the choice to be made. A correspondence was set on foot between them to this effect; but it came to the ears of the King, who was disgusted at the conduct of his son. From that time the principal instigator of all political intrigues, Godoy, Prince of Peace, conceived suspicions of the plan; and, a short time after, the Prince of Asturias was arrested.

Napoleon was fearful lest the name of his ambassador, and the project of the marriage, should be brought for-

ward at the instance of Jerdin: [1] and he, therefore, employed his measures so as to induce the old King to write to him on the subject; and, while he was to endeavour to appear to reconcile the father and the son, his plot was to march an army and Imperial Guard into the heart of Spain.

By such measures he expected the country would soon yield to his arms; he blinded the Prince of Peace by his promises, and made a solemn entry into Madrid. Charles then abdicated in favour of his son; and the Prince of Asturias was acknowledged King by Murat, under the name of Ferdinand VII.

Napoleon expressed his joy at this event by rubbing his hands, and exclaiming, at the same time, "*Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?* I am a great admirer of Virgil," added he; "his thoughts are preferable to those of our modern philosophers."

His next object of intrigue was to exert all his efforts to induce Charles to protest against his own abdication; and he proposed to him to proceed to Bayonne instantly, to come to an understanding with his son.

The conduct of Napoleon at this juncture did not meet the approbation of Josephine: she conceived that he was acting a dishonourable part. On this account he avoided her; and when M. Escoiquez,[2] Minister of the King of Spain, had been presented to her, he testified his displeasure.—"Of what consequence is it to you," said the Emperor, "whether it is with Charles IV or

[1] It has been found impossible to identify this name. It does not occur in the recently published biography of Godoy (1913).

[2] The name is incorrectly spelled Juan Escoiquiz (1762–1820). Tutor to the Prince of Asturias, and one of Godoy's principal opponents. Was several times exiled, and died in banishment in Andalusia.

Ferdinand that I treat? I will no longer acknowledge the son; and if he does not replace the Crown on the head of his father in a few hours, I will declare myself protector of the one against the other; and we shall then see which will resist me."

Ferdinand was advised to restore back the Crown, on condition that the Royal Family should be allowed to return to Madrid; and that the nation or the Cortes should take cognizance of the affair, and pronounce its decision. But Napoleon was not favourable to such a design: he employed all his efforts to oppose the measure, and even urged Josephine to interfere.

The Empress, averse to these plans, objected still: and, as if by a secret kind of inspiration, felt that when the Emperor undertook to legitimatize this criminal usurpation, the phantom of her happiness would disappear.

From that time he no longer appeared to attend to her persuasions; his persecutions were directed towards the Prince of Asturias, who was soon compelled to submit to all the conditions which Napoleon thought proper to impose, and particularly when he was apprised of the massacre which took place in the streets of Madrid.

Having prevented the Royal Family from quitting the country, he ordered the Prince of Asturias to be sent for into his presence, and on the instant commanded him to make a formal renunciation of his claim to the kingdom of Spain.—"I will have it definitive," cried the Emperor; "I will have ceded to me his present and future rights to the Crown. In short, this comedy is near its close; but it is necessary that its end should be tragical, if those to whom I have given my orders defer their execution any longer."

Towards the close of that day Ferdinand was to choose between death or renunciation. The obstinacy of the Prince before acceding to the terms, caused Bonaparte to exclaim, that if he ever reascended his throne, he thought him capable of preserving it.

Although possessed of the Crown of Spain, he was not yet master of the kingdom; and he was disappointed at the promises of those perfidious counsellors who told him that the Spaniards were incapable of any energy for the cause of their Sovereign. Having at length succeeded, he could not dissemble his joy at this great masterpiece.—"I have been successful," said he, "in spite of the policy of the Canon Escoiquez; but I know how to appreciate the love which he bore to his Masters. He fulfilled his duty, and he shall never cease to experience the marks of my beneficence."

Talleyrand had resisted these projects of the Emperor —"To have heard him," said Napoleon, "you would have imagined that the conquest of Spain was a crime of *lèse nation*: he, then, shall be participator of this crime!" he exclaimed,—"if really one; and I will now establish him as a spy over the Princes."

It was Josephine who induced the Emperor to treat the Princes with Royal magnificence, in order that they might not be dishonoured in the eyes of all Europe. The Duchess of Chevreuse[1] was designed by him to be the Lady of Honour to the Queen of Spain; but she positively refused to go to Compiègne, declaring that nothing should compel her to be the jailor of the Bour-

[1] The Comtesse de Boigne (Vol. I, p. 197 *et seq.*) describes the Duchesse de Chevreuse as "young, pretty, and extravagant." She at first declined a post at the Court of Napoleon, but afterwards accepted it.

bons. She was immediately disgraced, and exiled to one of her castles which was in a state of entire dilapidation. Napoleon would not forgive what he called a disobedience calculated upon the chances of the future.

When the projected marriage of Lucien Bonaparte's daughter with Ferdinand was announced to the former, his consent not having been previously asked, far from being dazzled with the honour of an alliance with the heir of Charles V and Louis XIV, he signified an absolute opposition. He wrote to Napoleon, that he never would consent to an union where his children should be sacrificed to the policy of his brother.—"God knows," said he, "your designs upon Ferdinand; but I know that you have done too much against that unfortunate Prince, for me even to call him my son-in-law." This trait certainly does credit to the character of Lucien.

The effect of such a reply upon the impetuous temper of Napoleon may be easily conceived; and it was owing to this effusion of his wrath that the conditions were prescribed to the King of Spain.

The Spaniards are accused of being lazy and proud,—as since their discovery of the New World they had the liberty of being idle. Dryden accuses them of a kind of hereditary sloth—

> Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
> And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.

Having quitted Madrid, we passed through France with all the expedition possible, as from the troubles then existing, we were anxious not to be delayed. It may naturally be supposed that I felt a great satisfaction in avoiding a residence in a country so agitated. I felt

a profound grief at the situation of those whom I had known in prosperity. While the unfortunate Louis and his family were abandoned to the caprice of barbarians —to the monstrous inquisition of the community of Paris, —I could not force from my remembrance the many kindnesses I had received. What a scene was to follow! —Forty thousand armed men permitted a few assassins to massacre during three entire days—to heap bodies on bodies—and to parade the streets in triumph!—The virtuous and amiable Princess of Lamballe, the most constant friend of the unhappy Queen, was murdered, and her head displayed throughout the streets of Paris,[1] after being first presented through the windows of a palace, dressed and powdered as when she was alive! !— Assassination was at length suspended, because there was no farther salary to be offered to the murderers. I shall not dwell upon a theme which excites such horror.

[1] September 2, 1792. The Margrave and Margravine of Anspach had already reached England.

CHAPTER XII

We arrive at Berlin—Our kind reception there again by the King of Prussia—Authentic anecdotes of the Great Frederic—Explanation of his conduct to Baron de Trenck—The Philosophers and Illuminati—Freemasonry—Rosenfeld—M. Bardt—M. Eberhard—M. Edelmann—Thaumaterges—Character of Frederic.

WE dispatched a courier forward, after whose arrival at Berlin[1] the King sent eight fine horses to draw us through the sandy plains of Prussia. The frost and snow in Bohemia had much damaged the springs and wheels of our carriage; but we arrived without any serious injury or accident, from a journey which was the most terrific I ever underwent; for if any thing had ever happened to the Margrave, I, and I alone, should have been accused of doing him harm.

When we arrived at Berlin, the Carnival being ended, all the Royal Family were gone to their different villas; but His Majesty returned to meet the Margrave at his palace; while I was left to the discretion of the Princess Royal, afterwards Duchess of York, who had her own establishment in the Royal Palace.[2]

We remained here only four days, during which time I saw but little of the Margrave, for he was constantly

[1] This visit must have taken place in December, 1790.

[2] Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherine (*b.* 7 May, 1767) married 29 Sept., 1791, Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George III.

with the King. He informed His Majesty that there had existed a mysterious correspondence among some of the nobility of Bareith, and others at Anspach, the object of which he supposed was to form more distrusts between Austria and Prussia.

Frederic William II had succeeded to the throne on the death of his uncle, Frederic the Great, in 1786. He made many salutary regulations for his subjects, and established a Court of Honour to prevent the horrible practice of duelling in his dominions.

As I was willing to gain all the information possible respecting so great a character as Frederic the late King, it may easily be imagined that I lost no opportunity which could be afforded me during my residence among the Royal Family, and which, together with the Margrave's knowledge of this illustrious man, and that of Prince Hardenberg, afforded me much satisfaction.

After my marriage with the Margrave, we brought over from Anspach a full-length portrait of the late King, for which he himself sat, for the Margrave, to whom he also presented another of his father, Frederic William. The countenance and whole figure are a striking resemblance of His Majesty. The expression is surprisingly fine. I had it placed under a canopy at Brandenburgh House, and those who have seen it can never forget it.[1]

When Frederic ascended the throne he was only twenty-eight years of age. It is well known to all Europe, how this great Prince profited by the army left to him by his father, and the riches which he had accumulated. He had been detested by the late King when he was Prince Royal, because he appeared to apply himself to

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. lxxviii.

FREDERIC WILLIAM II, KING OF PRUSSIA
CROWNED AT BERLIN IN THE YEAR 1786

the sciences and fine arts rather than to military affairs. Having followed his father to Wesel, he conceived the project of passing into a foreign country. He had probably other motives than those of gaining instruction by travels; no doubt it was to escape the tyranny of his father: but the latter had gained information of his design, and arrested him at the moment of its execution. He was tried by Commissaries, who had the firmness not to condemn him to lose his head. It might appear to be a light crime for the presumptive heir of a kingdom to quit the realms without the permission of his Sovereign; but such was the law. Of four-and-twenty judges, only one was found who voted for the sentence of death, and that was a person named Derschau; yet such was the magnanimity of Frederic when he came to the throne, that this man never experienced from him the slightest vengeance.

Frederic, his father, was on the point of renewing on the theatre of Europe the scene of Don Carlos, or more recently that of Czarowitz. The Prince was pardoned; but the unfortunate companion of his flight, his friend and confidant, was decapitated.

Frederic has been accused by his enemies, as having neither shed a tear, nor used an argument to induce his father to save this victim from destruction. But I have been assured, from those who were present at the scene, that when the unfortunate man was led to the scaffold, the Prince Royal demanded his pardon with the effusions of a heart broken by grief; and that he fainted more than once during the punishment, and in fact experienced the greatest anguish. Before the execution he had tried every means in his power to save him.

In his despair, he had offered to his father to renounce the throne for ever, in order to preserve the life of his friend whom he loved: but the inflexible Monarch, not satisfied with the sentence of the judges, who had condemned him to the galleys for life, with his own hand signed his death-warrant, alleging that there was no justification for the crime of high treason, and treating his son's intreaties with indignation and contempt. Katt was the grandson of a field-marshal, and son of a general of that name, at that time both alive and in the service of the King.

Frederic the Great was born with sensibility, but he learned to suppress his emotions and his feelings; he saw how necessary it was to be just, as well as merciful, during his long military career; and perhaps the firmness which has been his reproach, was the greatest triumph of his nature.

After this event he retired to Rheinsberg, applying himself to all kinds of acquirements; and here he learned to play on the flute, on which instrument he excelled, not as a prince, but as an amateur of the first rank.

His allowance was extremely moderate, and his father had rigorously forbidden any one to advance him money. This order was, however, ill observed, and it has been objected against him that when King he never repaid the obligations of his creditors. But the fact was otherwise; he paid them in secret. The Minister of his father's finances had refused to advance him money, and when the Prince ascended the throne this man was supposed to be ruined, and on his coming to give in his accounts demanded permission to retire; when the young King, to the astonishment of all round him, praised his fidelity,

begged him to continue his services, and doubled his salary.

What a different fidelity from that of the judges of poor Katt, who considered blind obedience to the commands of their Sovereign as a proof of fit submission to his authority!

It is a singular circumstance in the history of the House of Brandenburgh, that during the space of 370 years, in which time the sovereignty was in their hands, there was never experienced one minority.

Frederic enjoyed an immoderate reputation, and to a certain point even the adoration of his contemporaries, not only as a warrior, but as a governor of his empire, and as a profound politician. His assiduity was indefatigable, and his skill in affairs of government transcendent. The Government of Prussia appeared to rise from the seeds of despotism, and formed a lesson of instruction to the world. Notwithstanding his exactness and his inflexibility in war, he obtained the affections of his soldiers, who always denominated him their Father Fritz. It was the name by which he was familiarly called throughout the army.

The severity of his conduct towards Baron de Trenck[1] has excited the indignation of mankind, and has been considered as a blot in his escutcheon; but arbitrary orders and rigorous detention have been exercised in other countries as well as in Prussia. Without pleading this as an excuse, I shall endeavour, with impartiality, to remark on the leading points of the justification of

[1] Frederic von der Trenck (1720–1794), a native of Königsberg. His arrest at Dantzic in 1754 caused a great sensation throughout Europe. He was not liberated until 1765. He was denounced as a spy in France, and guillotined July 25, 1794.

Frederic's conduct, derived from those who were acquainted with the cause of such a punishment.

M. de Trenck had been forbidden by the King, whom he acknowledged not only as his Sovereign, but as his benefactor, to write to his uncle, who was a chief of the Pandours.

His injunctions were violated. The King demanded of him personally, whether he was in correspondence with his uncle. M. de Trenck denied it. "Do you give me your word of honour of it?" said the King. "Yes, Sire," was the answer. It was at the very time that Trenck had just written to his uncle, that this dialogue passed. The discovery was made, and M. de Trenck was sent to the fortress of Magdeburg: it was a punishment usual in the Prussian service. M. de Trenck plotted his escape, and fled with an officer whom he had seduced to desert: he killed those who pursued him. The King's Resident at Dantzic, whither Trenck had fled, sent him back to his Sovereign. Trenck had certainly violated every law;—he had at first been disobedient, then perjured,—a rebel, and a murderer.

At Magdeburg, Baron de Trenck recommenced his devices: his imprisonment was in consequence rendered more severe, and his confinement lasted for ten years.

Trenck was six feet two inches high, and squinted: he was popular, and always followed by thousands. After the death of Frederic he published his Memoirs. At that period, all who were acquainted with the groundwork of his history were dead: on his own testimony depends the whole of his relation. Those whom he cites in his narrative have probably forgotten the circumstances of so distant a date: but without recurring to

vague conjectures regarding the truth of this affair, or of the cruelty exercised against him, M. de Trenck avows that he had intrigued with a person of illustrious rank. If that person, as has been generally supposed, and which from good authority I know to be the case, was the Princess Amelia, sister of the King; if from this connexion there were children who were deprived of life by means the most horrible,—what strong inducements might not the King have had for visiting on Trenck a punishment of the severest kind, without being under the necessity of explaining (from motives of decorum and decency) the reasons which influenced him to such an act.

Frederic frequently broke his officers for causes light in appearance; but he always had heavier charges against them, which were unknown to the rest of mankind, and which he concealed for the purpose of preserving military discipline.

As soon as Frederic ascended the throne, he invited into his kingdom all those who were called *les esprits forts*: Voltaire, le Marquis d'Argens, the Abbé de Prade, Maupertuis, and even the impious La Metrie. This example encouraged the literary Germans to proclaim their sentiments: Berlin became the asylum of the persecuted, and the nursery of truth.

The history of the secret societies of Germany was at that time little known. It might be interesting to a philosopher, but the generality of people might regard it as a romance: all well-informed persons can attest the reality of it.

Towards the end of the last century an association, or secret society, existed, which was daily gaining ground.

It was the Order of the *Illuminés*. The chiefs of this Order had resolved to form an association which was to unveil the mysteries of superstition, to enlighten mankind, and to render them happy. Their object was to gain a superiority over the lodges of Freemasonry,[1] and to turn these institutions from darkness to the benefit of humanity. They proposed to extend the sphere of knowledge universally, not so much in depth as on the surface; to introduce reason and good sense; to ameliorate the condition of men by an insensible operation. No Prince, however great or good, was to be admitted. They swore to preserve, as much as was in their power, Sovereigns from the perpetration of crimes, and from the commission of errors; to abolish the slavery of despotism, to destroy ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to favour the liberty of the press, and to unveil mysteries of every description.

The project was great, noble, and sublime; but prudence was wanting in its execution. They expected to see a sudden effect, whilst they forgot that the edifice was only building. The society enlarged, the wicked and designing were admitted; the powers of bigotry and superstition saw the force of their enemy, and the arm of Government was called to their assistance. Many of the chiefs were driven from Germany, others were imprisoned, and every thing but death and torture inflicted on them.

The dispersed members of this association soon formed another assembly; they were again surprised, their papers taken, and their doctrines published, without

[1] Frederick the Great was, however, an ardent Freemason, and as such was instrumental in arranging the initiation into the Order of more than one member of the British Royal Family.

regard to the effects which they might produce. Many sects arose from these, which rendered discord prevalent throughout Germany. Their different Orders had little resemblance to Freemasonry,—they were visionary, mystical, and cabalistic.

Frederic had too sound an understanding to be caught in the snares of enthusiasm. It is not known whether the attempt were made to conquer him, but it is most probable that he was never tried. Nor is it certain when the æra or how the nature of the misunderstanding between this Monarch and the superiors of the Order of Freemasonry began. Whether he was ignorant of the machinations of modern Masonry, of the visions and the horrors which were latterly raised, or of the general tendency of these mysterious associations; or whether having once adopted the Masonic costume, and having openly protected its Orders, he did not wish, even after having seen its evil tendencies, to retract and to separate from a society into which he had erewhile not disdained to enter,—he refrained from excluding from his dominions these secret associations.

Masons of every denomination,—Rosicrucians, Centralists, Illuminati,—had all, under his reign, the liberty of establishing lodges and societies according to their fancy, provided they did not disturb the public order.

Thus Berlin became the receptacle of sects, of parties, of conjurations, of chemical mysteries, and of extravagancies of every kind.

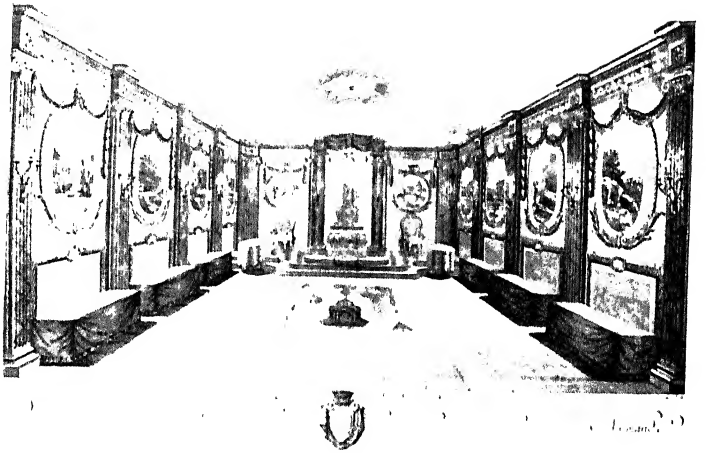
In the mean time instruction was not neglected, and Frederic supported and protected every institution which might extend education throughout his kingdom. Rousseau had written his Emilius,—a work the most perfect

of its kind, and which places the author incontestably in the rank of the first of benefactors to mankind: in Germany this production became as a torch which extended its light throughout; it opened to the system of education new views. Youth was taught not by words alone, and those in an unknown language—but he gave them clear ideas of natural things, of moral and physical relations, of mechanism, of history, and of geography.

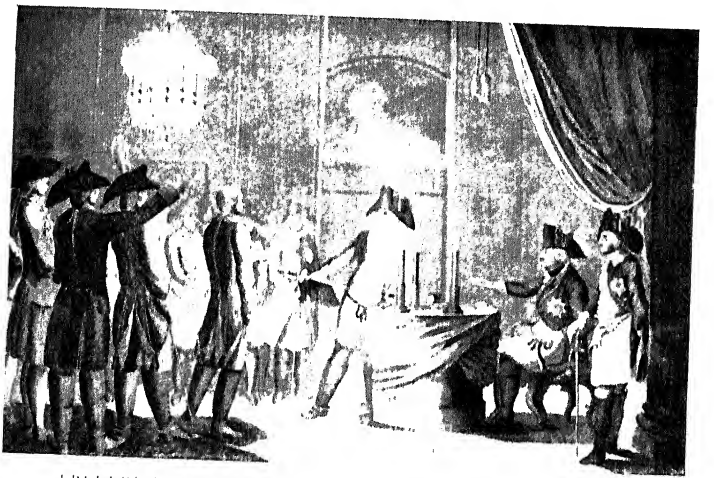
Frederic did not lose sight of the good effects of such a system of education; and, to promote it, established a Consistory, which was to superintend every institution, and at the head of which he placed himself. He procured masters, and did not blush to render homage to the superiority of the institution which he had promoted. The example of the Sovereign excited the nobility and gentry of the nation, and Frederic inspired in his subjects an admirable and laudable competition.

It was in one of those moments which in human life are so contradictory to the general sentiments of the mind, that Frederic, hearing the news of the proscription of the Jesuits in France, by the public functionaries, exclaimed, "*Pauvres gens! ils ont détruit les renards qui les défendaient des loups, et ils ne voient pas qu'ils vont être dévorés.*"

Frederic had sanctioned and approved the writings of the philosophers; he had become a philosopher himself. Helvetius had published his work *De l'Esprit* in France, and to avoid punishment had fled to England. *Le Contrat Social* of Rousseau had found protection among the magistracy; and the Parliaments had defended Diderot's declaiming against despotism. The Court and the Clergy had admired Voltaire's ridiculing the Parlia-



FRENCH MASONIC LODGE TOWARDS THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY



FREDERICK THE GREAT, 1740, INITIATING A FREEMASON
From a contemporary engraving

ments. There has been exaggeration, when it has been said that the philosophers proposed by a regular plan to subvert the foundations of societies and thrones: they worked to that effect without being sensible of it. They did not wish to be the destroyers, but the preceptors, of monarchs: and had Montesquieu only produced his work *Sur les Romains*, and his *Esprit des Lois;* had Beccaria only written his *Traité des Délits et des Peines;* had Voltaire only refuted Machiavel, and defended Calas, Scriven, and Lally; had Rousseau only pleaded the cause of nature, of morality, and of religion; and had the Encyclopædists respected the principles of religion alone;—they would have been entitled to the indulgence of the world. But the discussion of one subject led to another, and in the correction of abuses they proceeded beyond the bounds which they had prescribed. Then it was, that one of the greatest Kings who ever wore a crown figured in the correspondence of philosophy: then it was, that he pronounced in his Academy the eulogy of the man who wrote *L'Homme Machine*, and that he compelled his churches to celebrate obsequies of the man who had endeavoured to undermine the foundations of Christianity.

This influence spread throughout Europe: it penetrated into every class. Diderot, D'Alembert, and Condorcet, united their forces in the operation. Then the sects of Illuminati, who had associated for the destruction of revealed religion, overthrew its foundations, as far as regarded themselves, and introduced a new code founded on natural morality, which led to the system of primitive equality.

Even Frederic himself proved that a king, though a

man of letters, could not sustain with dignity the sceptre of literature. Some unfortunate members defiled the character of his Academy; but Euler and La Grange were an eternal honour to it. Some men of high estimation were associated with others of obscure and even ridiculous talents: their inequalities were great.

It was a prejudice generally spread throughout Germany, that the province of Prussia, and Berlin in particular, was peopled with Atheists. Because Frederic encouraged freedom of thought in his dominions; because he collected and united about his person men of genius; because, under his reign, some irreligious books escaped from the Prussian press,—this conclusion, as absurd as precipitate, was adopted. M. Nicolai, a distinguished writer and bookseller of Berlin, (a union very rare, though it were to be desired that it were more general,) has depicted Berlin in a romance with great truth; and his work displays excellent notions on the manners of Germany. He has shewn, that if, in general, there are some Freethinkers in the Prussian provinces, the people at large are attached to the national religion.

Towards the end of the seven years' war, a man named Rosenfeld, in the service of the Margrave of Schwedt, quitted the service of that prince, and began to inform the populace that he was the new Messiah; that Jesus had been a false prophet; that the preachers were rogues and liars, who preached death; that for himself he preached life, since his adherents never died; that the King of Prussia was the Devil; that the time approached when he (Rosenfeld) should assemble together the twenty-four Elders, and should obtain the sword, and govern the world with their assistance.

Rosenfeld prevailed on some of his adherents to deliver over to him seven girls, of whom the zealous fanatics were the fathers. It was, he said, to open the seven seals that he required seven virgins. With these he formed a seraglio: one of them was his favourite Sultana; he made the others work, and lived upon the profit of their labours. After having carried on the trade of a Messiah for twenty-nine years, under different mischances; first poor, then imprisoned, afterwards entertained by the presents of his votaries, and living habitually by means of the wool which his mistresses spun; after acquiring disciples in Berlin and its environs, in Saxony, and even at Mecklenburg,—one of his faithful followers, who had in vain expected to reap the fruit of his splendid promises—even one of those who had delivered over to him three of his daughters, accused him before Frederic; that is to say, denied his Messiah, whom he believed to be the true God, before the King, whom he believed to be the true Devil. This very accuser always regarded Rosenfeld as the real Messiah, and only wished that the King should compel him to realize his prodigious offers.

The King sent Rosenfeld to a natural tribunal, which condemned him to be whipped, and shut up for the remainder of his days at Spandau. The Supreme Tribunal commuted this sentence, and pronounced that this new Messiah should be sent to the House of Correction, where he should be flogged as often as he attempted to have an adventure of gallantry; and after two years, that a report should be made of his manner of conducting himself. The defenders of the accused appealed: the King revised the process, and confirmed the severer sentence of the first tribunal. He imagined, without

doubt, that it was necessary that Rosenfeld should be punished in the sight of the people, to prevent them from being in future deceived through similar visions.

But the most absurd opinions are often the most tenacious, because they have no perceptible basis by which they may be measured; and this spectacle did not undeceive any of the adherents of Rosenfeld, a great number of whom remained attached to him.

He went afterwards to preach his doctrines at Charlottenberg, hardly a mile from the capital; but he found that this theatre was too small for two fanatics like himself and Musenfeld. The Government, without doubt, tired with his persevering enthusiasm, overlooked his folly and left him in repose.

But where one man, and that man a fanatic, was punished, Frederic gave a thousand instances of his general toleration. Rosenfeld was made an example for his personal conduct; and even, with perhaps this exception alone, he tolerated personal dogmas. In a collection of more than three thousand Edicts, there is not one to be found where he does not permit entire liberty of conscience, perfect equality of religion for all sects, whether of Christianity or of any other religion. His toleration, in fact, knew no bounds: although all the followers of Rosenfeld proclaimed aloud, or avowed before the tribunals, that they believed their Chief to be the true Messiah, and that Jesus was a false Christ, whose whole history was a fable; that they regarded the Protestant Clergy as a diabolical invention, &c.,—they were neither punished nor disturbed.

With Frederic, opinions did not operate either to the advancement or the injury of those who occupied places

under his administration, provided those who held them did their duty. Frederic beheld with a favourable eye all the variations in the different systems of religion, and offered no impediment to the writers, the professors, nor even the preachers. Thus, generally speaking, he effected a great revolution in his States during his reign.

But although the King himself remained in a state of tranquillity, during the differences which existed, there were many who were enemies to toleration towards any system but their own. They did not blush to procure the punishment of those individuals who professed different doctrines from themselves, or who deviated from what they imagined to be right.

M. Bardt, son of a Minister of the Gospel at Leipsic, among other heterodox works, published a translation of the books of the New Testament. This work gave offence to the theologians; his book was condemned, and himself obliged to fly. He took refuge in the States of Frederic, and at Halle gave public lectures. At this University Semler and Eberhard flourished, and here Bardt was considered as a martyr. Semler had long maintained opinions contrary to the doctrines of the New Testament, and had written to prove that the books which were considered as canonical were not authentic; and had endeavoured to shake the foundations of the Christian religion. It was under shelter of the wings of the Prussian Eagle that he escaped a similar fate to M. Bardt, for, from one extremity of Germany to the other, he had excited the fury of the clergy; and had it not been for the protection of the powerful monarch, he would have fallen a victim.

M. Eberhard had published a work, entitled "The

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M. Eberhard had published a work, entitled "The

New Defence of Socrates;" wherein he undertakes to prove that virtuous Pagans are saved as well as Christians, and that the morality of Socrates and of Christ is the same. He had been obliged to remove to Halle for safety.

M. Edelmann was the first, at this period, whose opinions of the Sacred Writings were incredulous. He wrote in German, and was obliged, at the risk of his life, in the early part of Frederic's reign, to seek an asylum at Berlin. The theologians thundered out against him; but the King permitted him to lead a peaceable life, and to finish his days in repose in Prussia.

Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick,[1] the conqueror of Creveldt and of Minden, was induced, by the persuasion of the Baron de Hund, who was a Reformer, to place himself at the head of the reformed Lodges of Freemasonry, which had taken the appellation of the *Strict Observance.* It was supposed to be an Order of Freemasonry which was a continuation of the Society of Knights Templar: the highest step was that of a Templar, with all the ceremonies of ancient chivalry. Doctors of divinity and professors of physic were received as *Chevaliers d'Epée.* It is hardly possible to conceive that reasonable beings could lend themselves to ideas so ridiculous: example, however, did every thing, and enthusiasm was contagious. In this branch of the Order there reigned a monastic despotism, and men were led away by rites and ceremonies. The members alone possessed the secret; those out of the Order could never tell where or what it was.

[1] Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick (1735–1806), killed at the battle of Jena. He was an ardent Freemason, and entered into friendly relations with the English Grand Lodge.

As no woman can possibly be a Mason, every woman has a right to endeavour to penetrate the mystery.[1] It is admitted that Adam was the first Mason : he founded the first lodge—he had all the instruments necessary for the purpose—he produced the mortar ;—without Eve there would have been no Lodge. Where is the mystery of Masonry, if the idea be followed up ? Having created the Lodge, he made members for it : those members created others, and the Society extended over the globe ; and while the globe exists, members will never be wanting. Over this secret I will throw the apron.

When the minds of men were sufficiently heated, the actor of this drama caused to appear upon the scene the Thaumaterges, or miracle-workers. These appeared to have ordinarily no relation with Freemasonry in general, but attached themselves to personages eminent for rank or fortune. One of the first of these *charlatans* was Schrœpfer, a coffeehouse-keeper of Leipsic, on whom Duke Charles of Courland[2] had inflicted corporeal punishment ; but who afterwards so fascinated this Prince, and a greater part of the principal personages of Dresden and of Leipsic, that he compelled them to act a principal part with him.

At that time were reproduced on the theatre of Europe the follies of Asia and of China,—the universal medicine —the art of making gold and diamonds—the beverage of immortality. The peculiar qualification of Schrœpfer was the invocation of manes ; he commanded spirits,

[1] The Margravine in this instance is mistaken. Masonry of Adoption, or Feminine Freemasonry, was extensively practised in France and on the Continent. Marie Antoinette and her sister Caroline, Queen of Naples, both belonged to the Order of which the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe was for a time Grand Mistress.

[2] Charles, Duke of Courland (*b.* 1728).

and caused the dead and the invisible powers to appear at his will. The *dénouement* of his drama is well known.—After having consumed immense sums which he obtained from his adherents, and alienated their senses, when he found that he could no longer sustain the imposture, he shot himself through the head with a pistol, in a wood near Leipsic.

To Schrœpfer succeeded Saint-Germain, who had been before announced by the Comte de Lambert. This Saint-Germain had lived a thousand years; he had discovered a tea, before which all maladies disappeared; he made, for his amusement, diamonds of immense magnitude! He attached himself to Prince Charles of Hesse;[1] but, like his predecessors, he forgot not to die.

In the mean time Gessner, a religious miracle-worker, appeared in the environs of Ratisbon. He did not belong to the Freemasons, nor did he attach himself to any of the principal members of the Order; but he was equally useful to it,—for all the prodigies of which he was heard to speak corroborated the general faith of miracles, which was one of the great springs of the machine.

In the heart of Switzerland lived a preacher of an ardent imagination—of a penetrating mind—of immeasurable ambition—of undaunted pride; an ignorant man, but gifted with the talent of speech—intoxicated with mysticism—eager after prodigies—and made up of credulity. He imagined that, with faith, miracles might at this time be effected. Servants, peasants, Catholic priests, Freemasons,—all combined in his mind as con-

[1] Brother of the reigning Landgrave William IX. Born 29 Dec., 1744.

tributing to the gift of miracle-working, whenever he discovered the slightest appearance of any thing extraordinary.

M. Lavater[1] gained a great party, particularly among the women; these brought him the men—and he had soon thousands, and subsequently millions, of followers after his visionary ideas.

After these, succeeded Mesmer[2] and Cagliostro,[3] (whose tricks and extravagancies are well known,) without reckoning the crowds of madmen, of charlatans, of jugglers of every kind, who sprang up on all sides.

This concourse of knaves, far from appeasing the divisions of Freemasonry, augmented the fermentation. A new branch arose in the dominions of Frederic: it was called the Lodge of Zinzendorf, from the name of its founder. This Zinzendorf had been formerly a member of the Templars, from which Order he detached himself, and formed a great party, assuring them that he alone had the true rites and the true mysteries. Each of these branches decried the other. This new agitation attracted the attention of men of sound understanding, (at least of the Order,) who immediately formed a new association under the name of Electic Masonry. They professed a general toleration of all sects of the Order; and this system, which was the only solid one, (if any system of the kind can be so,) gained in a short time many partisans. This was the cause of the fall of the Order of Templars, who soon saw their machine in ruins. Frequent Chapters

[1] Johann Caspar Lavater (1741–1801).
[2] Friedrich Anton Mesmer (1734–1815).
[3] Alexander Cagliostro (1745–1795). His connection with Freemasonry is fully, but not exhaustively, described in Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's biography (1910).

were held, where the deputies of the provinces deliberated; and, with surprise, the first question they found they had put to the Grand Master was, What is the true end of the Order, and its real origin? Thus the Grand Master, and all his assistants, had laboured, for more than twenty years, with an incredible ardour, for an object of which they neither knew the true end nor the origin.—Thus puzzled and perplexed, the system of the Templars was abandoned, and an Order instituted of the Chivalry of Beneficence.

Every secret association has something of resemblance to a conspiracy, and it is incumbent on every Government to watch over it. But some consideration must be paid to the characters of the members. If they will not bear the test of inspection, doubtless, measures should be taken to prevent their increase, with moderation and prudence. And when it is moreover remembered that Sweden lost its constitution from these associations, which are frequently composed of men profound in designs and indefatigable in perseverance, no means should be laid aside which may develope their plans.

The King of Prussia founded the principal means of his power on his military talents. He was the great chief of an army in peace as well as in war—he was a military legislator, and the affection of his army created his laurels. He was as great a minister as he was a warrior; he rose every morning at five o'clock, and proceeded to business for the space of two or three hours,—not with his ministers, but with his secretaries. The distinction is immense: Ministers are men of authority, who direct a Sovereign of ordinary abilities, and influence a Prince of exalted talents. The secretaries

of Frederic were merely scribes; and if any one of them had dared to venture his advice on what was dictated to him, the King would have thought him out of his senses. These writers received every day whatever was addressed to the King, and he immediately decided what was to be done, while the secretary noted down the decision. After dinner the secretary returned with the written answers, which Frederic signed. Every day was employed in the same manner. When time is thus employed, how much is it respected! The most insignificant of Frederic's subjects could write to him, and was sure of a reply. He never failed to answer any memorial, and it was always signed with his own hand. This method was more expeditious and more satisfactory than the slow and ineffectual efforts of the oppressed, when they have to struggle through the various departments of official situations. The Prussian Ministers acted in their proper departments, and sent the result of their duties to the King without going to Potsdam,—where they never appeared but when they received a summons from him. The names of the Ministers of Frederic were hardly known in Europe.

Equally remarkable for boldness of thought, sagacity of mind, energy of powers, and firmness of character, it is impossible to say for what individual talent he was most admired. Brilliant in every physical and moral quality,—powerful as his will,—fine as his genius,—and active to a prodigy,—he perfected and completed all his advantages. Lively, ardent, and impetuous, he rendered himself moderate, calm, and reflecting. Such was his destiny, that events turned to his favour, frequently resulting from his good conduct, sometimes in spite of

his faults; and, allowing for the frailties attendant on human nature, even his faults carried the mark of grandeur, of originality, and of invincible courage.

This great Prince terminated his existence at twenty minutes past two in the morning of the 17th of August, 1786, in the seventy-second year of his age. He reigned forty-six years. His illness endured eighteen months, during which he suffered the most violent pain without a sigh. On the 15th of the month he slept, contrary to his usual custom, till eleven o'clock, when he proceeded to business in his Cabinet, which he performed with presence of mind and admirable precision. On the 16th, his heir sent to M. Selle, the physician, an order to repair instantly to Potsdam, because he imagined the King to be in a lethargy. When M. Selle arrived he dared not to present himself, as he perceived sensibility in his organs and animation in his countenance. He judged that he had not concluded the affairs of his Cabinet. His supposition was just—Frederic did not forget his duty till his last breath.

CHAPTER XIII

Information which I obtained at Berlin respecting Voltaire—His quarrel with the King—Bust of him in my possession His singular habits—His house at Ferney Anecdotes of him Curious prediction respecting myself.

I CANNOT conclude these remarks, without mentioning a few circumstances which I learnt respecting Frederic's great friend and adversary, Voltaire.

It is evident, by anecdotes which I learnt at Berlin, that during his long residence there, and after enjoying the substantial emoluments which the Monarch bestowed upon him, he at length enraged the King, who desired him to leave his dominions. Having embroiled himself in a quarrel with M. Maupertuis, who was then at the head of the Academy at Berlin, he added to his disgrace. He was ordered to give up his golden key, or to quit the kingdom in twenty-four hours. He went afterwards to Manheim, where he wrote his tragedy of Olympia: when he left the Court Palatine, he retired to his new purchase near Geneva. At Ferney, his place of residence, he found a large old French *château*, which he pulled down, and in its place erected a very fine house. His theatre was fitted up in one of his out-offices, and was capable of containing about two hundred persons. His favourite work was the *Pucelle d'Orléans*, which is the Hudibras of French poetry. His picture is

often taken, looking on his Henriade; but I believe he had not that affection for this work which he had for many other of his performances. His affection to the Elector Palatine seemed beyond that towards any other monarch; he resided with him a year, under his roof at Manheim, and received every honour due to a Prince of the Blood. The Elector had several busts of him executed by M. Verchetsel, a most eminent statuary; I had one of them at Brandenburgh House. He never would accept of any honours that were offered to him by any monarch; but he had no dislike to honours in others. When the Order of Jesuits was dissolved, Voltaire selected one to be his companion at table. Poor Père Robert often experienced his jokes: when he first invited him to come, it is said, he was ingenuous enough to add, "If you can dare to live with a man who professes himself to have no religion at all, or, if any thing, is a stricter disciple of Confucius than you can be of your humble Master—then come to me."

He seldom went to bed till daybreak, drinking coffee continually, and frequently playing at chess. He wore a dirty dressing-gown, and unpowdered tie-wig, with a cap over that, either of silk or of embroidered velvet.

After having passed some time in England, subsequently to his exile from France, on his wishing to return home on some private affairs, he strongly solicited the French Ministry to obtain the favour for him: however strongly the French King might publicly approve and countenance such recall, the revengeful Ministers were not so easy to be reconciled, but strenuously opposed it. But Voltaire, ever an over-match in genius and politics for these his enemies of State, wrote to some powerful

friends in Germany, and suddenly got himself invested with a public character; I think it was either from the Electorate of Cologne, or the Prince Bishop of Liège. On obtaining this rank, he immediately set off for Versailles, where the Court then was, having previously got his credentials acknowledged, before he presented himself.

On his first appearance, it may well be imagined what surprise was occasioned; and of course his old enemies, from curiosity, not affection, surrounded him, and as usual began their congratulations, each equally endeavouring to exculpate himself from having had any share in his banishment. After hearing all they had to offer, he said, "By having been thus exiled from my country so long, I am incapable of understanding your language now with precision; but if you will talk with my Secretary here, or any of my train, they will inform me, when I get home, what kind services you mean to me."

His pardon was soon after sealed, and, it is said, by the persuasion of those very Ministers, once his enemies, who were overawed by his being honoured with a public situation.

His house at Ferney was a receptacle for foreigners: and, as every visitor drained himself to entertain him, it is not to be wondered at, that by such a quick succession of the different inhabitants of the globe, he acquired such a universal knowledge of mankind. His *salle à manger* was very dirty, in general: his servants, when he was alone, often waited in their waistcoats; and, as he seldom gave new liveries, they who had recently quitted their former places retained their old ones, and

thus had the appearance of different gentlemen's servants who were staying at the house.

His drawing-room made ample amends for the careless disorder of the other apartments: few noblemen had a more elegant suite of chambers, either for state or convenience.

He was accustomed to write the best hints for his material works on scraps of paper: it was surprising that he could find them in their complicated state. While writing with a fire, he always sat with his back to it, probably to secure his eyes.

He would join the dance in the servants' hall on hearing the violin, sometimes in a suit of velvet and embroidery. Swift had as much of this eccentric vein in him as Voltaire, frequently descending to mere trifles, perhaps in order the better to rise afterwards in sentiment. Pope alluded to this, in all probability, when he so elegantly pays this compliment to Lord Bolingbroke:

> Teach me like thee, in various Nature wise,
> To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise.

There was a kind of monarchical spirit in this great man, which appeared in his minutest actions: at table he never came in with the rest of the company, but would delay about any trifle; and on entrance would sometimes recall all the dishes, and disturb every part of the table by placing or altering them;—this was very disagreeable.

He thought to show a turn for English improvements, from observations he made while residing there; but his attachment to the French still prevailed, and a flower-plat and a fountain were great embellishments for him.

According to the French custom, he had many French carriages, but not one fit for use. Mr. Shandy gives a complete description of those of Voltaire.

He had immense presents from the great, of wine and every other delicacy. He had an amazing quantity of land at Ferney, as land is there cheap; and he seemed to value himself upon this point.

It is well known that the church which he built there was erected to God. "DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE" was the motto: he had given an altar to it, and, to keep up appearances, sometimes would attend the service, particularly at a wedding.

His house was built by a Genevese architect named Billion; but in this he was only the brick-layer or stone-mason, for the model was very common in France. Voltaire was very fond of hawks; and, as the adjacent Alps, and the vast chain of mountains known by the name of Mount Jura, afford various species of these birds, his house was a menagerie of the kind: he would sometimes amuse himself with letting them fly at a pigeon or tame fowl about his grounds, and called them kings tearing their subjects in pieces.

He was, perhaps, the greatest genius the world ever produced: his mistakes were pardonable errors; I mean his anachronisms, for he did not attend to trifles. When he composed, he wrote so quickly and with such assiduity, that he has been known to finish a tragedy of five acts in as many days; and he could compose comedy faster than actors could represent it, if he had had secretaries equal to the task.

In one of his observations on Shakspeare's Hamlet, to show that our great poet was guilty of the fault of ana-

chronism as well as himself, he has detected a terrible blunder in that great dramatic writer.—"And now," says he, "the first act ends with the king giving his royal orders (and which must never be disobeyed) to fire all the cannon round the ramparts, two hundred years before the use of gunpowder was known."

To an English gentleman taking leave of him he said, "Well, Sir, you are going to London; I will come and see you after you get home—but that must be after I am dead. There are twenty ghosts, at least, in Macbeth, —why should I not be one of them?"

He would sometimes call the whole of his establishment to go hunting,—*à la chasse! à la chasse!* and when he had assembled every one of them, it was only to walk round his house, and brush down the spiders and their webs, which the servants had neglected, among the pillars of each portico of his building.

He would talk much sometimes of what the writers would say after his death; and often hinted that the conversation of M. de Voltaire on his death-bed, dressed up by some Jesuit, would be a most delicious morsel for the booksellers of Paris: "And," he added, "the rascal will pick up many a good meal off my bones, bare as I am."

He was very fond of oranges, dates, and particularly of pomegranates. In the South of France the orange is often grafted on the pomegranate, which gives it a very fine colour; and he would remark, holding it up, "This must have been the forbidden fruit."

A single-horse chaise he was accustomed to drive, with a roan horse given him by the Elector Palatine at Manheim. This animal was foaled there under his own eye,

from an Arabian mare. He would sometimes drive at an immense rate, and then all at once fall into a solemn slow pace, as if he were composing some great work.

At Ferney, Voltaire offered an asylum to Delille Desalles, persecuted for his *Philosophie de la Nature:* there he defended Marmontel, uneasy for his *Bélisaire;* Admiral Byng, put to an ignominious death; Count Morangiès, stripped by usurers: there he reinstated the memory of Calas, of Servin, of Montbailly, and of Martin; the wife of Montbailly he saved from the scaffold: he there raised his voice for the unfortunate Lally, for Labarre, and for thousands of the servants of the Canons of Saint-Jura: it was there that he endowed with 90,000 francs the niece of the great Corneille; with 100,000, the daughter of Madame Dupuis; and with 150,000, *Belle et Bonne,* in marrying her to the Marquis de Villette. His old friend Theviot, after having passed a year with him at Ferney, found in the bottom of his trunk, on his return to Paris, a purse of fifty Louis which the great philosopher had secretly placed there.

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Plutarch, in the Life of Cicero, reports that a spectre appeared to Cicero's nurse, and foretold that the child would become a great support to the Roman State; and most innocently makes the following reflection: "This might have passed for an idle tale, had not Cicero demonstrated the truth of the prediction!" which in effect is saying, that if a prediction happen to prove true, it is a real prophecy; if otherwise, it is an idle tale.

Something of this kind occurred to me. After I had been married to Lord Craven, and we were living to-

gether on terms of the greatest cordiality, I happened to meet with two young ladies who had determined to go to a celebrated woman, who was famous for predicting future events, or rather, for telling fortunes. Upon our being admitted, after saying a few words to my young friends, she addressed herself to me, by saying, "I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, but, from the very particular marks in your countenance, I am certain you are born for great events; I must be allowed to draw your horoscope." I smiled and consented: but as she said that she could not complete it directly, I was induced to give her my age, and the day and hour of my birth, that she might write it down and send it to me in the course of a week. I returned home and thought little more about it. In about ten days I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to contain the Sibyl's prediction. She stated that I was to have a family of seven children; that I then was to separate from my husband, who would die before me; that I should go abroad, and that I should marry again with some Royal personage, and come into the possession of great riches. I had at that time no idea of a separation, nor could I form the thought of a connexion with any other person, much less with one whose rank was so exalted as that of a Margrave.

CHAPTER XIV

Anecdote of Sir William Windham—Prince of Wales—Remarks—Lord Lyttelton—Lord Clarendon—Duke of Buckingham—Observations on the marvellous—Anecdote of Lord Clarendon—Mademoiselle Le Normand.

I REMEMBER a singular anecdote which was related to me by Mr. Windham,[1] a man totally devoid of superstition, one day when we were conversing on this subject, which had arisen from a story told me by the Prince of Wales. At the end of the last century, Sir William Windham[2] [Wyndham], being on his travels through Venice, observed accidentally, as he was passing through St. Mark's Place in his cabriolet, a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. On stopping, he found it was a mountebank who had occasioned it, and who was pretending to tell fortunes; conveying his predictions to the people by means of a long narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required.

Sir William, among others, held up a piece of money; on which the *charlatan* immediately directed his tube to his cabriolet, and said to him, very distinctly, in Italian, "*Signor Inglese, cavete il bianco cavallo.*" This circumstance made a very forcible impression upon him, from

[1] William Windham, the well-known English statesman (1750–1810).

[2] Sir William Wyndham, third baronet (1687–1740), Chancellor of the Exchequer 1713–14, and an adherent of the Pretender.

the recollection that some few years before, when very young, having been out at a stag-hunt, in returning home from the sport, he found several of the servants at his father's gate, standing round a fortune-teller, who either was, or pretended to be, both deaf and dumb, and for a small remuneration wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a piece of chalk, answers to such questions as the servants put to him by the same method. As Sir William rode by, the man made signs to him that he was willing to tell him his fortune as well as the rest : and in good humour he would have complied ; but as he could not recollect any particular question to ask, the man took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back with these words written legibly—" Beware of a white horse." Sir William smiled at the absurdity, and totally forgot the circumstance, till the coincidence at Venice reminded him of it.

He immediately and naturally imagined that the English fortune-teller had made his way over to the Continent, where he had found his speech ; and he was now curious to know the truth of the circumstance. Upon inquiry, however, he felt assured that the fellow had never been out of Italy, nor understood any other language than his own.

Sir William Windham had a great share in the transactions of Government during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, in which a design to restore the son of James II to the British throne, which his father had forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted ; and on the arrival of George I many persons were punished by being put into prison, or sent into banishment. Among the former of these who had entered into this combination was Sir

William Windham, who, in 1715, was committed as a prisoner to the Tower.

Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was then some alteration to be made, in consequence of the succession of the House of Brunswick; and, as Sir William's chariot was passing through, conveying him to his prison, the painter was at work adding the White Horse, which formed the arms of the Elector of Hanover.

It struck Sir William most forcibly: he immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the Lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him there during his confinement; and although probably not inclined to superstition, he looked upon it as a prophecy which was fully accomplished. But in this he was much mistaken; for many years after, being out hunting, he had the misfortune to be thrown whilst leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

The Prince of Wales, who delighted in these kinds of stories, told me that one day at Brighton, riding in company with Sir John Lade,[1] and unattended, (which they frequently did,) they had prolonged their ride across the Downs farther than they had intended. An unexpected shower of rain coming on, they made the best of their way to a neighbouring house, which proved to be that of a miller. His Royal Highness dismounting quickly, Sir John took hold of the horse's bridle, till some one should make his appearance: a boy came up and

[1] Sir John Lade (1759–1838), a relative of Henry Thrale and an intimate associate of George, Prince of Wales. Thrale hoped he would marry Fanny Burney.

relieved Sir John of his charge. The rain soon abating, the Prince, on the point of remounting his horse, observed that the boy who held the bridle had two thumbs upon his hand; and inquiring who he was, was informed by him that he was the miller's son. It brought immediately to his recollection the old prophecy of Mother Shipton, that when the Prince's bridle should be held by a miller's son with two thumbs on one hand, there would be great convulsions in the kingdom. The circumstance was laughable, and his Royal Highness was much amused at the singularity of it.

Who could be more superstitious than Dr. Johnson?—it might have arisen from a morbid sensation. The Lyttelton family were superstitious for three generations. Every one knows the circumstances of the death of the Lord Lyttelton,[1] son of the historian of Henry II—I know it to be a fact from the family, with whom I have been for years acquainted.

What shall we say of the great Earl of Clarendon, the famous historian,—a man long in public business, a consummate politician, and well stored with knowledge from books as well as from experience? We might imagine his mind to be fortified against foolish miracles, if the mind of any man could be fortified; still his superstitious credulity overcame his reason: and in this he was no less weak than his contemporary Grotius. He gravely relates an incident regarding the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham. There were many stories scat-

[1] Thomas, sometimes called the "Bad Lord Lyttelton" (1744–1779), only son of George, known as the "Good Lord Lyttelton" (1709–1773). The former is supposed to have died in accordance with the prophecy of a ghost that he would die in three days. See *Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale*, by A. M. Broadley (John Lane, 1910). Appendix I, pp. 292–296.

tered abroad, at that time, of prophecies and predictions of the Duke's untimely and violent death; one of which was upon a better foundation of credit than usual.

There was an officer of the King's household in Windsor Castle, belonging to the wardrobe, of reputation for honesty and discretion, and, at that time, about the age of fifty. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke, this man being in bed and in good health, there appeared to him at midnight a man of venerable aspect, who, drawing the curtains and fixing his eye upon him, said, "Do you know me, Sir?" The poor man, half dead with fright, answered that he thought him to be Sir George Villiers, father to the Duke. Upon which he was ordered by the apparition to go to the Duke, and tell him, that if he did not in some way ingratiate himself with the people, he would be suffered to live but a short time. The same person appeared to him a second and a third time, reproaching him bitterly for not performing his promise. The officer, in excuse, said that the Duke was difficult of access, and that he should be thought a madman. The apparition imparted to him some secrets, which he said would be his credentials to the Duke. The officer, introduced to the Duke by Sir Ralph Freeman, was courteously received. They walked together near an hour, and the Duke spoke with much emotion, though his servants, with Sir Ralph, were at such a distance that they could not hear a word. The officer, returning from the Duke, told Sir Ralph, that when he mentioned the particulars which were to gain him credit, the Duke's colour changed, and he swore the officer could have come to that knowledge only by the Devil; for that these particulars were known to himself

alone, and to one person more, of whose fidelity he was secure. The Duke, who was to accompany the King at hunting, was observed to ride all the morning in deep thought; and, before the day was over, left the field and alighted at his mother's house, with whom he was shut up for two or three hours. When the Duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger, which never appeared before when he had been conversing with her; and she was found overwhelmed with tears, and in great agony. Whatever there was in all this, it is a notorious truth, that when she heard of the Duke's murder, she seemed not in the least surprised, nor did she express much sorrow.

The name of Lord Clarendon calls for more attention to this incident than otherwise it would deserve. It is no article of the Christian faith, that the dead preserve their connexion with the living, or are ever suffered to return to this world: we have no solid evidence for such a fact, nor ever hear of it, except in tales for amusing or terrifying children. The story is inconsistent with the course of Providence, which, for the best purposes, has drawn an impenetrable veil between us and futurity. This apparition also, though supposed to be endowed with a miraculous knowledge of future events, is deficient in the sagacity that belongs to a person of ordinary understanding. It appears twice to the officer without thinking of giving him proper credentials; nor does it at all think of them till suggested by the officer. Why did not the apparition go directly to the Duke himself; and where was the necessity of employing a third person? —unless the Duke was too wicked for such a communication directly. The Duke must have been more affected

with an apparition to himself, than by hearing of it at second-hand. The officer was afraid of being taken for a madman, and the Duke had some reason for thinking him such. The apparition happened above three months before the Duke's death, and yet we hear nothing of a single step taken by him in pursuance of the advice given him.

The authority of the historian, and the respect we owe him, entitle him to as much credit as the case can admit. But credit to the story is not at all necessary; for the evidence is such as not to verify even any common occurrence. His Lordship acknowledges that he had no evidence but common report, saying that it was one of the many stories scattered abroad at the time: he does not say that he had the story related to him by the officer, whose name he does not even mention; or by Sir Ralph Freeman, or by the Duke's mother, or by the Duke himself. If ever any thing happened like the story in question, it may with good reason be supposed that the officer was crazy, or enthusiastically mad; nor is there any evidence, beyond common report, that he communicated any secrets to the Duke.

Had Lord Clarendon studied the fundamentals of religion and reason coolly and impartially, as he did other sciences, he could never have given faith to reports so ill vouched, and so contradictory to a sound understanding.

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A singular circumstance took place in the early part of the life of the great Earl of Clarendon, of whom I have just now been speaking. When he began to grow eminent in the law, and had, on all occasions, expressed his dis-

like to the excess of power which was exercised by the Court, and sanctioned by the Judges, he had gone down into Wiltshire to visit his father, who, one day as they were walking together in the fields, observed to him that men of his profession were apt to stretch the prerogative too far, and injure the cause of liberty; but charged him, if ever he came to any eminence in his profession, never to sacrifice the laws and liberty of his country to his own interest, or the will of his Prince. After having strongly made these observations, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a few hours. The advice had so powerful an influence upon him, that he ever after observed and pursued it.

The celebrated Mademoiselle Le Normand, who was so frequently consulted by the Empress Josephine, and whom Napoleon himself did not totally disregard, was tried for witchcraft even a few years since; and it is surprising that the advocate who prosecuted her could seriously charge her with being familiar with spirits, and actually declare that she was able to raise demons and the dead.

Josephine honoured her with her friendship, and bestowed upon her many marks of benevolence. After the return of Napoleon from the Congress at Erfurt, the Empress repeated to him, in the warmth of conversation, what Le Normand had announced to her some time before. The Queen of Holland was present at the time. "Ah!" said Napoleon, rubbing his hands, "they pretend to penetrate into my designs, and consult the oracles: you must know, Ladies, that I am not to be guessed at; to-morrow I will cause your prophetess to be arrested, and let me hear no more about her." They

attempted to appease him. "It is useless," said he; "I shall give the orders immediately: I will not be imposed upon by a woman." Josephine, who feared the effects of his indignation, sent at night privately Mademoiselle Aubert, one of her attendants, to acquaint Le Normand with his designs. Being informed of the Emperor's determination, Le Normand, instead of being alarmed at the interruption of her tranquillity, and regardless of the advice to attend to her own safety, said with the greatest *sang-froid* to Mademoiselle Aubert, that she felt obliged to the Empress for her kindness, but that she had nothing to fear from the Emperor. This was reported to Josephine, who informed the Emperor of Le Normand's reply.—"*La Demoiselle a pourtant raison,*" said Napoleon; "*où diable va-t-elle chercher ce qu'elle dit?* I will allow her, however, to interfere with your affairs; but, with regard to mine, acquaint her that the least indiscretion shall cost her her liberty."

CHAPTER XV

My return to England—Conduct of my eldest daughters and family—Message from the Queen to the Margrave—I write an appeal to the House of Lords—Sir Theophilus Metcalfe—General Dalrymple—Purchase of Brandenburgh House—The Margrave presents me with Benham, in Berkshire—My son Keppel Craven—Lord Craven—Amusements at Brandenburgh House.

UPON our return to England,[1] I had scarcely pressed my pupil to my heart, when I received a letter, signed by my three eldest daughters, beginning with these words: "With due deference to the Margravine of Anspach, the Miss Cravens inform her, that, out of respect to their father, they cannot wait upon her."

The letter dropped from my hand, while Keppel endeavoured to soothe me, as I could neither speak nor stir. Such conduct seemed to me to be perfectly unaccountable. I, however, recovered my spirits, in order to support more ill treatment, which I expected would follow, from this prelude.

My suspicions were not unfounded: my eldest son, Lord Craven, totally neglected me; and Lord Berkeley, who was guardian to my children, wrote me an absurd letter, filled with reproaches on account of my marriage with the Margrave so soon after the death of my late husband. I deigned to reply, and observed that it was

[1] Either at the end of 1791 or the beginning of 1792.

six weeks after Lord Craven's decease that I gave my hand to the Margrave, which I should have done six hours after, had I known it at the time. I represented that I had been eight years under all the disadvantages of widowhood, without the only consolation which a widow could desire at my time of life,—which was that of bestowing my hand where I might forget, by the virtues of one man, the folly and neglect of another, to whom it had been my unfortunate lot to be sacrificed.

The next affront that I met with was a message sent by the Queen[1] to the Margrave, by the Prussian Minister, to say that it was not her intention to receive me as Margravine of Anspach. The Margrave was much hurt by this conduct of her Majesty, and inquired of me if I could conjecture the cause. I answered him that I was ignorant of it; but that, as such was the Queen's intention, she should not see me at all.

The Margrave, upon this, demanded an audience of his Majesty, but refused to pay his respects to the Queen; nor did he ever after see her.

The Dukes of Norfolk[2] and Richmond[3] were very angry at hearing that I had resolved not to appear at Court as a Peeress of England: but I considered that they were wrong, as, had I done so, it would have been to acknowledge that, although wife of the Margrave, I was nothing more than Lady Craven.

As on my return to England I proposed to go to Court as a Princess of the German Empire,[4] I was, I confess,

[1] Charlotte Sophia, consort of George III (1744–1818).
[2] Charles Howard, eleventh Duke of Norfolk (1745–1815), commonly called the "Jockey."
[3] Charles Lennox, third Duke of Richmond (1735–1806).
[4] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. lxxxi, and letter to Mr. Francis James Jackson, p. c.

surprised to hear that I should not be received there by that title. I therefore drew up an address to the House of Lords, with the intention of claiming my privilege; but, from motives of pride and the persuasion of friends, I did not present it to the House. It was as follows:—

"My Lords,

"I trust, when you reflect, that in presenting the following facts to your Lordships, I have nothing but the justice due to your own prerogatives at heart, when I claim it for myself, whose whole life must endear my name to my noble relations and every other Peer of England, I trust you will see I can have no motive for submitting the following facts to you, but the sincere wish that you may feel, as I do, that any attempt to innovate upon or diminish our hereditary rights, from Government or Regal power, must prove detrimental to the interests of the Crown, and the welfare of the people of England; and that the following statement may serve as an urgent reason to apply to the Earl Marshal of England, that in future no Peer or Peeress of England, or Prince or Princess of the German Empire, may be treated as I have been; which never can happen, when your Lordships have ordered him to pronounce a decision upon claims of old and established rights, asked for by all, who, like me, feel the honour and advantages of birth, and look up solely for the protection belonging to the House of Lords, whose independent and hereditary power is certainly the best guardian of the welfare of British subjects.

"My Lords,—When first I returned to my native land, after an absence of some years, with every advantage to myself and England, which the Margrave's virtues, rank, and income could bestow on his wife or her country, he received a message from the Queen, delivered to him by the Prussian Minister, signifying that she would not

receive me as Margravine of Anspach. This first step I look upon as an innovation in Court etiquette; as it was the Chamberlain, and not a foreign Minister, who ought to have brought any message relative to presentations. As the Margrave could not understand the message in any other sense, but that her Majesty wished not to see me at all during the remainder of his life, he occasionally visited the King, but never asked to see the Queen, or went to any of her drawing-rooms. During that period the late Duke of Richmond, and other of my relatives seated among you, urged me to go to Court as a Peeress, and as such to ask a private audience of the Queen; but I thought such measures would be wanting in respect to the Margrave, and I constantly refused yielding to their advice. In the year 1802, on my return from Vienna, whither the Margrave sent me to have my audience of the Emperor Francis and the Empress, upon my being created a Princess of the Empire, by my own maiden name of Berkeley, in obedience to my husband's orders, I asked an audience of the Queen as Princess Berkeley: but Lord Morton, by whom the message was conveyed, informed me he could not obtain any answer from her Majesty, nor one word on the subject. The Margrave then had no doubt but that the message delivered to him on his arrival in England did really come from her. When the Prince of Wales came to be Regent, I asked my audience of him as Princess Berkeley, and then as a Peeress of England, by the advice of a Peer; but was told my requests were *innovations;* which, my Lords, I deny. On the contrary, I assert that the refusal is an innovation on the rights of Peers and Peeresses of Great Britain. I was referred to Lord Sidmouth, who, with the Duke of Norfolk, whom I spoke to on the subject, and the Marquis of Hertford,[1] can inform your Lordships, that I complain of innovations of rights in

[1] Francis Ingram Seymour, second Marquis of Hertford (1743; 1822). The prototype of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne."

my person : one of which is, being referred to a Minister of State, who is a political man ; whereas in cases of Court etiquette, references and claims can only be settled by the Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, whose rights to settle them existed, and exist to this day, from the time England became a Christian country, before the time when my noble ancestors, the Plantagenets, were the Sovereigns of my beloved country. These rights, my Lords, I believe, till now, have never been denied us ; or, if they have been, some just reason has been assigned for the refusal of granting them. I have deferred, for three successive years, presenting this my Petition to your Lordships ;—matters of greater consequence brought before you, (from the evils arising from the state of warfare and confusion which desolated Europe,) made me look on any wrongs of mine as too trivial for your perusal ; and other details brought before you, of high and painful concerns, made me feel it indelicate, and perhaps imprudent, for me to have my name pronounced in the House of Lords : but at present I trust my forbearance will be amply rewarded by your taking into consideration the foregoing facts ; and that you will grant me redress—and, by so doing, spare for the future, to those whom chance has placed in such peculiarly flattering circumstances as I have been, the being obliged to appeal to the Peers of England for justice, when any hereditary or acquired honours are denied them, and that without any reason being assigned for the denial. I feel gratified, my Lords, when I reflect that this address to you is one among many proofs that I have through life fulfilled, as became the daughter, wife, and mother of a Peer, my duty.

" ELIZABETH, M. of B. A. and B.,
" PRINCESS BERKELEY.

" N.B.—When I was at Vienna the first time, only as Lady Craven, Sir R. Keith, the English Minister, in-

formed me, that at that Court Peers and Peeresses of England were treated as Princes of the Empire: accordingly I had a private audience, to be presented to the Emperor Joseph. Is it a courteous return for that distinction, for Princess Berkeley to be denied that courtesy at the Court of England?"

I was now attacked by the English newspapers, the Editors of which imagined that they would be bribed by the Margrave to stop their torrent of abuse. It was hinted to me by a person from one of them, that it would be advisable to send ten or twenty guineas to stop the paragraphs which traduced me: but to this observation I remarked, that it would only be a temptation to the Editors to name me when they wanted a little money; and I only wished they might write more, and much worse, in order that the Margrave might prosecute them for libels.

The Margrave, however, soon seemed to cease paying any attention to their scurrilities; but the conduct of some of my relatives made me ashamed of them. I rather think that what I could not conceal from the Margrave's knowledge, while he lived in England, relative to the malice which I endured, contrasted, in his mind, with the conduct of my relations during my infancy and the reputation I enjoyed before I parted from Lord Craven, must have cured him of his partiality to the English; and, indeed, before his death, I could clearly perceive it. Many atrocious falsehoods came to his knowledge; and many ladies, who had envied me as Lady Craven when very young, had been flattered with hopes of never seeing me again to shine in their atmosphere.

Among other reports which were made to the Mar-

grave, he was informed that my son Keppel was left out of Lord Craven's will. As I had a copy of the will and could prove that the entailment of all Lord Craven's fine property began by his youngest son, as the third in the entail, the Margrave's esteem for me was fixed by the contradiction of such infamous calumny: at the same time my daughter whom I afterwards lost, informed him, that, some time previous to Lord Craven's death, he never ceased to tell his daughters of the superior graces and talents of their mother.

A few days before Lord Craven's departure for Naples, Sir Theophilus Metcalfe[1] was with him alone, as he himself told me, when Lord Craven asked him what he thought of me. Sir Theophilus was rather surprised at the question, but answered the truth: "I never," said he, "had the honour of her society but once, my Lord, for a few days at Benham, when the house was full of company; and although I was then but a Major in the East India Company, Lady Craven never made me feel that I was not a Peer of the Realm." Upon this Lord Craven burst into tears—"Metcalfe," said he, "when I parted with her, I parted with the only friend I ever had,—the only person who never deceived me."

Some time after, Mr. Thompson, of Yorkshire, came and asked me if General Dalrymple[2] loved Lord Berkeley, for, previously to his going to New-York, to take the command there, he had sent for him and Sir William Codrington, as two friends of Lord Berkeley's, to sign his will,—a copy of which he gave them, desiring, in case he was killed, to give it to Lord Berkeley. I told him I

[1] Sir Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart., a Director of the East India Company, created a baronet in 1802.

[2] Sir Hew Whitefoord Dalrymple, Bart. (1750–1830).

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH
From an engraving by Ridley after Reynolds

believed that Lord Berkeley did not know General Dalrymple. When the General came to be presented to the Margrave, I asked him what Mr. Thompson meant by his observations to me. He replied that, after Lord Craven had imparted to him his intentions of disturbing my peace, if it had been in his power, and that he had been named to New-York, the idea of me and my seven children haunted his imagination; that, as he had no family, and his nephew, the Earl of Stair, did not want his fortune, which was about four thousand pounds a-year, he had made a will in which he had left me every thing he possessed.

My whole employment, during the Margrave's valuable life, was to do every thing in my power to make him not only comfortable, but happy. Under my management, the world imagined that he spent double his income. To see him pleased kept up my spirits, and made me pass over many things which otherwise would have hurt me extremely; and, in particular, the conduct of my children, who, bewildered by reports, and not judging for themselves, neither knew how to behave to him or to me. My eldest daughter, who suffered herself to be misled at first by the conduct of her eldest brother, and sisters, was the only one who returned to a sense of her duty to her mother. But, alas! she did not long enjoy the pleasures of that mother's society, for, as I said before, I was deprived of her by death.

The summer following,[1] the Margrave, at my request, purchased Brandenburgh House, on the banks of the Thames. My eldest son, who had all the military furor of the times upon him, left all his comforts and enjoy-

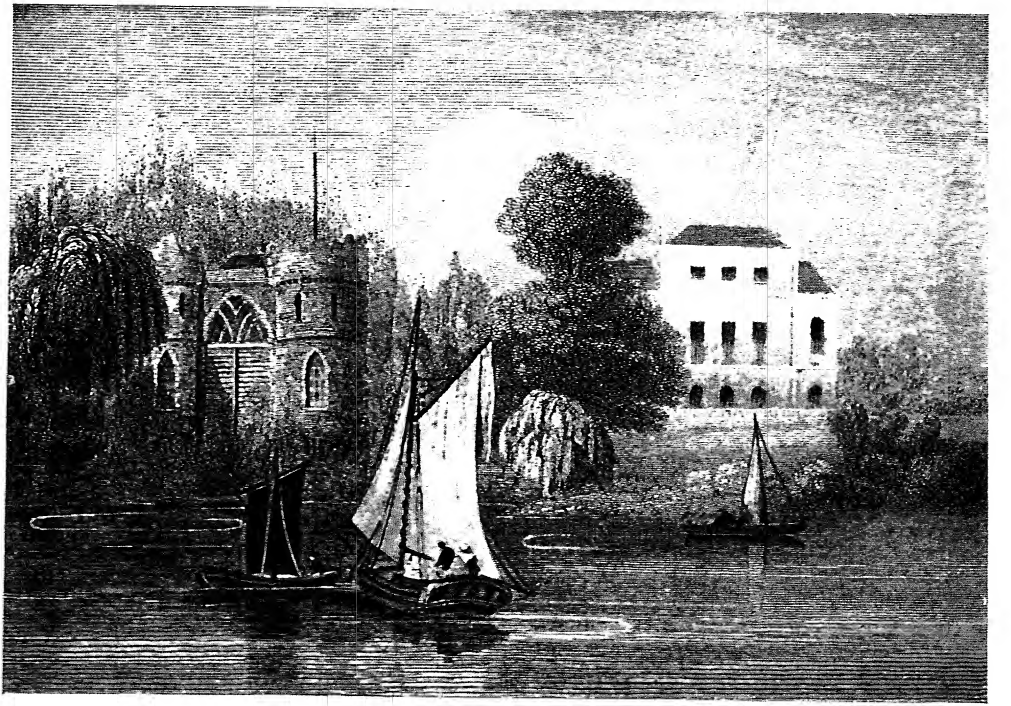
[1] 1792. See Vol. I, Introduction, p. lxxviii.

ments to follow the campaign in Holland, and in other places. The only property over which his father had given him the control, was Benham; and this he sold. This was a favourite spot with me and Lord Craven, and it gave me infinite pain to see it parted with. I had built it myself, with my husband's permission, and laid out the grounds according to my own taste; nor would I suffer any of the modern landscape gardeners to interfere, though strongly pressed to allow them. The famous man named Capability Brown[1] was desirous of being employed; but as he had already laid out twelve thousand pounds for Lord Craven at Coombe Abbey, I thought it unnecessary to be more plundered, and trusted to myself for adding to Nature. I had always a satisfaction, when very young, in observing natural beauties, the graces of which I particularly studied.

Benham was most likely originally a *Seigneurie*, centuries before the Craven Peerage was created; and it is probable that Hoe Benham was part of the domain with Benham Row, and almost all the lands which surround it; that it was thus in William the Conqueror's time, or Edward the Third's; and that what is now called *Hoe*, was the French word *haut*,—as the land is higher there than that which immediately touches the site on which Benham House stands, and parted from that by turnpike roads, and a great many inclosed lands belonging to a variety of persons.

I leave to youthful and romantic minds to imagine how tyranny or hospitality was exercised in the lordship

[1] Lancelot Browne (1715–1783). "Capability Brown" also laid out the grounds of Sandleford Priory, Newbury, the seat of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu; as well as those of Wadham College, Oxford, and Blenheim, and Crowe Court, Worcestershire.



BRANDENBURGH HOUSE AND THEATRE

From an engraving by Sutton Nicholls after J. Neal for "The Beauties of England and Wales"

of Benham; how many knights in armour defended or offended ladies mounted on white palfreys: I confine my account of Benham to what I have been able to transcribe from the records of England, and my own knowledge of it,—from the days in which our forefathers first travelled in their own coach and six, down to this modern epoch, when Peers mount their own coach-boxes, and ladies take rambles on donkeys.

The first Earl of Craven, after having signalized his personal courage in the unfortunate wars of Germany, (to preserve Bohemia and the Palatinate of King James the First's daughter,) bought Benham of a Sir Francis Castillon,[1] whose father, John Baptiste Castillon, for his faithful military services in Queen Elizabeth's reign, received as a reward, from that munificent Queen, *Benham Valence*, and *Woodspeare*. Castillon, I believe, was originally spelt *Castiglione*, as the family was originally Piedmontese. Thus *Hoe* for *haut*—*curfew* for *couvre-feu*—*Bell and Savage* for *belle sauvage*,—have, by lapse of time, been turned into a sort of English which is now not exactly understood.

From the time of that purchase by the first Earl of Craven, to this day, Benham had been preserved in the Craven family, till the present Earl sold it to the Margrave of Anspach. Mr. Lysons, in his "Account of Berkshire," quotes Fuller's quaint language, who says that the lands in Berkshire are *very skittish and apt to cast their owners*; and expresses a hearty wish that *the Berkshire gentry may be better seated in their saddles, so that the sweet places in this county might not be subject to so many mutations.* I must observe that his language is not the language of

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, pp. cii, cxii.

truth: it is the gentry who have voluntarily quitted their saddles,—and not the lands that cast their owners. For some, many excuses may be found: accumulated taxes, and the exorbitant price of all the first necessaries of life, together with the many ingenious ways tradespeople have of cheating, make it impossible for a gentleman to live at his seat,—or indeed hardly any where; so that one half of our nobility and gentry are poorer than the poor, or owe a wretched existence to places or pensions unworthy their birth or sentiments; and we see some of the finest and prettiest places in England possessed by nabobs, bankers, or merchants.

It was reserved for my bright star,—that noble star which presided at my birth,—to save Benham from this humiliation. It was reserved to the best of men to be the guardian angel over a mother's fears, and snatch from degradation the work of her taste, to replace it irrecoverably in her hands, that it might end in being an eternal monument of his excellence; and the only wish I form is to preserve both his name and Benham from being injured or debased by ignorance and stupidity in future.

In the History of England, the reign of King James I will furnish my reader with the melancholy fate of his daughter Elizabeth,[1] who, in her nephew King Charles

[1] Elizabeth [1596–1662], daughter of James I of England and V of Scotland; married 1613 to the Elector Palatine Frederick V, who, six years later, was chosen King of Bohemia. Her winning demeanour won for her the sobriquet of "Queen of Hearts." By the Treaty of Westphalia (1648) a portion of the Palatinate was restored to her son, George Lewes. Although deserted by her children, she was subsidised by William, first Earl of Craven. At the Restoration, Parliament granted her an annuity of £10,000. She died at Leicester House, Leicester Square, London, February 13, 1661–2, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. The tradition of her private marriage to Lord Craven is no longer credited.

BENHAM VALLEY, NEWBURY, THE BERKSHIRE HOME OF THE MARGRAVE AND MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH, NOW THE PROPERTY OF SIR RICHARD SUTTON

II's reign, retired finally to England, where, after living in the Earl of Craven's fine mansion in Drury Lane not much more than one twelvemonth, she died, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

But what that warlike and magnificent Earl did for her, I fear is scarcely on record. When my natural as well as acquired taste for every thing good and noble, made me curious to find some books or manuscript that could gratify my curiosity as to that period of the Craven family, it was with difficulty I could obtain any satisfaction, as there were neither libraries nor books in any house of any Craven. An old steward of the family at last took some pity on my disappointment, and, perhaps, felt some regard for a girl of seventeen who could feel any delight in poring over relics; so he brought me the plans of the palaces the Earl of Craven built at Hampstead; he shewed me a bond of the Queen of Bohemia's, for forty thousand pounds which the gallant Earl had lent her; in short, he instructed and amused me very much. It was supposed the Earl of Craven was privately married to the Queen.

This place, and many other things, Lord Craven had left me by will; but this will he subsequently altered, when in a state of health wherein he was unfit to do so. By this alteration he deprived me of the place, and gave it to his son.

When the Margrave purchased it for me, he took the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Moira, now Marquis of Hastings, for trustees, under a deed of gift; and I was empowered by that deed to give or dispose of it, in his lifetime, as I pleased.

Two years after my marriage [in 1791] with the Mar-

grave, the Emperor Francis[1] sent me the Diploma, which is registered in the Heralds' Office, of the title of Princess Berkeley.

Upon my receiving this honour, the Margrave sent to the Queen to inform her that I required an audience on the occasion: but her Majesty never deigned to give an answer to Lord Elgin from that moment; nor did I ever again make an application.

When I had arrived in England, I offered to Lord Berkeley, who was my second son's guardian, to finish his education with the same care and expense that I had bestowed on Keppel; but he refused it, and prevented Berkeley's coming to me as much as possible.

While Keppel was at Harrow,[2] where I had placed him under a feigned name, and during a stay which I made at Fonthill,[3] a lady saw him in the master's private library, and when she was stepping into her coach, she asked the master who the boy was. He answered, "A German." —"It is the image of Lady Craven," she said.—His education was here so completely finished, that the master declared he could teach him no more; and the only pleasure he could give him was the liberty of free access to his private library at all times. Keppel,[4] who at this time was about thirteen years old, spoke English perfectly, without any accent, although he had been so much abroad. The lady's remark struck the master forcibly, who went back to the child immediately, and told him he suspected he was Lord Craven's son; and it

[1] Emperor of Germany as Francis II (1792–1804). In the latter year he assumed the title of Emperor of Austria only as Francis I.
[2] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. c.
[3] The seat of William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*.
[4] Hon. Keppel Craven, born June 1, 1779.

BENHAM VALENCE, BERKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH
From an engraving by J. Walker and J. Greig after J. Nixon

was better that his uncle, Lord Berkeley, who was left to direct his brother, then at Eton, should know where he was: and after his first confusion was over, the child consented to it.

Lord Berkeley was so delighted at finding Keppel thus accomplished, that he afterwards declared it was his wish that I had educated the two other boys: but this did not alter his disagreeable conduct to me; and when I went to Lisbon, Keppel passed the summer vacation with his brother Berkeley, at our relations' in Dorsetshire.[1]

Lord Craven, my eldest son, received the greatest attentions from the Queen, and was caressed by the ladies of the Court, who were eager to match him with their daughters; but he never waited upon the Margrave or me, except when he repented of having sold Benham, as his manors surrounded it.

The theatre, concerts, and dinners, at Brandenburgh House, were sources of great enjoyment to the Margrave. He was very fond of breeding horses, of which he had a very large stud.[2] This was an amusement so very expensive, and of so little comfort to me, that I wonder I could have had the courage to manage that part of his financial arrangements: but I considered any thing, except debt or disorders, to be right; and now that I look back, I reflect with pleasure.

I remember Colonel M'Neil, husband to my eldest niece by Lady Granard, owning to me that he had been in every office and department of the house, in which he

[1] The Draxes of Charborough, Charborough Court, East Morden, the ancestral seat of the Erles and Draxes, is now the property of Lady Dunsany, their descendant. The house was built in 1718, and decorated by Thornhill. [2] See Vol. I, Introduction, pp. cxiv cxviii.

had found such comfort and good order, that he took pains to know who superintended it all. When he found that I was the person, he congratulated me on my domestic attentions, and flattered me exceedingly. He was a very grave and sedate man, possessed of strong sense. He, with his wife Lady Anne, and child, stayed with me two months at Benham, after he had left Jersey, where he had a command.

My taste for music and poetry, and my style of imagination in writing, chastened by experience, were great sources of delight to me. I wrote the *Princess of Georgia*, and the *Twins of Smyrna*, for the Margrave's theatre, besides *Nourjad* and several other pieces; and for these I composed various airs in music. I invented *fêtes* to amuse the Margrave, which afforded me a charming contrast to accounts, bills, and the changes of domestics and chamberlains, and many other things quite odious to me. We had at Brandenburgh House thirty servants in livery, with grooms, and a set of sixty horses. Our expenses were enormous, although I curtailed them with all possible economy. The necessaries of life had been increased threefold within a few years after we were settled.

The Margrave never reflected, like me, on the prodigious changes in the world, both in morals and in manners. It was these changes which induced Charles Fox, at the first Assembly where he saw me, to say, "Oh! there you are: I wonder what you will do with your education; it will embarrass you much." But I was not under any disadvantage from it, for I made way for others in a crowd, while they nodded their heads and pushed me out of their way, as they did every body else.

Had this been only want of manners, I might have laughed; but there was a want of gratitude towards the Margrave from some to whom he had granted the most unbounded and magnificent hospitality; to others he had given a reception as if they had been his equals. From many of these he received neglect; but he never expressed either surprise or displeasure to me: yet I remember one day, when I was looking at the Order of Bareith, and reading part of the motto, "*Toujours le même*," the Margrave said, "That motto was made for her, and to end with her."

It would be too tedious and too trivial for me to recite the variety of ways by which I endeavoured to divert the Margrave's attention from disagreeable things. Thanks to Heaven! he was as happy as he could be.

The great improvements which I made at Brandenburgh House[1] and the grounds which surrounded it, were my chief occupations for some time. I laid out the grounds entirely; ornamenting them with walks and shrubberies, and planting trees, according to my own taste,—the exercise of which was left entirely to myself.

Brandenburgh House was built by Sir Nicholas Crispe, an eminent merchant and Alderman of London; and there he spent a great part of the latter period of his life. He was made a Baronet in 1665, soon after which he died. His heart was sent to Hammersmith Chapel, and his body was buried in Bread Street. He was very instrumental in bringing the City of London to the King's party after Oliver Cromwell's death. It afterwards became the possession of Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe; and subsequently Mrs. Sturt enjoyed it.

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. lxxviii.

The situation of Brandenburgh House is so well known, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon that point; and, as it afterwards became the residence of the late Queen, the world is in possession of every circumstance relative to that unfortunate subject. It is now completely levelled to the ground: the dry rot had got into the timbers; and as I never intended again to reside there, after I had been so long in Italy, I disposed of a portion of the land which surrounded it; and by the sale, which proved highly advantageous, with my accustomed good fortune, I was considerably benefited. I think what was sold produced more than three times the sum which was given for it.

The Pavilion at the bottom of the grounds was a place in which I took great delight: a large circular room, with elegant French windows, overlooked the Thames,—and in summer was a retreat, perhaps, not to be equalled in England.

CHAPTER XVI

Beckford—Mrs. Montague—Lord Thurlow—Madame de Vaucluse—Dr. Johnson—Lady Bute—Mr. Thompson of Yorkshire—Lord Nugent—Lord Huntingdon—Duc de Guisnes—Anecdotes of Marshal Saxe.

THE Margrave's conduct in society frequently resembled mine; in particular, he never talked politics, nor did he ever converse on the subject of religion. Love was also a theme on which he never descanted. I remember I once gave my opinon to Peter Beckford[1] (who wrote a book on the science of fox-hunting, which all the fox-hunters admired) upon the subject of love: as we were alone, he asked me to give him a definition or explanation of love,—as he believed, he said, that I must have seen more of the effects of that passion than any other woman. I told him if he was sincere in the flattering prologue to his desire of my being useful to him, I would be equally sincere in my answer to him, but that I had only one observation to make;—I had, indeed, seen love in various forms, but I begged him to consider all I had to say was, that, observing the various effects of love upon the human heart, I had discovered that it was a cameleon, which caught the colour of the soul to which it attached itself: that a fierce and brutal man felt a brutal and fierce love; a gentle timid

[1] Peter Beckford (1740–1811). A son of Julines Beckford of Stapleton, Dorset.

man, a timid love; the melancholy man pleaded in a melancholy manner; a passionate and hasty man in a furious way. "How, then," I continued, laughing, "can you define what love is, since thousands must describe it in a thousand different ways?" He replied, he never thought of that;—and never wrote his Science of Love.

Beckford was very anxious to become acquainted with Mrs. Montague [Montagu],[1] who resided at that time in Berkshire, at about three miles distance from Benham, and with whom I was very intimate,—although, in Lord Craven's lifetime, she would have no intercourse with him, which rather pleased than offended him, as he said he was not fit to converse with her. I presented Beckford[2] to her, and in my life I never met with more entertainment,—he endeavouring to dazzle her with the variety of his talents, while she astonished him by her learning and conversation.

She was a person of a peculiar disposition, as she never would associate with or talk to any one who was a stranger to her, or whom she did not think a person of information. Mrs. Montague did not speak French well, and I was a resource to her in that point; and particularly for one letter which she wrote on mercantile business, which, if it had gone as she had written it, would have made a most serious mistake.

Lord Thurlow was desirous of seeing Madame de Vaucluse, and requested me to get him introduced: the thing was most difficult; I dared not propose it to her, although he was then Lord High Chancellor of England.

[1] Elizabeth Montagu (1700–1800), sometimes called the Queen of the Blue-stockings, resided at Sandleford Priory, Newbury.

[2] Presumably William Beckford, of Fonthill, the author of *Vathek*.

It was neither to rank nor riches that she would sacrifice her time. Beckford and I contrived to have an evening party, to which Lord Thurlow should come in, as if by accident. Parties in London at that time were not mobs —a party consisted of a few friends or persons who suited each other, and who thus passed the evening and supped together.

My party that evening consisted of Madame de Vaucluse and Beckford. The servants had their orders about the Chancellor, who was suddenly announced—when I took him by the hand, and said, "I think myself very fortunate, my Lord, that you called to-night, as I shall have the pleasure of presenting Madame de Vaucluse to you, of whom you have heard so much from me and others." Madame de Vaucluse was obliged to *faire bon visage à mauvais jeu;* and Beckford and I contrived to settle them in a conversation on the sofa together, at one end of the room. He and I imperceptibly retired to the other end, where my harpsichord stood; to which he sat down, and sang and played *à l'Improvisatore*, by detached pieces of music, what he thought might be the subjects of their conversation. Music must be felt by others as it was by Beckford and me, who played by natural instinct, to conceive how highly laughable this musical conversation was. I laughed immoderately. Lord Thurlow and our friend were so taken up with their conversation, that they never suspected what we were doing. The Chancellor was so highly entertained, that he forgot himself, and left the bag and seals behind him; and it was not till two o'clock in the morning that my Groom of the Chambers with dismay announced the lateness of the hour.

Madame Fauques de Vaucluse was singular in the

history of her life. She had been forced by her mother to take the veil, in order to provide for an elder sister who was handsome: she herself had the misfortune not to be beautiful. Her mother and her sister both died of the same complaint,—a cancer in the breast. On these events taking place, she sent to Rome an uncle of hers to plead her cause with the Pope, who allowed her to break her vows. She then came to Paris, and lived with a lady some time, to whom she was a most agreeable companion, and whom she continued with till her death. Madame de Vaucluse had one fault common to great geniuses,—she had every sense but common sense; she soon wanted some assistance to her income, and unfortunately wrote *La Guerre des Bêtes*, a political fable, in which Madame de Pompadour, mistress to Lewis XV, was satirized under the form of a leopard. She thus became the object of persecution; and to avoid the Bastille fled to England, where she lived in great retirement, seeing only Mrs. Montague [Montagu] and a few literary men.

Two years before Lord Craven parted from me, my excellent Governess told me she felt herself too old to continue the education of my daughters, and she would retire and end her days with her son, at the Rectory at Berkeley. I lamented this very much, but dared not even suggest to her that I suspected one of her reasons for so doing was my husband's folly, as I had never communicated to her any thing about it; I only said, "My daughters!—what are they to do without you?" She then burst into tears, and said, "Your daughters! don't flatter yourself: there is not one of them who has your disposition."

After she had left me, I was talking one day to Mrs. Montague [Montagu] about this loss, and said, "I would wish to find a person in London, so accomplished, and such a mistress of French and Italian, that I might permit my four daughters to go twice or thrice a-week, to pass two hours in the morning or evening with her, as she might think fit, for instruction and conversation." Mrs. Montague [Montagu] mentioned Madame de Vaucluse, but said, she had no hopes of prevailing on her to do such a thing, unless I captivated her. Upon our arrival in London, she proposed to Madame de Vaucluse to bring her to see me as a curiosity, and to let me know when she might call as if by chance.

The visit being ended, and they seated in the carriage, Mrs. Montague [Montagu] asked her what she thought of me: she replied, "*J'ai vu des femmes plus belles, peut-être; mais, pour sa physiognomie, Grand Dieu! j'ai lu, j'ai écrit, beaucoup de Romans, mais elle les a tous dans sa physiognomie.*" She acceded to the arrangement of Mrs. Montague [Montagu], and took a lodging at a farm-house near Benham, where my daughters attended to her instructions. She passed many hours with me while Lord Craven was absent on his rambles. She was a good Latin scholar, and spoke Italian and Spanish fluently.

Dr. Johnson, who had recommended to me a tutor for my eldest son, whose health did not suffer him to go to a public school till he was ten years old, came frequently to see me; and I believe would have been the most agreeable person in the world, if he had had a female companion to suit him at home by his fireside; for, gigantic and extraordinary as his thoughts and language were, there

was a goodness of heart that pierced through his learning, and made him admired when he lost sight of it.

The great fault which I found with Johnson was the inveterate blame and contempt that he threw on all contemporary writers; and as Lord Macartney was often at my house, I was frequently terrified lest he should tell the Doctor that I had ever written a line of poetry, or even that I could write prose. Lord Macartney's greatest delight was in tormenting me, by coming near the subject.

Johnson was bilious, and had the spleen; for the long silence he often observed, alike with the wise or foolish, was sometimes broken by him in a manner unsought for; as it was kept by him often in spite of all the endeavours of the wise or witty to break it. But when he did speak, what language he uttered, with what energy he defended virtue, with what comic satire he held up folly or vice!

I remember one day when vices were the topic of conversation, he chose to defend drunkenness as the most innocent of all; and, to illustrate and prove his argument, he supposed me to be walking in the street, and attacked by a drunken man; he ended his narrative by saying, "She might push him into the kennel with her little finger; and how impossible it must be for a man to do much mischief, whom that little finger could repel!"

His biographers have combined to give the world every idle as well as sensible word he has ever spoken, and every trifling as well as serious action he ever performed: they have given at full length every little failing or defect. What character can stand against such a host of spies and informers? and much less that of a man, who, with

much pain of body and uneasiness of mind, lived surrounded by those who were watching what they might take down, and what might fall from him at a time when few are supposed to have a command of themselves. But no one who knows how to appreciate his merit from his writings will ever think of attributing to him harsh and absurd opinions, as the deliberate sentiments of his heart.

It was a bold undertaking, when so many writers of the greatest abilities had gone before, and who seemed to have anticipated every valuable subject, as well as the graces of every embellishment, for him to step forth into the world in the character of a moralist; especially when it is considered that luxury and vice had debauched the public taste, and that nothing was welcome but childish fiction, or what had a tendency to create laughter.

Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they in return flattered him so much, that he was almost sure, in his way, to become one of their number.

When Garrick died, to whom he owed great obligations, and we were talking of him, Lord Macartney observed, that he wondered Dr. Johnson should suffer Mr. Davies the bookseller[1] to print a Life of Garrick. Johnson replied, with great disdain, "I think Mr. Davies the bookseller is quite equal to write the Life of David Garrick." I was angry with him for this, but durst not tell him so.

The great author of the *Rambler* has observed, that a bookseller is the only Mecænas of the modern world. He was unfortunately too intimately acquainted with all the troubles that attend the votaries of literature. Without assenting to all the praise or satire implied in this

[1] Thomas Davies (1712–1785).

remarkable sentiment, we may observe, that in this class of men there are individuals who may be esteemed as pleasing associates, and even liberal friends.

One day, in a *tête-à-tête*, I asked him why he chose to do me the singular favour of sitting so often and taking his tea with me. "I, who am an ignorant woman," I said, "and who, if I have any share of natural wit or sense, am so much afraid of you that my language and thoughts are locked up or fade away when I am about to speak to you." He laughed very much at first, and then said, "An ignorant woman! the little I have perceived in your conversation pleases me;"—and then, with a serious and almost religious emphasis, he added, "I do like you!"—"And for what?" I said. He put his large hand upon my arm, and with an expression I shall never forget, he pressed it, and said, "Because you are a good mother." Heaven is my witness, I was more delighted at his saying this, than if he had praised me for my wit or manners, or any gift he might have perceived in me.

One evening, at a party at Lady Lucan's,[1] when Johnson was announced, she rose and made him the most flattering compliments; but he interrupted her, by saying, "Fiddle faddle, Madam," and turned his back upon her, and left her standing by herself in the middle of the room. He then took his seat by me, which Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was present, perceiving, he came and sat down by us. Johnson asked him what was the reason he had refused to finish the picture for which I had sat six times: Reynolds was much embarrassed,

[1] Margaret Bingham, Countess of Lucan (*d.* 1814). Well known as an amateur painter.

and said, laughing, "There is something so comical in the lady's face, that all my art cannot describe it." Johnson repeated the word comical ten times, in every different tone, and finished in that of anger. He then gave such a scolding to his friend, that he was much more embarrassed than before, or than even I was, to be the cause of it.

That picture is now at Petworth: it was bought at Sir Joshua's sale, after his death, by Lord Egremont.

Angelica Kauffman[1] painted one for me a fortnight before I was married to Mr. Craven. It is a Hebe. I sat for it, and made a present of it to Colonel Colleton's widow,[2] who had given me the 500*l.* to deck me out in wedding clothes. She was godmother to my second daughter, the present Countess of Sefton, and left her that picture by will when Maria was only two years old; and that which delighted her father, hung up in his dressing-room for years: she never has asked for it, and I dare say never will.

My acquaintance with Lady Bute, the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague [Montagu], began in a very singular way. She sent me a very polite message on hearing that I had said, the cloven foot of the pedant was plainly to be perceived in the printed Letters of her mother; that some things might be hers, but I was sure most of the Letters were composed by men. Her Ladyship having heard this remark, upon her introduction to me said, that she had always had a high opinion of my sense, and what I had observed respecting her mother's Letters confirmed it. She then told me, that Mr. Walpole

[1] Angelica Kauffmann (1741–1807), one of the original members of the Royal Academy.

[2] See Vol. I, pp. 28–29.

and two other wits, friends of his, joined in a trio to divert themselves at the expense of the credulity of the English public, by composing those Letters.

Mr. Thompson, of Yorkshire, who was the particular friend of Charles Fox, and who represented the town of Thirsk, in that county, was a man whom I greatly esteemed. He had been proposed to His Majesty by Fox (Lord North and the Duke of Portland concurring in the wish, as he had great property in Yorkshire) to be honoured with a riband of the Bath which was vacant. When Fox made the application to the King, His Majesty appeared in a tacit manner to acquiesce, which the former gladly communicated to his friend, desiring him to be ready at the next levee to accept the investiture. Every necessary direction was made at the Heralds' Office, and Mr. Thompson was publicly felicitated.

A great disappointment, however, was to ensue; for on the day of the levee, when the Knights of the Bath had assembled, and every thing was in preparation, the King appeared astonished at the proceeding, and literally refused to admit Mr. Thompson to the honour. It was in vain that Fox and the Duke of Portland remonstrated; His Majesty remained inflexible, and poor Mr. Thompson was obliged to retire. He, however, bore his mortification with great good humour; and I have more than once heard him joke facetiously with Fox upon the subject.

Fox never could get me to interfere in politics, although he often attempted it. He came to me one day with Lord Abingdon;[1] and exclaimed, "A miracle!—a miracle!" It was in Lord Craven's lifetime. I in-

[1] Willoughby Bertie, fourth Earl of Abingdon (1740–1799).

quired what was the cause of his sudden surprise? "Craven," said he, "who never till yesterday opened his lips in the House of Lords,—spoke."—"Indeed!" I said, "what did he say? for he did not tell me on his return that he had spoken." He then described to me, with much good humour, a speech which Lord Sandwich[1] had made, who was the first Lord of the Admiralty, and who ended it by asserting, as a fact, what was only his own invention. Lord Craven rose, to the astonishment of the whole House. Loud murmurs of disapprobation at Lord Sandwich's assertion, had passed into a deep silence, to give audience to a Peer about to speak, who before had never uttered a word. Lord Craven, looking steadfastly at Lord Sandwich, exclaimed, "That's a lie!" and immediately sat down again. The House burst out into a convulsion of laughter.

At another time, Lord Nugent came to me, and complained bitterly that Lord Abingdon had called him the Old Rat of Government, and begged that I would desire him not to amuse Parliament and the Opposition at his expense; but the nickname of the Old Rat stuck to him as long as he lived.

Lord Nugent had been created an Irish Earl: he was a man of a very athletic frame, and robust constitution, though far advanced in years; yet he afterwards became subject to severe attacks of the gout. I remember hearing of a witticism of his in the House of Commons, when a Bill was introduced for the better watching the Metropolis. One of the clauses proposed, that, in order to give a better effect to the object, the watchmen should be obliged to sleep during the day-time: Lord Nugent

[1] John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich (1718–1792).

rose, and, with much good humour, desired that he might be included in the clause, as he was so frequently tormented with the gout, that he was unable to sleep either by day or by night.

He possessed a perfect knowledge of the world, with a natural wit which neither place nor circumstances prevented him from indulging. He was not happy in his marriage with the late Countess of Berkeley. He had by her only one daughter whom he acknowledged, and that was the late Marchioness of Buckingham.[1] He was devoted to the fair sex; and, when very old, particularly to the late Duchess of Gordon, to whom both he and Lord Temple[2] addressed lines of poetry: the Duchess was then in the height of her charms, and she was magnificently received with the Duke at Stowe, where they illuminated the grotto.

Lord Nugent's seat at Gosfield, in Essex, is one of the finest in the county: he possessed it through his wife, who was the widow of Mr. Knight, and sister and heiress of Craggs, secretary to George I.[3] By his first wife he had one son, who died many years before his father, and was a Colonel in the army. Lord Nugent's honours were conferred on him by the late King, as a remuneration for the money lent by him to the Prince of Wales, Frederic, the King's father. The Earldom, with the family name, devolved through his interest to the Marquis of Buckingham, who was at that time Mr. Grenville, and who married his only daughter. The way

[1] Lady Mary Elizabeth Nugent, daughter and heiress of Robert, Earl Nugent. She died April 16, 1775, nine years before her husband was advanced to the marquisate.

[2] Richard Temple Grenville, Earl Temple (1711–1779).

[3] James Craggs, the elder (1657–1721).

in which he announced to his family the dignity which had then been conferred upon him, was by filling his glass after dinner, and drinking to the health of his daughter as Lady Mary Grenville.

Lord Huntingdon,[1] uncle to the present Marquis of Hastings,[2] who left his place at Court and gave up all employment, offended at being refused the Dukedom of Clarence, which he had claimed by hereditary right, had been accustomed to visit us frequently in Warwickshire and Berkshire, where he would stay with us a month at a time.

Although his manners were much more like those of a foreigner than an Englishman (speaking French, Italian, and Spanish perfectly, with all the elegance which is acquired in foreign Courts,) yet he never displayed any thing like superiority. It was impossible to be in his society without obtaining information, and he was equally polite to the wise and the ignorant.

Among the foreign Ministers, the Comte, afterwards Duc, de Guisnes,[3] was the most amiable; but he had one talent which made me watch and fear him, that of appearing to admire great powers only to draw out of them what he might turn to his own advantage.

In private he was most delightful, because it was not necessary for him to act: he conceived the idea of learning English, and that I might correct him, he always spoke his English before me; but after two experiments I was obliged to desire the Chevalier d'Eccmano, Secre-

[1] Francis Hastings (1729–74), 9th, succeeded as 10th Earl October 14, 1746.

[2] Francis Rawdon Hastings, first Marquis of Hastings, and second Earl of Moira (1754–1826).

[3] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. xvii, etc.

tary to Prince Masserano, the Spanish Minister, to tell him what he had said, and desire him to say no more in English. The first thing occurred at Blenheim, when the Duke of Marlborough desired Lord and Lady Pembroke[1] and me to bring the Duc de Guisnes to Blenheim. The Duchess, one day after dinner, had some common syllabub made of warm milk from the cow, which was brought in for him to taste, as a national country dainty; —he did not like it, and putting down the cup, he turned to the Duchess, and said, "*Pardonnez, Madame la Duchesse, mais je n'aime point votre sillybum.*" The Duke ran out of the room laughing, and the Duchess, who was sitting on a sofa with me, was unable to speak; and as he questioned every body, they all left him but the Duchess and myself: when he, finding he could get nothing out of us, went in quest of Lord Herbert, the present Earl of Pembroke, who, instead of explaining, ran away from him laughing most heartily.

Another time, at an assembly of my mother's, he sat down to learn cribbage of Lady Hinchinbroke,[2] and desired me to sit by and observe if he spoke English well. She dealt first, and nothing outrageous escaped his lips: but when it was his turn to deal, in playing, he put down king—queen he called quin, and navel for knave; upon which Lady Hinchinbroke got up and walked away, and left me to do what I could, which was to walk away too.

De Guisnes was the best flute-player I ever heard, and his taste in music was exquisite: it was said that

[1] Harry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke (1734–1794). Succeeded to the title in 1751. He married in 1756 Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough. She died in 1831.

[2] Lady Mary Paulet, the second wife of John Montagu, fifth Earl of Sandwich (1744–1814), who was styled Viscount Hinchinbroke between 1744–1792. She died March 30, 1779.

he had been sent Minister to Berlin for his great musical talents, to amuse the Great Frederic; who, being in ill humour with France at the time the Duke arrived, received him coldly, and said to him the first time he was presented, "*Je vous prie, qu'est ce que fait votre maître quand il ne peut pas chasser De Guisnes?*" He felt the sarcasm, looked down, shrugged up his shoulders, and then with the most sly humility said, "*Il est vrai, Sire, que mon maître n'a pas le bonheur de savoir jouer de la flute.*" Old Frederic felt this retort courteous, and ever after treated him with the greatest civility; and they were sincere to each other in music; but I believe they were well matched in policy.

At the time of the Revolution in France I saw this nobleman at Paris, having refused every temptation to be employed, and, without a *sous* to live on, cherished by Madame de Montessor[1] and the Comtesse de Boufflers,[2] with a few more of his old acquaintances, who lodged and fed him, and provided for him; his despair at seeing Royalty and nobility crushed was so great, that he would not give himself trouble about any thing.

Old Prince Masserano, the Spanish Ambassador, was very partial to me: and as he was extremely sensible, and a martyr to the gout, I used frequently to go and sit by his bed side, and converse with him, whilst his wife had assemblies on a fixed night every week. I have often heard him speak of Cardinal Ximenes,[3] who lived to the great age of eighty-one; like Fleury,[4] who com-

[1] Should be Montesson. Madame de Montesson was the morganatic wife of the Duc d'Orleans, whom she espoused in 1773.

[2] A friend of Horace Walpole and the Misses Berry. She was men-

menced his administration at seventy-three, and retained his intellectual, as well as civil powers, till the great age of ninety. I have also heard him describe the famous Marshal Saxe,[1] who, by premature indulgences, enervated a frame like that of Hercules in early life. Like his father, the King of Poland, Augustus II,[2] whose natural son he was, he inherited a bodily strength which was truly uncommon. In France he entertained a company of players, in the magnificent style of a Prince. In his youth he was much attached to the celebrated Lecouvreur,[3] who contributed to inspire his genius for war, and who greatly aided his talents by instructing his mind in every kind of literature. It was Omphale who adorned Hercules. Happily he had better employment in the end than to cultivate those pursuits of Hercules. When he was made Duke of Courland, and obliged to engage in a war against Poland and Russia, Mademoiselle Lecouvreur pledged her jewels for him, for the sum of forty thousand francs, which she sent to him. The actress capable of such efforts was worthy to play the character of Cornelia. He was very fond of theatrical amusements, and found much relaxation in them from the fatigues of war; he frequently received dispatches in his box at the theatre, gave his orders, and then would listen attentively to the piece.

On the eve of a battle, being at the play, the actor who had to give out the performance for the ensuing evening, announced that there would be no play on account of the battle; but that the theatre would be

[1] Maurice, Comte de Saxe, Marshal of France, natural son of Augustus II (1696–1750).

[2] Augustus II (1670–1733).

[3] Adrienne Lecouvreur, the famous actress.

open again the day after. A victory was necessary for the actors to keep their word, and a victory was obtained!

To the love of pleasure he united a calm and profound courage: he was brave and humane. He knew how to respect the blood of his soldiers, and spared them where he could. A general officer one day showing him a post which might be useful, observed that it would not cost him more than twelve grenadiers. "Let us pass it by," said the Marshal, "even if it were twelve lieutenant-generals!" He doubtless, by this pleasantry, did not intend to reflect upon a body of respectable officers, and who, by their services and rank, were destined to command; he wished only to show how he valued a body of soldiers celebrated for their valour.

The night preceding the battle of Raucoux [October 11, 1746], he was in his tent, plunged in profound reverie. M. Senac, who was alone with him, inquired of him the cause of his reflections. The Marshal replied to him, in the verses of Andromache,

> Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,
> Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit eternelle;
> Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourans,
> Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirans.

He added a moment after, "And all these soldiers think nothing about this." A General, who during the silence of the night could thus lament over the massacres of the morrow, and reflect on the thousands who were asleep, a part of whom could only awake to die, must have been more than an ordinary man.

This man, who could melt over the fate of his soldiers, knew how to value the services of his officers, and with

all his interest supported them at Court. He entertained that esteem for military merit, which a man ought to have who is occupied with one pursuit alone. This sentiment, however, did not prevent him sometimes from rendering services of another nature.

A young officer, in one of those moments when fear overcomes duty, and when nature is more consulted than honour, had disappeared. His absence was reported —every one was exasperated. The Marshal, on being informed of his flight, in compassion to his weakness, said that he had given the officer a secret commission, and ordered him to appear on the next day publicly at his levee. The officer presented himself. The Marshal steps forward to meet him—speaks to him some time aside—and then praises him aloud for having performed with promptness and intelligence the orders he had received. By this conduct he preserved a citizen to the State, saved the honour of a family, and prevented a moment of weakness from proving the misery and shame of a whole life. It is unnecessary to say that this officer became in the end the bravest and best of men.

He frequently assumed a military severity, which corresponded with the rank of a man accustomed to great actions. He besieged a certain place, and the enemy offered terms of capitulation. At the head of the deputies was one who prepared to make an harangue. "Sir," said the Marshal, "it is not for citizens to interfere in the affairs of princes—no orations here!"

This observation reminds me of an orator who attempted to harangue Henry IV of France, who was passing through a small town. He who was charged with the compliment began in this manner: "Sire! the

pleasure which we experience in seeing you in this place is so great that . . ." here he found himself embarrassed. A courtier in the King's suite, desirous of extricating him from his difficulty, thus took up the oration : " The pleasure which we have in seeing your Majesty is so great that we cannot express it."

It was impossible for Marshal Saxe to be without ambition. He was the natural brother of the King of Poland, and elected sovereign of Courland ; was accustomed, during a long period of his life, to the command of armies,—a kind of despotism perfectly absolute ; and possessed besides a strong and restless imagination, and an ardent soul which pursued every thing with impetuosity,—a quality without which perhaps there can exist no great talents for war or any other pursuit. This force of imagination sometimes inspired him with the most singular ideas, and which seemed to belong to another age and other manners : it was, as it were, the excess of sap in a vigorous plant.

He took a fancy to become a king : and, on looking around him, as he found all thrones occupied, he cast his eyes upon that nation which for seventeen hundred years had neither sovereign nor country ; which was every where dispersed, and every where a stranger, and which consoles itself for its proscription by the hopes of riches.

This extraordinary project occupied his attention for a considerable time. It is not known how far the Jews co-operated with him, nor to what point their negotiations were carried ; nor was his plan ever developed : but the project was well known to the world, and his friends sometimes even joked with him on the subject.

The idea of the sovereignty of Courland was much better founded, though it did not succeed.

He had a third scheme, which was an object of a more extensive nature, and which might have had an influence upon the fate of Europe: it was to become Emperor of Russia. This project, which at first glance might appear to be chimerical, was not, however, so improbable. In 1726, the Comte de Saxe inspired, as is well known, the Princess Ivanowski, Duchess Dowager of Courland, with a lively passion for him. At that time he could have married her. This passion lasted a long time, but was not happy in its effects: the repeated infidelities of the Count excited at first the jealousy of the Princess, then her rage, and at length her hatred, which ultimately terminated in indifference.

Whilst she remained only sovereign at Mitlau, the Comte de Saxe consoled himself in the pleasures of a marriage which cost him little regret. But in 1730 this Princess, niece of Peter the Great, was called to the throne of Russia. It was then that he experienced remorse for his infidelities, and showed for the Empress more attachment than he had ever felt for the Duchess. But the time had gone by; the illusions of love had vanished, and she was probably afraid of having a master over herself. However, the Comte de Saxe did not at first lose all hope, and his fertile imagination formed vast projects which he was never able to put into execution.

There was one in particular which often engaged him. Once mounted on the throne of Russia, his intention was to have disciplined for some period, according to his new method, two hundred thousand Russians. He then proposed to have marched at their head to attack the

Turkish Empire, to conquer it, and to gain possession of Constantinople. Having become master of those immense territories,—sovereign of an Empire which extended from Poland to the frontiers of Persia, and from Sweden to China,—he proposed at his death to be interred at St. Sophia.

This immense plan seemed to him to be perfectly simple; and as soon as he should have acquired the title of Czar, he appeared not to doubt the result for a moment. Who, indeed, could say what might not have happened? Perhaps the whole face of Europe and Asia might have been changed! Perhaps a man of Marshal Saxe's disposition, at the head of an army of twenty thousand well-disciplined men, precipitating upon Asia, might have renewed the conquest of the ancient world, and have revived in that part of the globe, always weak and always conquered, the times of Gengis Khan and Tamerlane. However, all this grand romance, which resembled that of Pyrrhus, was destined to exist only in his imagination. All depended on a woman, and the failure of a marriage allowed the world tranquillity.

The Comte de Saxe, always pursued by the idea of reigning, had also his views towards Corsica. It is probable he would have played a different part in that island from that of King Theodore; and that he would not have finished his career, by going over to England and perishing in the King's Bench prison.

He afterwards consoled himself for his failure in not becoming a sovereign, by effecting the destinies of kings. His successes, his victories, one hundred thousand men to command, and three nations to combat, were sufficient occupations for the activity of his soul. After the

peace, his projects recommenced. Repose and solitude alarmed him. He had often the idea of making an establishment in America, and particularly in Brazil: it was said that he had provided three vessels in Sweden for an expedition into the New World.

Such was the extraordinary train of ideas which occupied the mind of the Comte de Saxe during the whole course of his life. In many instances he was the prototype of Bonaparte. This kind of secret agitation which tormented him, joined to his great talents for war, would at the present time have rendered him a man fitted for the purposes of great revolutions. What appears most singular in his character is, that the same man, whose ideas seemed to appertain to an imagination the most ardent, and who frequently formed schemes more bold than rational, as soon as he was at the head of an army, possessed views the most sage and employed means the most sure. This contrast between his character and his genius has not been much the subject of observation, although undoubtedly it merits the greatest attention.

[*Marshal Saxe died at the early age of fifty-four, the victim of his own excesses.*]

His body was embalmed, and transported with the utmost pomp to Strasburgh, to be interred in the Lutheran church of St. Thomas. He had frequently been urged to become a Catholic, but he always refused to change his religion. He declined to imitate Turenne, except in war; which made the Queen declare "That it was a pity that a *De Profundis* could not be sung for one who had caused so many *Te Deums* to be celebrated."

The death of Stanislaus, the father of the Marshal, was as singular as that of his son, although not similar.

Being much addicted to smoking tobacco, like the Germans, and I may now add, like my own countrymen, he generally every day finished many pipes. In knocking out the ashes, he set fire to his dressing-gown; as no one was near him, the flames had surrounded him: on hearing his cries, the officer on guard came to his assistance, and extinguished the fire. He might have survived, but a singular circumstance accompanied the accident.—He had been devout during the last years of his life, and, as a penance for his sins, had worn a girdle, with points on the inside: these became heated; and being pressed into his body while the flames were extinguishing, caused a number of wounds, the discharge from which, at his period of life, proved too much for his debilitated constitution. He soon after expired, exclaiming in his last moments, "*Il ne manquait qu'une pareille mort pour un aventurier comme moi.*" [1]

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[1] The Margravine of Anspach is entirely mistaken as to the parentage of Marshal Saxe, who was one of the numerous illegitimate children of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland (see *ante*, p. 124).

CHAPTER XVII

Literature—Mr. Edward Jerningham—Lord Thurlow—Anecdotes of his Lordship—Remarks.

DURING our long residence at Brandenburgh House, while the Margrave amused himself with his horses,[1] and I was employed during all weathers in my grounds and gardens, I did not neglect my passion for literature. History I considered as a most interesting pursuit, because it gives us a picture of the world of which we form a part. It is true that it is a labyrinth, where human reason has no thread, and we must pass over the prejudices of each historian, and what is more, of every age, in order to discover truth.

[*An essay on historical study is omitted.*]

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Among many valuable friends, I esteemed none more than the late Mr. Edward Jerningham,[1] brother of Sir William, of Cossey, in the county of Norfolk. Mr. Jerningham in early life had been placed at the English College at Douay: he acquired a taste for allegorical imagery from his favourite Spenser; and from Dryden he collected

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, pp. cxiv–cxviii.

[2] Edward Jerningham (1727–1812), poet and dramatist, a friend of Chesterfield and Horace Walpole. He was commonly called the "Chevalier" Jerningham.

his knowledge of men and manners, which restrained the luxuriance of his youthful fancy. Mr. Jerningham had the good fortune to move in the first circles of society, as his birth entitled him; and he was always caressed for the amiable mildness of his manners, and his engaging and instructive conversation. He resided with his mother till she died, which was at a very advanced age. He wrote two plays, one called "The Siege of Berwick"—a tragedy of considerable merit, with a well-conducted fable and strong imagery; his second dramatic work was "The Welsh Heiress"—a comedy which described the manners of high life with great animation, and also afforded many scenes of humour and simplicity. He translated the Funeral Orations of Bossuet, and some of the Sermons of that celebrated preacher. A poem, entitled "The Shakspeare Gallery," was much admired, and I have heard Mr. Burke pass great encomiums on it. In speaking of it he said, "I have not seen any thing so well finished for a long time; he has caught new fire by approaching in his perihelion so near to the sun of our poetical system." This idea was truly Burke; but I must confess I never liked Burke's language in conversation,—it was too flighty.

The accomplished Lord Harcourt,[1] who was Jerningham's particular friend, wrote to him, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Dublin, to thank him for his writings, and to inform him what delight he experienced from them; adding, at the same time, that he was authorized by the Queen of England to say how much gratified she had been in their perusal. From this

[1] Simon Harcourt, first Earl Harcourt (1707–1777), Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1772–1777.

venerable nobleman he also derived the pleasure of the acquaintance and friendship of the present Earl. Lord Chesterfield had the highest esteem for him, and at his noble mansion he had the liberty of being a constant visitor. His poem on the Rise and Fall of Northern Poetry abounds with allegory and beautiful imagery, and in many instances soars into the sublime. Doctor Parr,[1] in a letter on the subject of "Enthusiasm," one of Jerningham's best works, pays him the highest compliments. He says that many of the expressions are wrought up to a pitch of eloquence, and the debate on the subject is conducted with the perspicuity of argument and the animation of poetry.

Lord Thurlow, whose advice I had asked when perplexed with the conduct of my husband, was always ready to show me every proof of his regard. He was very fond of relaxing from the arduous duties of his office, but had a habit of mixing oaths in his conversation at all times. His Lordship was a Norfolk man, and I think I have heard him say that his father was a manufacturer of the City of Norwich. He received his education in that county, under the Reverend Joseph Brett, Rector of Scarning, a man of great abilities, and a most worthy character. Under his care and instructions, those great talents were called forth, which afterwards raised him to the highest office of the State. He was indebted in his youth to the late Duchess of Queensberry,[2] whose interest with Lord Bute first procured him a silk gown. Her Grace

[1] Samuel Parr (1747–1825), pedagogue, author, and controversialist.

[2] Catherine Douglas, Duchess of Queensberry (*d.* 1777), was the second daughter of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, and the wife of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, and the correspondent of Swift and friend of Pope, Prior, Gay, Congreve and Thomson.

was the great friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay; and her influence, and his powers, at first procured him the situation of Attorney-general, while he sat in the House of Commons.

Lord North derived great advantage from the solidity of his abilities and eloquence, and his removal to the House of Peers was supplied by Wedderburn. His person, manners, voice, and figure, inspired awe. His dark shaggy eyebrows, and his complexion, added to the regularity of his features, expressed a severe command. His abrupt tone was always decisive. His heart was good, but inflexible.

A clergyman in the North, who had been educated with Thurlow, had been told by him jocosely, when young, that if ever he came to be Lord Chancellor he would provide for him. When Thurlow had been seated on the woolsack, this gentleman mentioned the story of the promise to a friend, who advised him to go to London and make the trial, although he said he thought he would be forgotten, as he had never kept up any acquaintance with his former associate. With trembling expectation the clergyman reached London, and proceeded directly to the Chancellor's house. Having inquired for his Lordship, and having sent up his name, he was ordered to be admitted. He found Lord Thurlow in his study, and heard him previously call out in a loud tone to the servant who announced him, "Shew him in!" With great humility he informed him of the purport of his visit, and, hoping that no offence would be taken at his presumption, requested that he might be appointed to a small living which was then vacant near the place where he resided as Curate. He had no sooner made known his object,

than Thurlow rang the bell, and, with the voice of a Stentor, shouted to the servant, "Shew him out!" The summons was obeyed, and the poor disconsolate Curate returned home totally disappointed, to condole with his friend on his harsh treatment. In two days' post, however, he received a letter from the Chancellor, with a nomination to a very valuable rectory, which consoled him amply for the vexation he had undergone.

Lord Thurlow[1] had a nephew in the Church, who came from Norfolk, where he lived, to pay his respects to the Chancellor. In the course of conversation, he asked him by what conveyance he had reached town. Mr. Thurlow answered, "By the mail-coach, my Lord."—"By the mail!" replied the Chancellor; "go to my coach-maker, and order yourself a carriage, and let me hear no more of mail-coaches." His injunctions were obeyed, and his nephew was soon after appointed to the very valuable rectory of Houghton le Spring, in the county of Durham (where Lord Thurlow had made his brother Bishop), and to a stall in Norwich Cathedral.

The ruggedness and asperity which his Lordship displayed, had obtained for him the nickname of the Tiger; yet he had his moments of relaxation and good humour when no man could equal him for pleasantry. He had been in his youth both gay and dissipated, and in the latter period of his life he was fond of society and conviviality.

When the King, reduced to despair by his inability to free himself from the Coalition, and unable to form a new administration, had determined in his own mind on

[1] It was Lord Thurlow who presented the poet-parson, George Crabbe, to the Dorset livings of Evershot and Frome St. Quintin, because he said he resembled "Parson Adams."

making a journey to his Electoral dominions, he communicated his intentions to the Chancellor, who, with that openness and candour which were a part of his nature, expressed his strongest disapprobation of the measure. "Sir," said he, with his usual tone of voice, "there is nothing so easy for you to do, as to go over to Hanover; but the return from thence may not be so easy: your Majesty must recollect the precedent of James II. You must relinquish, Sir, such an imprudent idea." The King followed his advice.

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Some years before Lord Craven had separated from me, he had been in the habit of giving me a lottery ticket every year. The year after the birth of Berkeley Craven, I obtained a prize of two thousand pounds; with part of which I bought that land on which what was Craven Cottage[1] stands, on the banks of the Thames, between Fulham and Hammersmith; and with £600 I bought and gave to Lord Craven a brilliant of a very beautiful description. Lord Cholmondeley was very anxious to purchase this cottage of me. He wrote to me saying, that when George I sent to know if the Duke of Somerset would sell Sion House, he received a negative, but was

[1] Craven Cottage stood on the east side of the road facing Rowberry Mead in the parish of Fulham. It derived its name from the first husband of the Margravine of Anspach, who built it in 1780, some two years before their final separation. Lord Craven was rated for the house down to 1787. It was subsequently (1814) tenanted by Mr. Charles King, the money lender, of Bolton Street, who perpetrated the famous joke about Sheridan preferring "Jo King to Jew King." Lord Lytton lived there between 1840 and 1849, and there entertained Napoleon III after his escape from Ham. Several of Lord Lytton's books were written at Craven Cottage, which was burned to the ground in 1888. The Emperor of the French used to speak of it as "a delightful villa." There are several illustrations of it and of Craven Steps, after pictures by Miss Jane Humphreys, in Mr. Fèret's *Fulham Old and New*, Vol. III, pp. 91–3.

told that he was ready to treat for Richmond. "Perhaps," says his Lordship, "you will propose to purchase Houghton, if I ask you to sell me your cottage, and to lease me a few acres next to it down to the Thames."

I forgot to mention, in speaking of my marriage, a few lines in French, which were put into my hand on that occasion, by a friend. If I remember rightly, they ran thus :—

Aux époux unis par le cœur,
Le tems fait blessure très légère ;
On a toujours de la fraicheur
Quand on a les talens de plaire.
Rose qui séduit le matin,
Au soir peut être belle encore ;
L'Astre du jour à son déclin,
A souvent l'éclat de l'Aurore.

After we had resided some time at Brandenburgh House, a worthy Frenchman, the Count D'Alet, a Norman by birth, who had served in a military capacity, but had retired from service, came to reside with us, as Chamberlain to the Margrave. He was a man of a very singular turn of mind, and the best comic actor, I think, I ever saw. Of course we considered him as a great acquisition. I first became acquainted with him at Venice, where I had the pleasure also of forming a friendship with the Comte de Brimmer, the Austrian Ambassador, and his wife. A Venetian senator, named Quirini, was also among my numerous friends. I remember seeing Quirini and two other senators in their robes wait upon the Margrave, to inquire of him whether he would be received as a Sovereign Prince, or merely as a travelling gentleman, when passing through that city. The Margrave replied, "Only as Comte de Sayn." This was during the fêtes

for the celebration of a Doge. Had the Margrave's rank been declared, the cost and trouble would have been immense. He was therefore handed about between two beautiful nieces of the Doge, and I between two others. There were besides twelve young noblemen, of which we were not apprised: they constantly surrounded us to prevent our being molested or incommoded.

One evening, at Prince Galitzin's,[1] when it was found that I did not play at cards, several ladies made a circle round me, and the men who did not play formed another. In the most animated part of our conversation, a handsome young lady came up, and was thus accosted by Madame de Phoun, who was present; "*Dites-moi quelle partie de votre corps respectable souffre ce soir, pour que je puisse vous mésurer le dose de pitié que je dois avoir pour vous:*" and then turning to me, she continued, "Don't be surprised, for she is always complaining. Look at her, and tell me if she wants pity to render her more interesting." What a delightful style of *plaisanterie!*

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I have repeatedly observed, that I never approved the system of English education; even in public schools, patriotism makes no branch of instruction: Get what you can for yourself, is the chief motto of most young men,—and keep what you can get. This lesson is inculcated early. The scholars of Eton put themselves on the high road to obtain, or rather enforce, donations from strangers; and while this mean practice continues, it is far more poisonous to manners, than giving vails to servants, of which the nation has at length been ashamed.

[1] See Vol. I, p. 83.

The stronger boys, without control, tyrannize over the weaker; subjecting them to every hardship and servile occupation, cleaning shoes not excepted. They are permitted to cheat each other, and he is the finest fellow who is the most artful. Friendship is, indeed, cultivated; but so it is among thieves: a boy would be run down, if he had no particular associate. In a word, the most determined selfishness is the general lesson.

In our public schools, morality is never thought of; and I have myself seen two young men of noble families placed under the care of a tutor from Eton, who not only accompanied them to the gaming-tables in London, but initiated them and sanctioned them in every species of vice: one of them, from being plundered by sharpers, began himself to plunder; and carried his depredations so far, that I hinted at his practices to a friend of his father's, who sent over from Ireland, and removed him from the scene of his profligacy,—from the Mount Coffee-house, where he had taken up his abode, and was entertaining his friends with Burgundy and Champaign. This youth had but just entered his seventeenth year, and was heir to an Irish Barony, but fell a victim to his follies before he reached the years of manhood. I happened, about the period of his first irregularities, to dine in company with the Master of Eton College, and inquired of him (who was certainly a most excellent man) whether he thought the tutor of these youths was a person in whom such a trust might be placed, as the direction of their conduct upon their first appearance in life. The Doctor informed me that he was always considered at Eton as a fine scholar, but that farther than that he knew very little about him.

I have always been a strict observer of truth, and I will venture to affirm, that from the principles which I inculcated early in the mind of my pupil, Keppel, he has never, on any occasion, deviated from that virtue, during his whole life. I defy my most bitter enemy to say that I ever was found guilty of a falsehood. Truth is always uppermost,—it is the natural issue of the mind; it requires no art or training, no temptation or inducement, but only requires us to yield to natural impulse. Lying, on the contrary, is doing violence to our nature; and is never practised, even by the worst of men, without some temptation. Speaking truth is similar to our taking natural food, which we should do from appetite, although it answered no end; lying is like taking medicine which is nauseous to the taste, and which no man takes, but for some end which he cannot otherwise attain.

CHAPTER XVIII

Accident which befel the Marquis of Lansdowne at Southampton—Jephson—Colman—Mr. Elwes—Mr. Sloper—Sheridan's father—Sheridan—Anecdotes of him—Duke of Richmond—Mr. Charles Greville—Mr. Wilkes—Marquis de la Fayette.

DURING my residence at Southampton, in 1806, where I had a house pleasantly situated near the river, the Marquis of Lansdowne,[1] who was extremely fond of aquatic excursions, and delighted in nautical experiments, had prepared a vessel, which he had built at Southampton under the superintendence of a skilful engineer. It was in the month of November, and Captain Haywood, of the Navy, requested permission to attend his Lordship, who wished to try how the vessel would sail without ballast; it being double-bottomed. The Captain having approved the experiment, they agreed to leave the Quay at twelve o'clock; the tide then running up, and it being nearly high water, with a gale blowing hard.

In a few minutes they had proceeded from the Quay about a mile, and the vessel being schooner-rigged, by the time the head-sails were set, in running up the main-sail, she overset. Lord Lansdowne was the only person thrown out, as he was standing inattentively upon the deck; the rest of the party, seven in number, clung to the

[1] John Henry Petty, second Marquis of Lansdowne (1765–1809). The half-brother of Lord Henry Petty, who became third Marquis on his death.

side of the vessel: fortunately his Lordship caught hold of the mast-head, and thus preserved himself from destruction.

I was at the back windows of my house, overlooking the river and viewing his Lordship's exploits, at the moment this occurrence took place. I was so alarmed for his Lordship's safety, and terrified at his danger, that I ordered all my servants to run up to the Marchioness, who was residing at her castle, to inform her of the catastrophe, and urge her to hasten down to the shore and render him assistance.

My presence of mind at the same time induced me to order out my boats instantly to rescue the party from a watery grave. I had the satisfaction of seeing the Marquis return in safety, with his friends, although completely wet, having remained in the water more than an hour. I had previously prepared wine, to refresh the drenched experimentalists on the beach, and was happy in being instrumental to their preservation.

It would fill volumes, to particularize the numerous persons who were at different times presented to me. Jephson,[1] who never saw me or spoke to me in his life, I believe, when he sent one of his tragedies from Ireland, to be acted in London, desired it might be read to me, that I might give my opinion as to its success. Henderson[2] read it to a small party, at my house in town; and from that time I invited Henderson to my select parties: he was a good scholar, and the best mimic I ever saw.

[1] Robert Jephson (1736-1803), dramatist and poet. Horace Walpole wrote an epilogue for his tragedy *Braganza*, produced at Drury Lane in 1775.

[2] John Henderson (1747-1835), called "The Bath Roscius," a provincial actor engaged by Sheridan for Drury Lane, 1777, where he made his début in the metropolis as Hamlet.

Mr. Colman,[1] the manager of the theatre in the Haymarket, was a most agreeable companion; his humility and good-nature were equal to his wit and sprightly conversation. He was the natural son of Lord Bath (Sir James Pulteney[2]); and his father, perceiving in the son a passion for plays, asked him fairly if he never intended to turn his thoughts to politics; as it was his desire to see him a Minister, which, with his natural endowments, and the expense and pains he had bestowed on his education, he had reason to imagine, with his interest, he might become. His father desired to know if he would give up the Muses for diplomacy, and plays for politics; as, in that case, he meant to give him his whole fortune. Colman thanked Lord Bath for his kind communication; but candidly said, that he preferred Thalia and Melpomene to ambition of any kind, for the height of his wishes was to become at some future time the manager of a theatre. Lord Bath left him 1500*l.* a-year, instead of all his immense wealth.

Mr. Elwes,[3] the famous miser, and Member for Berkshire for many years, was presented to me at a great dinner given by the Mayor of Newbury, and he asked my permission to come to Benham for a few days, that he might be more acquainted with me. He stayed with me some days; and I never met with a more polite man, or one who possessed more information and entertainment.

[1] George Colman, the elder, dramatist. Born at Florence 1732, died 1795. Manager of Covent Garden, and afterwards of the Haymarket. Wrote several plays.

[2] This is an error. The elder Colman was supposed to be the illegitimate son of William Pulteney (1684–1764). He was created Earl of Bath in 1742.

[3] John Elwes of Meggott (1714–1789), M.P. for Berkshire 1774–1787.

I had also a neighbour in Berkshire, who was nearly ninety years of age,—Mr. Sloper, who had been intimate with my great aunts and uncles, and had passed his life in retirement, after the death of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, to whom he had been for many years attached, and by whom he had a daughter, married to a Mr. Barton, a very accomplished person. This old gentleman was quite of the *vieille cour* in his manners and exterior. He was extremely fond of reading, since he had withdrawn himself from London and the world.

He began his acquaintance with us, in Lord Craven's life-time, by walking into our house at Benham one day, and thus accosting him: "I am not come to visit you, Lord Craven, but to beg a favour of you." Lord Craven said, "Any thing that brings you here, Mr. Sloper, must be agreeable to me."—"I believe so," said the old gentleman, "for what brings me here is that lady: her relations in her infancy had told me so many singular things about her, that I want to be acquainted with her, to know if she deserve them." After Lord Craven had remained a short time, he left the room, and we had a long conversation. He then took such a fancy to me, that he would come and stay at Benham two or three days together, even when he knew that Lord Craven was absent. I considered him as an old book full of information and entertainment, and of anecdotes of nearly a century past. He thought nothing of walking four miles to Benham and back again within the twenty-four hours. He had a place called the Hermitage.

I have heard him tell many anecdotes of Sheridan's father, with whom he was acquainted. Henderson,[1] the

[1] See *ante*, p. 143. Henderson also gave readings of Cowper's "John Gilpin" at Freemasons' Hall.

actor, was the partner of old Sheridan,[1] when he gave public Lectures on Elocution and Declamation in Soho: he was very much distressed in his finances, and resorted to those means for his support. It was therefore no matter of surprise that the son should owe every thing to himself at his first onset in life, and latterly that he should owe to every body else. Burke owed more to nature and less to himself for his success in life. Sheridan struggled up-hill, but he had the support of Fox: I was never very partial to him, though he courted my society much through his wife. Under pretence of writing an Epilogue for my play in three acts, of "The Miniature Picture," which was first performed at the Town Hall at Newbury, for the benefit of the poor, he borrowed it of me, and brought it out against my will at Drury Lane, where it was acted for three nights: yet, enraged as I was, by the persuasion of Lord Orford and the Duchess of Devonshire,[2] and Lady Aylesbury,[3] in whose box I sat, I went to its last representation. I was very angry with him for it, and kept up my resentment, till he made me laugh, one night, in a crowd coming out of the Opera House. We were squeezed near one another by chance, and he said, "For God's sake, Lady Craven, don't tell any body I am a thief, for you know very well, if you do, every body will believe it!"

At the Duke of Portland's installation at Oxford,[4]

[1] Thomas Sheridan, father of R. B. Sheridan (1719–1788).

[2] Georgiana, daughter of first Earl Spencer (1757–1806). She married in 1774 the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

[3] Susannah, first wife of Thomas Brudenell-Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury (1729–1819). She was the daughter of Henry Hoare, of Stourhead, Wilts.

[4] William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, third Duke of Portland (1738–1809). Thrice Prime Minister. He was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford in succession to Lord North in 1792.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH, 5TH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 1748-1811,
AND GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, 1757-1806
From an unpublished water-colour drawing by Georgiana by kind

Sheridan was refused academical honours (although every interest was used with the University), because he had been upon the stage. That learned body could not be induced to deviate from their laws, however great the talents of the man who was desirous of obtaining a degree. Burke was admitted by them at that time.

It was curious, at that period, to hear the virulent declamation of Doctor Crowe,[1] the Public Orator, in his speech on the occasion against the unfortunate Mr. Hastings,[2] who was declared to be unworthy of the dignities which he was ambitious of procuring. Every invective that could be devised was made use of. But how was the language of the same Orator altered, when, at the installation of Lord Grenville,[3] Mr. Hastings[2] was admitted to the degree of LL.B. ! The hearers might have imagined that the whole character of the candidate had been changed, so great were the encomiums passed upon his merits. Perhaps the Doctor was influenced, not by party, but by a wish to show the versatility of his talents.

Sheridan's talents, which might perhaps be considered as superior to those of most of his contemporaries, from the variety of his acquirements, did not at first engage the attention of the House of Commons so much as might be expected. Although, on his first appearance in political life, he displayed the greatest talents as a speaker, yet he met with many impediments to prevent his progress.

[1] Rev. William Crowe (1745–1829). Public Orator from 1784 till his death. The author of the much-praised descriptive poem "Lewisdon Hill."

[2] Warren Hastings (1732–1818). He received the degree of D.C.L. in 1810, not that of LL.B.

[3] William Wyndham Grenville, Baron Grenville (1759–1834). Became Premier on the death of Pitt. Installed Chancellor of the University of Oxford in succession to the Duke of Portland, January 10, 1810.

Mr. Pitt[1] opposed him in his first attempt; but he soon began to triumph by wit and argument.

The versatility of his character was surprising, and his resources in difficulties perhaps unparalleled. In the midst of his distresses, he had one day invited a party of friends to dine with him, amongst whom were a few noblemen of the Opposition party; but, upon examining his cellar, a terrible deficiency was found. He was largely in debt to Chalier, the great wine-merchant, and for two years had been unable to obtain from him any farther credit. He put his imagination to work, and tried the following expedient:—He sent for Chalier on the day of the dinner in question, and told him, that luckily he was just in cash, and had desired to settle his account. Chalier was much pleased; but told him, as he had it not about him, he would return home and bring it with him. He was about to leave the room, when, as if upon a sudden recollection, Sheridan said, "Oh! Chalier, by the by, you must stop and dine with me to-day; I have a party to whom I will introduce you,—some leading members of both Houses." Chalier, who was fond of great company, and also hoped to meet with a recommendation, was obliged to Sheridan for the offer, and promised to be with him at the hour of dinner. Upon his return home, he informed the clerk of his cellars, that he was going to dine with Mr. Sheridan, and probably should not be home till it was late. Sheridan had fixed the hour at six to Chalier, but desired him to come before that time, as he had much to say to him in private. At about five o'clock Chalier came to his appointment; and he

[1] William Pitt, the younger (1759–1806). Prime Minister 1783–1801 and 1804–1806.

was no sooner in the house, than Sheridan sent off a servant with a note to the clerk, desiring him, as Mr. Chalier was favouring him with his company, to send as soon as possible three dozen of Burgundy, two dozen of claret, and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock. The clerk, knowing that his master was really at Sheridan's, and thinking that the order came with his concurrence, immediately obeyed it. After dinner, every body praised the fine qualities of Sheridan's wines, and all were desirous of knowing who was his wine-merchant. Sheridan, turning towards Chalier, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all the wine you have tasted, and am always proud to recommend him." Next morning Chalier discovered the trick, but I never heard whether he admired the adroitness of his customer.

Lord Loughborough, whom I have mentioned before as having assisted me with his advice respecting Lord Craven, at all times gave me proofs of his regard: he was a man of a temper very different from that of his predecessor in office; his eloquence was great, and his disposition more pliant. He has been satirized by Churchill[1] as

> Mute at the Bar, but in the Senate loud.

Lord North took him by the hand, and he proved himself one of his able supporters.

My relative, the Duke of Richmond, formed a part of the Opposition: he was indefatigable in business, though not possessed of the highest talents: his person, manners, and address were qualified for the high rank and station in life in which he was born. Upon his resignation of office, he was considered as very hostile to the

[1] Charles Churchill (1731–1764). Author of the *Rosciad*.

Court party, and was particularly active in discovering defects, whether in the army, the navy, or the administration. He was descended from the Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress to Charles the Second, who, like Ninon de l'Enclos, retained her charms to a very late period of her life; for, at eighty, she was esteemed as having still some attractions left. Ninon was the founder of that sect of enlightened women, who afterwards became so numerous. She trod a career which none of her contemporaries ventured to traverse: she was admired by the philosophers of the succeeding century, for her freedom of thought and independence.

Sir William Hamilton's nephew, Mr. Charles Greville, next brother to the Earl of Warwick, possessed, like his uncle, a superior mind, with an elegant taste for the fine arts, but which he had indulged too much for the narrow limits of his fortune. He was so much admired by the King, that when he went to lay down his office of Treasurer of the Household, (a place which was personally in the gift of his Majesty, unconnected with the Ministry,) the King kindly urged him not to take so unnecessary a measure,—nor would his Majesty accept his resignation but with the greatest dissuasion. His high sense of honour was so great, that, although his friends added their persuasions to those of the King, he could not be induced to retain a place, when his sentiments no longer coincided with his duty. He withdrew immediately into private life; and in consequence of this retirement, many of his leisure hours were bestowed upon me.

With that extraordinary character, Mr. Wilkes,[1] I have

[1] John Wilkes (1727–1797), Lord Mayor of London 1774. Mr. Horace Bleackley is at present engaged on an authoritative biography of this attractive figure in Georgian history.

also frequently been in company. The lively gaiety which played about him, and the urbanity of his manners, formed a singular contrast with his external appearance. After his return from France, and when he had gained his victory over the Ministry, I had many opportunities of seeing him. He was very partial to the society of the female sex; and although considered to be a man of very dissolute habits, preserved uniformly that dignity which his good sense dictated. His conduct, when sent to the Tower in 1763, has been much misrepresented. Mr. Fitzherbert,[1] whom I had long known, was the person to whom he applied, (and who was his most particular friend,) for the best means of obtaining pardon from the throne. On his application, through his recommendation, to the Duke of Grafton, he only received a verbal answer, informing him that he must apply to Lord Chatham:[2]—when he found that his pardon was only to be obtained with the compromise of his honour, he withdrew; he had given faith to the promises of a Minister, and he was deceived. He applied to the Duke of Grafton,[3] who had assured him that he should have justice done to him; but he was referred to Lord Chatham, who was not the ostensible person through whom he could apply for mercy;—the Duke was first Commissioner of

[1] William Fitzherbert of Tissington. A prominent member of the Whig party, and a confidant of Lord Rockingham, M.P. for Bamber, 1761–1762, and for Derby, 1762–1772. He belonged to the Beefsteak Club, and was intimate with Wilkes and Burke. He held in 1765 the post of Commissioner of the Board of Trade. He died by his own hand on 2 Jan., 1772—"Owing," said Dr. Johnson, "to imaginary difficulties in his affairs." His youngest son Alleyne became Lord St. Helens in 1803 (see Vol. I, p. 94).

[2] William Pitt, the elder (1708–1778). Created Earl of Chatham 1776.

[3] Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke (1735–1811). Prime Minister 1766–1770.

the Treasury, which office always implied first Minister of State. Lord Chatham's office was neither important then, nor responsible.

Mr. Wilkes had always admired that distinguished nobleman, on whom every praise had been lavished—who had been considered by the nation as the saviour of the country; but, disappointed in what he imagined to find sincere, and bitterly bewailing his discovery, Wilkes declared him to be guided by private ambition, alone; skulking behind the shield of the patriot, till at length he retired where he knew the confidence of the country could not follow him,—to the retreat where he might, in inglorious ease, bear his blushing honours.

In his powerful language, he declared friendship to be "too pure a pleasure for a mind cankered with ambition, or the love of power and grandeur." Lord Chatham had avowed in Parliament the strongest attachment to Lord Temple, one of the greatest characters our country could ever boast of,—and said he would live and die with his noble brother. He had acknowledged that he had received the greatest obligations from that brother; "Yet," added Wilkes, "what trace of gratitude or affection did he ever show to him in any part of his conduct? On the contrary, did he not declare the most avowed hostility to him afterwards?—I have had," said he, "as warm and express declarations of regard, as could be made by this marble-hearted friend; and Mr. Pitt had, no doubt, his views in flattering me at the time,—on occasions, too, where indulgence and candour were all I could claim. He even went so far as to flatter me for my poetry more than once,—lines which could never be sufficiently admired, as he said. For those very

verses," continued Wilkes, "was I called a blasphemer of my God, at a time when I was absent, and dangerously ill from an affair of honour. The charge, too, he knew was false; for the whole ridicule of those two pieces was confined to certain mysteries, which formerly the unplaced and unpensioned Mr. Pitt did not think himself obliged even to affect to believe. He added another charge equally unjust,—that I was the libeller of my King; though he was sensible that I had never written disrespectfully of my Sovereign, but had only attacked the despotism of his Ministers with the spirit of a good subject and zealous friend of my country. The reason," Wilkes added, "was plain,—he was then beginning to pay homage to the Scottish idol, and I was the most acceptable sacrifice he could make at the shrine of Bute. History could scarcely give so remarkable a change. He was a few years ago the seditious tribune of the people, insulting his Sovereign even in his capital; then the abject deputy of the proud Scot, who he had declared in Parliament wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom. Was it possible, then, for me to write the letter of a suppliant to Lord Chatham? I should have been the first to have pronounced myself unworthy of a pardon, if I could have obtained it on those terms."

Although Wilkes felt that conscious pride made him look down with contempt on a man who could be guilty of this baseness who could declare in the Lobby that he must be supported, and in the House the same day deserted and reviled him, yet he would not abstain from doing justice to the Minister. He admitted, that the Premier had served the public on all those occasions

where the good of the nation coincided with his own private views. He venerated the memory of the Statesman, and thought it an honour to have steadily supported an administration the most successful we ever had, and which carried the glory of the nation to the highest pitch in every part of the globe. He found his country in despair,—he strained every nerve against our enemies,—he excited the spirit of the English: but though his plans, when in power, were always great, yet they had been in direct opposition to the declarations of his whole life, when out of power. The invincible bravery of the British army gave success to his plans, though they were the most rash and most extravagant projects.

While on the subject of Mr. Wilkes, I cannot pass over another character whom I well knew in France. All those warriors who had, in the flower of their age, quitted their native country to seek for glory in the New World, had returned to France with the enthusiasm of American liberty. They reappeared at Court with wounds received in the cause of freedom, and wearing on their habits the exterior of republican decoration. The Marquis de la Fayette,[1] who had attached himself to the Americans before the alliance of France with that country; who, with the ardour and prodigality of every strong feeling, but with a mystery and a perseverance incomprehensible at his age, had armed a ship for the cause of the United States—had provided stores and ammunition at an immense expense—and had left his family to embark, without any one of his relatives being acquainted with the secret; La Fayette, who had commanded an army, and who had conquered with it, whom

[1] Marie Jean Gilbert Motier Lafayette, Marquis (1757–1834).

the United States had adopted as a citizen, and whom Washington, during six years, had called his son,—returned to his country filled with the desire of an exotic liberty, which, transplanted into France, had produced fruits totally different from what he intended.

He had in his interior cabinet a pasteboard, contained in a brilliant frame, and divided into two compartments. On the one was the Declaration of the Rights proclaimed by the Anglo-Americans; the other remained free from writing, ready to receive the same declaration to emanate from France. His intoxication was less surprising than that which he excited. The monarchy had not sufficient power to celebrate, nor sufficient favours to recompense, this youthful champion of republican liberty. The famous battle of Beaugé, in which the Marshal la Fayette had conquered and killed the brother of Henry the Fifth, and preserved the crown for Charles the Seventh, was not more distinguished formerly, than was at that time the battle of Brandiwine; in which his young descendant had led back the Americans to the charge, and had been prostrated at their feet by a shot. From the most elevated ranks to the most simple citizens, each individual disputed who might offer him the most flattering homage, and who could express the most anxious attention. If the Queen submitted to sit for a whole length picture for General Washington, it was at the request of La Fayette. The King raised him above all his oldest officers on the military list, to give him a rank equal to that which he held in America. Even the Ministers desired to have him as a colleague; and they showed him more esteem as he testified his repugnance to accept a place at Court. His bust was inaugurated in the Hotel de Ville

at Paris. His wife was admitted to an audience of the Grand Chamber, on the same day with the Comte du Nord; and the Advocate General of the House of Peers complimented the spouse of the Marquis de la Fayette, at the same time with the son of the Empress Catherine.—It was, doubtless, the last excess of enthusiasm, as it was the most striking proof of the contagion which threatened, that induced the young and ardent magistracy of the *Enquêtes du Parlement* of Paris, to engage the companion in arms and the cherished disciple of Washington, to become one of their associates. It was evident that steps were taken to create the Marquis de la Fayette an honorary Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris.

Doubtless, the ancient idea of laying aside arms for the gown—the new charm of defending liberty in the Senate on the banks of the Seine, after having fought for it on the sides of the Ohio, were traits worthy a place in a Romance; and La Fayette might not have resisted the temptation, had he not been deterred by the phlegmatic deliberations of the American Congress, to which he had been accustomed, and by the ridicule to which he might be exposed by that body, had he become a member of a Parisian Parliament. He therefore refused their offers; but he connected himself from that time with some of that body, who have since reproached him with less zeal than themselves in the pursuit of their revolutionary career.

CHAPTER XIX

Female line of the House of Brunswick—Peculiar misfortunes of that branch—The Empress Catherine II—Extraordinary Life of her published in France and suppressed—The Princess Tarrakanoff, and Alexis Orloff.

THERE has been a peculiar singularity in the fate of the unfortunate female line of Brunswick. Charlotte Christina, of that House, was married to the Czarowitz [Czarevitch] Alexis, only son of Peter the Great, in 1711. She was good and beautiful, but fell a victim to the barbarity of her ferocious husband: she died in childbed, at Petersburgh, in 1715. The next was Sophia of Brunswick Zell, wife of George the First; who was confined for forty years, and died in 1726, at the sequestered seat of Ahlden, in the Electorate of Hanover. It was alleged against her that she had intrigued (though the fact was never proved) with the celebrated Count Königsmark. It was also reported that she acted in privity with her mother, the Duchess of Zell. Königsmark was by birth a Swede, and was well known throughout all the Courts of Europe: he had quitted that Princess's apartment previously to her separation from her children and her friends, and was assassinated by ruffians as he descended the stairs.

Augusta Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, perished in a very mysterious manner. She was born in 1764; and before the age of

sixteen was married to the King, then Prince of Wirtemberg.[1] She was very fair, with light hair, and possessed an interesting figure. She accompanied her husband into Russia, where he entered into the military service; they resided at Petersburgh, and other parts, till the Prince left the dominions, having, as he asserted, cause to complain of his wife's conduct, which induced him to leave her behind. They had then three children, and these were permitted to accompany him, he having obtained the Empress's leave for that purpose; but the care of the Princess was entrusted to the Empress herself, who took her under her immediate protection. At the end of two years, it was made known to the Prince, as well as to the Duke of Brunswick, that the wife of the one and daughter of the other was no more. Her father, the Duke, demanded immediately that the body should be given up to him; but this request was never granted, nor did he receive any authentic proofs of her decease, or the circumstances attending it. Doubts were even entertained whether she was not still alive and existing in the deserts of Siberia, among the other victims banished by the Empress.

Elizabeth of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, married in 1765 to the late King of Prussia, then Prince Royal,[2] was divorced for irregularity of conduct, and confined at Stettin, four years after her marriage; she was seen by many of the English in 1774, and was supposed to survive, forgotten and unknown, in some part of the Prussian dominions, after having been a witness to the temporary subversion of her own House by Bonaparte.

[1] Frederick William, Prince of Würtemberg (see Vol. I, p. 55).

[2] Frederick William II (1744–1797). He married Elizabeth of Brunswick in 1765, and divorced her in 1769.

Caroline Matilda of Brunswick Lunenburgh, posthumous daughter of Frederic late Prince of Wales, and sister of his late Majesty King George the Third, was banished from Denmark, by means of the Revolution in 1772, effected by Christian VII, her weak and powerless husband. She survived only three years—terminating her short career in the very prime of life, at Zell, in 1775.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of his present Majesty King George IV, the hope of that nation in which she was born and educated, possessed of every virtue and accomplishment which might realize the hopes of her country, was prematurely carried to the grave, having died in childbirth, without leaving the pledge alive which was so fondly and anxiously expected.

Caroline of Brunswick, wife of his present Majesty, closes the dismal scene.[1]

In the account of the history of the Princess of Wirtemberg, it might be natural to inquire, what motives the Empress had to imprison or to put an end to the life of that Princess? Was the Prince privy to the intentions of Catherine when he left his wife in her charge? In the case of Peter the Third, husband to that Empress, and of the unfortunate Iwan, who was put to death; as also in that of the Princess of Tarrakanoff, the motives for the commission of such a crime are obvious.

Some few years since there was a Life of the Empress Catherine II published in France, which detailed at full length all the secret intrigues, the crimes and enormities, of that formidable woman. So great an excitement did this work produce, that the Empress, at an enormous

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. lxxix, note 1.

price, bought up all the copies she could procure; but unfortunately some escaped, and were afterwards published in London. They are now, however, not to be obtained, as in all probability they shared the same fate as those produced in France. I have always understood that the facts there related may be relied upon; for the Margrave was well acquainted with the authenticity of the greater part.

The Princess Tarrakanoff and two brothers were the fruit of the union between the Empress Elizabeth and Field Marshal Razumoffsky. One of the brothers died at Petersburgh, in a dreadful manner, by placing upon a furnace a vessel filled with poison, which accidentally broke and suffocated him: he had a great taste for chemistry. Prince Radzivil, who was acquainted with the secret of the birth of the Princess in question, and irritated that Catherine should trample the rights of the Poles under her feet, conceived that the daughter of Elizabeth would furnish him with means of revenge. To effect his purpose, he gained over the persons who were entrusted with the care of the Princess's education, carried her off, and conveyed her to Rome. The Empress, immediately upon being informed of this scheme, seized the estate of Radzivil, and he was reduced to the necessity of living on the produce of his diamonds and other valuables which he carried with him into Italy. These resources were soon exhausted, and he set out for Poland to obtain fresh supplies, leaving the Princess Tarrakanoff at Rome, under the sole care of a *gouvernante*, and in circumstances extremely limited. He had scarcely entered his own country, when a restitution of his estates was offered to him, on condition that he would bring the

young Princess into Russia. He refused submission to such an unworthy proposal; but had the weakness to promise that he would concern himself no farther about the daughter of Elizabeth,—and at this price he purchased a pardon.

Alexis Orloff,[1] charged with the execution of the Empress's orders, seized the first moment to lay a snare for the Princess. An intriguer (so common in Italy) of the name of Ribas, a Neapolitan, repaired immediately to Rome, and having discovered the lodgings of the young Russian Princess, introduced himself into her presence, under the name and character of a military officer. He told the Princess that he was induced to wait upon her by the desire of paying homage to his countrywoman, and to one in whose fate he felt so highly interested; he appeared to be much affected at the destitute situation in which he found her, offered her assistance, which necessity obliged her to accept, and the perfidious traitor soon appeared to this unfortunate female, as well as to the woman who attended her person, in the light of a saviour sent from Heaven.

When he thought himself sufficiently possessed of their confidence, he declared he was commissioned by Count Alexis Orloff to offer to the daughter of Elizabeth the throne that her mother had filled. He told her that the Russians were discontented with Catherine; that Orloff, in particular, could not pardon her ingratitude and tyranny; and that if the young Princess were willing to accept the services of that General, and reward his

[1] Alexis Orloff (*d.* 1808), younger brother of Gregory Orloff (Vol. I, p. 99). Commanded the Russian Fleet in the war with Turkey, and was later disgraced by the Emperor Paul. He eventually returned to Russia and died at Moscow possessed of vast wealth.

zeal by the farther acceptance of his hand, she would soon witness the commencement of a revolution which he had prepared.

Such brilliant proposals ought to have opened the eyes of the Princess to the perfidy of their author; but her inexperience and candour prevented a suspicion of the criminal's infidelity, and the language of Orloff's emissary seemed analogous to the ideas which she had received from Radzivil.

She imagined herself destined for a throne, and every dream that bore a relation to that presupposed opinion flattered her fond but delusive hopes.

Soon after this, Orloff came to Rome: his emissary had announced his arrival; he was received as a welcome benefactor. The Princess was cautioned by some persons, to whom she communicated her happiness, to beware of the designs of a man whose abandoned character, and whose fidelity to his Empress, from interested motives, would prevent him from conspiring against her safety.

Far from profiting by these salutary counsels, the Princess, with great imprudence, spoke of them to Orloff, who immediately assumed greater apparent candour, with deeper dissimulation. Not content with flattering the ambition of the young Russian Princess, he feigned an affection for her, and inspired the artless female with a real passion for him.

As soon as he was assured of this, he entreated her to unite herself with him in the most sacred bonds of conjugal felicity. To this request she unfortunately gave her consent, and it was with feelings of joy that she promised to contract a marriage, which, in the event,

was to consummate her ruin. She supposed that the title of wife to Alexis Orloff would afford her invincible protection. She did not know that the man who had strangled the unfortunate Peter III, after having first given him poison, would not hesitate to dishonour and destroy the daughter of Elizabeth.

Under pretence of solemnizing the marriage according to the rites of the Greek Church, he ordered subaltern accomplices in villainy to disguise themselves in the habits of priests and lawyers. Thus was profanation united to imposture, and both directed against the unfortunate, unprotected, and too confident Tarrakanoff.

When Orloff had become the fictitious husband, but the real ravisher, he represented to the Princess, that by staying at Rome she would be too much exposed to observation, and that it would be more prudent to remove to some other city of Italy the moment that the conspiracy should be ripe to call her to the throne. He persuaded her then to go with him to Pisa, where he had procured, some time before, a magnificent palace. There he treated her with marks of the greatest respect and tenderness; but permitted no one to approach her person except those whom he had secured,— and when she appeared in public, he always accompanied her himself.

A Russian squadron had just entered Leghorn: upon hearing the news, Orloff related it to the Princess, and as he said it was necessary that he should repair thither to give orders, he offered to take her with him.

She set out from Pisa, with her usual attendants, and on her arrival met with a most gratifying reception. She was presently surrounded by a numerous Court: when

walking abroad, the people thronged in her way, and inspired a fatal security in the midst of imminent danger.

The confiding Princess, far from harbouring a suspicion of her danger, after having spent several days in the rounds of amusement and dissipation, entreated Orloff for permission to visit the Russian squadron. The idea was applauded : orders were immediately given for her reception. She was received with all the honours due to the highest rank ; but scarcely had she entered the ship, when her hands were loaded with chains ! In vain did this helpless and innocent female implore pity from the heart of the callous wretch who had betrayed her, and whom she still called by the name of husband,—in vain did she cast herself at his feet and bedew them with her tears. The barbarian did not deign to reply : she was carried down the hold,—the ship sailed, and arrived with the victim at St. Petersburgh. She was then shut up in a fortress, and treated with the greatest asperity. Six years afterwards the waters of the Neva terminated her misfortunes : she was drowned in prison !

CHAPTER XX

Pitt—Dundas—Lord North—His present Majesty George IV.

AMBITION was the reigning passion of the late Mr. Pitt: the great talents which he inherited from his father, combined with the high station which the latter had occupied, gave him a sort of claim to public attention. I reckoned him among the number of my friends, and had many opportunities of seeing him in private life; for I have been frequently honoured with his society. His want of economy was, like that of the Earl of Chatham, constitutional. In early life, his private property did not amount to more than five thousand pounds; and being a younger son, his inheritance was thus small. Though he was strongly urged by Lord Thurlow to confer upon himself the Clerkship of the Pells, which became vacant on the death of Sir Edward Walpole, and which situation would have made him independent for life (and though such a remuneration would have met with general satisfaction), yet he resolutely refused; although he possibly might not have retained his official employments for a month.

When he first became Minister, his sister, Lady Harriet,[1]

[1] Harriet Pitt was the favourite sister of the younger Pitt. While children they wrote together a poem entitled *The Genius of Poetry*. In 1785 she married her brother's intimate friend. She died in childbirth September 25, 1786.

resided with him in his establishment in Downing-street, which she superintended. As long as she continued her control over his domestic affairs, they were conducted with proper care and economy; for she possessed that quality which was deficient in her brother. After he had been in power two years, she married Mr. Eliot, who succeeded to his father's title of Lord Eliot on his death. In consequence of this marriage, Mr. Pitt lost his female financier, and his affairs became so much embarrassed, that even tradesmen's bills were unpaid, and there was more difficulty in collecting taxes from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had imposed them, than perhaps from any other subject in the dominions.

On the death of the Earl of Guilford,[1] Mr. Pitt ventured to solicit from the King the place of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports: which was instantly conferred upon him, although previously promised to the late Duke of Dorset. On taking possession of it, he dissipated so much in alterations and embellishments at Walmer Castle, to which place he was very much attached, that he soon found his difficulties increase. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that after enjoying so many dignities, during a period of nineteen years, he should leave the world oppressed with debts.

His mind was superior to base artifices, and no bribe could have tempted him to a dereliction of duty or principle. I have heard him say, that Sir Robert Walpole refused the sum of sixty thousand pounds which was privately offered him to save the life of the Earl of Derwentwater; and a similar feeling must have actuated *him* through his whole career.

[1] 1792.

When a man has displayed talents in some particular path, and left all competitors behind him, mankind are apt to give him credit for an universality of genius, and to anticipate success from him in all that he undertakes. Mr. Pitt did not possess all the finer gifts of nature; he was below Mr. Fox in this respect. He had a most comprehensive mind, but it was not so diversified as that of his rival. He differed as much in the interior as in the exterior: he found it difficult to lay aside that dignity which always accompanied him; and was infinitely inferior in urbanity of manners to Fox, who ingratiated himself with all who knew him. Cicero failed in poetry, and Addison in oratory, but they possessed great geniuses. Pitt's soul was absorbed in business, and he had neither time nor inclination for the Fine Arts.

I have been credibly informed, that when Mr. Pitt first became a member of the House of Commons, he was advised, during the strong debates on the American war, in which he lavished his charges against the ministry, to refrain from offering, in the remotest degree, any allusion to the exalted personage into whose favour he was destined and determined to ingratiate himself. When Lord North was removed from power, he refused to form part of an administration, which he clearly foresaw could not long exist.

Although the King himself strongly pressed upon him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, when Lord Shelburne[1] had resigned, and his own ambition saw every thing within his reach, yet, at the early period of twenty-four years, he could, with deep and penetrating discern-

[1] William Petty, first Marquis of Lansdowne (1737–1805), better known as Lord Shelburne. Prime Minister on death of Earl of Rockingham, 1782–1783. Created Marquis 1784.

ment, reject a situation which he foresaw was also not to last, from the strength of the united power of Lord North and Fox.

When Mr. Pitt found that the East India Bill was announced, he deigned to accept a situation, which he before had with consummate prudence declined; but he would not consent that Lord Shelburne should be admitted into the Cabinet. While he had to contend against Fox's majority in the House of Commons, he gained a complete triumph, by his capacity in demonstrating the folly and precipitancy of his opponents.

During the King's illness in 1788, by exposing the error of his adversary, in recommending to the Prince of Wales to claim the regency as matter of right, instead of accepting it as subject to the limitations which Parliament might think proper to impose, he gained such a delay as gave time for his Majesty's recovery, and thus secured his own power.

Acute politicians must not proceed with direct measures, lest they should fail, and shake their popularity. Mr. Pitt soon saw the necessity of calling together a new House of Commons, and did not refuse to apply all the means in his power to diminish the strength of his adversaries at the elections by which they enjoyed their majorities, but exerted himself in every way to strengthen his own friends. A number of Peers were created, and the grand aim was accomplished.

In effecting this great purpose, he displayed to his opponents, and proved to his adherents in the House of Commons, with what facility he could dispose of honours which were refused to the Members of the Coalition. Never were debates carried to so high a pitch of hostility,

as in the remarkable contention for power between the two great antagonists. Indecorous personalities were indulged in, and even nicknames were bestowed, with every thing that could be ridiculous. It was during this period that the Prince of Wales appeared under the Gallery of the House of Commons,—a circumstance so unusual, that it was productive of many remarks, which tended to show his Royal Highness's attachment to the falling party; and while the virtues of the Heir Apparent were expatiated upon by one side, his attendance was construed by the other as tending to influence the debates.

To the want of judgment in the Leader of the Coalition may be attributed their ill success: had they made a moderate use of their power, the King could never have emancipated himself from the situation in which they had placed him; and, from their prodigious strength, they would have found that they never could fall but by their own divisions.

The ambitious plans of Fox wanted neither vigour nor decision, but many of his supporters did not approve of extremities. Fox himself was a personal object of dislike to the King; and it was impossible to reconcile a combination of the two great men who appeared most fit to govern. The recriminations in Parliament had been too sharp to be forgotten, and a reconciliation was not to be effected, though attempted through various means, while Pitt was at the head of one party, and the Duke of Portland the nominal chief of the other. Even the King himself was induced to interfere, and to recommend a conference, in order to establish a Ministry of discordant parts. While this was pending, although listened to with apparent sincerity by Pitt, his ambition prompted

him to guide the helm alone ; and he must have felt an unlimited gratification when he saw all efforts were abandoned. Fox discovered that all attempts to force the Minister to resign were fruitless ; Pitt treating his defiances with contempt, and calling upon him to come forward, and if there were any part of his conduct which was liable to impeachment, to move for his removal from office,—a measure which must either justify or disgrace him.

The Duke of Richmond, my relative, whose opinions, during these convulsions, had undergone a change with those of many others, eulogised the great talents of the new Minister. Various other members of the House of Peers came over to his side ; and even Lord Effingham,[1] who had been accused of partaking in the riots of 1780, appeared as the Champion of Royalty.

While Lord North reprobated the conduct of the Ministry, Sheridan and Erskine,[2] with many others, took the most leading parts. Lord Fitzwilliam[3] was one of the most decidedly hostile to the measures of Pitt, and described him as personally deficient both in talents and knowledge of affairs. As a *dernier ressort,* finding that Pitt commanded the country out of doors, while Fox commanded the House of Commons within, he at last suspended the supplies, exhibiting a sacrifice of the public interests to his own private animosity. During this long contest, on which the observation of the whole nation was fixed, finding it impossible to gain his point

[1] Kenneth Alexander Howard, first Earl of Effingham of the second creation (1767–1845).

[2] Thomas Erskine, first Baron Erskine (1750–1823). Lord Chancellor 1806–1807.

[3] William Wentworth Fitzwilliam, second Earl Fitzwilliam of the second creation (1748–1833). Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 1795–1796.

by any means, he at length moved an Address to his Majesty, or rather an expostulation, accompanied with a resolution, that whoever should recommend to the King to continue the Administration, should be considered as an enemy to his country. On this point his friends threatened to forsake him, if he persevered to attempt so desperate a remedy. Under these circumstances, he was compelled no longer to refuse the supplies. At length his majority was reduced to one single vote, and thus fell, for ever, the memorable Coalition.

Intrigues of State require a confederate, and Pitt soon selected Dundas[1] as his great coadjutor, who had before conducted with him the opposition, and who, with great political foresight, had long determined to attach his fortune to that of Pitt. He was a man who thought a speculative tenet in politics was a matter which did not deserve attention. No man in office ever made a more conspicuous figure, or was better calculated for his situation. Their connexion had first been formed when Dundas, as Lord Advocate of Scotland, abandoned his old political leader, Lord North, to enter into Lord Shelburne's administration, when he accepted of the Treasurership of the Navy. From this period, they continued inseparable friends under every variety of fortune.

It is singular, that, in the early part of his life, Mr. Pitt should have been so strenuous a supporter of reform in the national representation. While Burke had carried retrenchment into the very palace of the Sovereign, Pitt had attempted to effect a total change in the mode of

[1] Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville (1742–1811). Lord Advocate 1775–1783. Treasurer of the Navy 1784–1800. Secretary of War 1794–1801. Created Viscount Melville 1803. First Lord of the Admiralty 1804–1805. Impeached for malversation, but acquitted, 1806.

elections. That abuses had existed, was not to be disputed; but theory and practice were difficult to be reconciled, and even the advocates for these measures had differed entirely in their opinions on this head.

I have heard the Duke of Richmond declare that he would have extended the right of voting to every individual in the kingdom: his ideas were undoubtedly visionary. Fox at that time supported the plan proposed by Pitt; while Burke, who was an enemy to oligarchy, refused to lend his assistance to the plan. Dundas, in direct opposition to Pitt, was totally hostile to any reform whatever. It is possible, that when Pitt first made his motion on this subject, he felt, as all other patriots do, that he neither possessed landed interest, nor even pecuniary property; and had his bill taken place, that no man could be returned to Parliament who had not really three hundred a-year freehold estate, neither Fox, Pitt, nor Sheridan, could ever have had a seat in the House.

Power is apt to intoxicate the best hearts, as wine does the strongest heads: how far this was the case with the great Premier, I leave for others to determine. Unlimited power is a thing which very few ought to be trusted with, as few are wise enough for such a possession, and hardly any good enough. When it is obtained, a man can no longer answer for himself, and others would be very unwilling to answer for him. The best of men have had their detractors, and the worst their panegyrists; whence we may learn how to estimate the extent of human greatness.

The eloquence of Pitt was certainly commanding, but there was much tautology in it, and his manner was

awkward: he did not possess the dignity of his father, whose vast powers of oratory astounded his audience. They both compelled attention; but, in appeals to the feelings, the father surpassed the son.

I have frequently wondered how it arises that many of our most shining orators at the bar, when they have displayed their powers in the senate, have been found so greatly deficient. But there is a wide difference between diplomatic pleading and forensic rhetoric. The statesman grasps at generals, the other at particulars. The eloquence of the bar loses in comprehension what it gains in acuteness. There have been, and are now, undoubtedly, exceptions, and those very splendid ones, to the remark.

Lord North was an able and a very powerful orator, although not sublime: like Burke, he possessed a great command of language, with copiousness of speech. The delightful serenity of his temper enabled him to sustain all the bitter accusations and sarcastic remarks which were hurled upon him from the Opposition. His wit and humour frequently repelled their attacks, and left them destitute of the effect they were intended to produce. He never displayed impatience; and his calmness gave his abilities the opportunity of explaining, in the most clear and lucid manner, every thing which related to financial matters, whenever he opened the Budget. The awkwardness of his manner, and his extreme shortsightedness, oftentimes led him into singular dilemmas; but his inclination to drowsiness must have divested him of spleen. His mind was replete with information, and his classical knowledge unrivalled. In his early life he had travelled abroad, and was a perfect master

of the French language. In private society, he was the most entertaining of men; and where Lord North was, dulness was banished. In the latter period of his life he became blind, and laboured under many infirmities, which, however, never permitted the gaiety of his amiable disposition, nor the sweets of his delightful conversation, to forsake him. A mutual affection between his Sovereign and himself constantly existed, or was interrupted only for a short period during the time of his coalition with Mr. Fox. His adversaries admired him, and he was an object of attachment to all who knew him.

But the powers of eloquence with which Lord North was overwhelmed, had nearly brought his head to the scaffold. He had been hunted into the toils; and many, who were his enemies, hoped to find him sacrificed as an example to public justice. It was then that Fox was nominated to a seat in the Cabinet, after the Rockingham party had been satisfied with the defeat of their opponents. Fox, appointed Secretary of State, did not long enjoy his participation in this short-lived administration. Fox was much blamed by many for his conduct during the impeachment of Mr. Hastings; but he had the support of a majority of the House of Commons, and almost all his political enemies gave weight to his cause. That trial was carried on to such an oppressive length, that it ceased to become of interest with the public, and took off, in a great measure, the odium of the accused. That it might have been necessary to prove to the world, that the oppressed in India might obtain redress from Britain, cannot be denied; but the forms of a House of Peers were unfavourable to dispatch, and the trial had much the appearance of a persecution.

When France evinced a desire to throw off the yoke of absolute power, Fox hailed the dawn of liberty, and deprecated the interference of England in the cause. From this he suffered the loss of many of his former friends; and, among others, of that very man by whom he was first taught the principles of civil liberty. Reduced to a very small minority, he retired from public business; and, to fill up the triumph of the Minister, he had his name erased from the list of Privy Counsellors,—a circumstance which was unexampled during the last reign, and only once to be met with during the preceding one, when Lord George Germaine was unfortunately accused of disaffection, of which, however, his generous nature was incapable, whilst his well-known character could acquit him of the charge of cowardice.

His present Majesty, who had been educated under the principles of Fox, gave the preference, when he entered upon the arduous duties of his high station, to the politics of Pitt. His retention of his Royal Father's Ministers has been adduced as a proof of his filial affection; and there can be no doubt but that the Prince Regent sacrificed his own will and inclinations to what he considered would have been the wishes of his parent, had his health been unimpaired. It is probable that the circumstances of the times may have produced a conviction in his mind, that an adherence to the system which led to the peace of Europe was absolutely necessary.

It is well known, that his anxiety in the education of his daughter, who he one day hoped would sway the sceptre of these realms, was that the principles of the British Constitution should be implanted deeply in her heart. At a dinner at the Pavilion, when the Princess Charlotte's

health was drunk, the Prince, in acknowledging that mark of regard to his daughter, observed, that he had made it his first care to instil into her mind the knowledge of the true system of the British Constitution; and that he had pointed out as a model for her study, the conduct of his esteemed and lamented friend Mr. Fox, who had maintained, with his transcendent abilities, this excellent Constitution, which ought to be administered for the freedom and happiness of the nation. He added, that he had known, in her earliest years, that the Princess had a just idea of the value of those precepts; and he could with confidence declare, that she might be expected one day to fulfil those duties, with credit to herself and honour to the Country, when he should be no more.

CHAPTER XXI

Luxury in England—A foreigner's description of a City dinner—The ideas of a Portuguese on the subject—Customs in France, Spain, and England—Gaming—Anecdote of a noble Duke—Mr. O'Kelly—Disadvantages of London—Plan for the benefit of servants—Lord Thurlow's notions respecting London and Paris—My advice to his Lordship, and the effect of his upon me—Horne Tooke.

I HAVE often reflected how much luxury has increased in London of late years. Down beds, soft pillows, and easy seats, are a species of luxury in which I never have indulged, because they tend to enervate the body, and render it unfit for fatigue. I always make use of hard mattresses, and accustom myself to the open air in all weathers. I literally knew two young ladies of high quality, (sisters,) who employed a servant with soft hands to raise them gently out of bed in the morning. Nothing less than an all-powerful vanity could make such persons submit to the fatigues of a toilette.

In the hot climates of Asia, people of rank are rubbed and chafed twice a day; which, besides being pleasant, is necessary for health, by moving the blood, where sloth and indolence prevail. The Greeks and Romans were bathed and oiled daily; with them it was *luxury*, though not with the Asiatics.

The gout may be said to be a beacon on the rock of luxury to warn against it; but in vain: during distress,

vows of temperance are made; during the intervals, these vows are forgotten. Luxury has gained too much ground in this island to be restrained by admonition.

The various machines that have been invented for executing works of every kind, render bodily strength of less importance than formerly. The travelling on horseback, though a less vigorous exertion of strength than walking, is not a luxury, because it is a healthy exercise. I dare not say so much for wheel carriages. A spring coach, rolling along a smooth road, is no exercise; or so little, as to be preventive of no disease: it tends to enervate the body, and in some measure also the mind. The increase of wheel carriages within a century is a convincing proof of the growth of luxurious indolence. During the reign of James I, the English Judges rode to Westminster on horseback; and probably did so for many years after his death. At the Restoration, Charles II made his public entry into London on horseback, between his two brothers. It is not more than one hundred and fifty years ago that there were but twenty hackney-coaches, which were kept at home till called for. Cookery and coaches have reduced the English nobility to a languid state: the former, by overloading the body, has infected them with disorders; the latter, by fostering ease and indolence, have banished labour—the antidote to these ailments. Even too great indulgence in the Fine Arts consumes part of that time which ought to be employed in the important duties of life; but the Fine Arts, even when indulged too much, produce one good effect, which is, to soften and ameliorate our manners.

The genius of a nation has been said by a witty writer to be known from its taste in cookery. The Dutch are

phlegmatic, from their fondness for water-zooties ; [1] the Spaniards revengeful, from their great use of garlic and spices. I once met with a droll foreigner, who described to me a city dinner, with a pair of compasses in his hand, with which he drew circles on a piece of paper. I asked him if he was going through a mathematical problem ? He said no ; but that he would describe to me every dish that had been placed within his view. He proceeded to show me the various ways in which every thing had been marshalled ; but on my telling him I was a novice except in the art of plain cookery, he, with some emotion, threw aside the paper and compasses, and wondered how I, who had travelled so much through foreign countries, should be ignorant of what was a necessary—nay, a most necessary qualification for a person of rank and fortune ; and declared, that he had obtained greater reputation at Court for grilling a beef-steak *à l'Anglaise*, than the most artful minister ever obtained by his negotiations. From this I concluded, that to be an able statesman it is necessary to be a good cook.

I remember the governor of a city in Portugal once entertaining me all dinner-time with the excellencies of English roast beef : he thought it tautology to mention the intrepidity of the English, their generosity, and other remarkable virtues ; for he very justly thought they were all included in roast beef !

How much are times changed both in England and France ! In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning ; at present, scarcely a shopkeeper is awake at seven. The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bed-

[1] Angl. "Water souchy." Dishes of fish cooked in this particular manner. See *Cook's Oracle*, p. 175.

chamber at the same hour in the evening,—an early hour at present for *amusements*.

When I was in Spain, the Spaniards adhered to ancient customs ; for manners and customs seldom change where women are locked up. Their King then dined precisely at noon, and supped exactly at nine in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII, fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility and gentry dined at eleven, and supped between five and six. In the reign of Charles II, four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays. At present, dinner is never thought of till eight or nine.

Gaming is a vice of the idle. Savages are addicted to gaming. The Greeks were an active and sprightly people, constantly engaged in war, or in cultivating the Arts, and had no leisure for gaming, nor any knowledge of it. Happy for them was their ignorance ! for no other vice tends more to render men selfish, dishonest, and, in the modern style, dishonourable. A gamester, a friend to no man, is a bitter enemy to himself. The luxurious of the present age pass every hour in gaming that can be spared from sensual pleasure. Within the range of my acquaintances, I could, if I were inclined, mention whole families who have been ruined by this dreadful vice. In England, gaming is practised under the cloak of privacy ; but in France it is openly sanctioned by the Government.

Some years ago, a Noble Duke was fleeced of a large sum of money at the game of hazard, by a party who had employed false dice. As the Duke suspected the deceit, when the play was over he put the dice into his waistcoat pocket, and retired to bed. The plunderers were alarmed

lest they should be detected; and, as they were all men of family, if the affair had been blown, they would have been eternally disgraced. They resolved, therefore, when he should be asleep, to enter his bed-room, take the false dice from his pocket, and put proper dice in their place: but as one alone could attempt such an office, they agreed to throw the dice to see to whose lot this undertaking might fall. It fell upon a character well known on the town and in the chace. He engaged his domestic to invite the Duke's servant who attended him, to take a bottle of wine with him below. When he was sure that every thing was quiet, he proceeded to the bed-room, where he found the Duke asleep: he silently accomplished his purpose, nor did his Grace discover the exchange; and on splitting the dice next morning, they were found to be correct. I heard this story from the nephew of the man who did it, and who inherited all his fortune.

The great O'Kelly,[1] so well known on the turf, after having lost a large sum of money, thought of recovering it by a stratagem with his famous horse Eclipse. This celebrated racer, it was well known, could distance any horse of the day in the four-mile course at Newmarket. O'Kelly offered a bet of twenty thousand pounds, that he would *place* every horse, including Eclipse, of those that were to run for a sweepstakes. As his opponents well knew Eclipse would win, they did not think it a difficult thing for him to name the winner; but to be able to place the other horses, appeared to them almost impossible. His bet was accepted, and he wrote down

[1] Denis O'Kelly (1720–1787), a notorious gamester. He made a fortune by gaming and horse-breeding.

before the race took place, his decision, which they were to abide by after the event was over. They lost their bet, for O'Kelly had placed Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere. Eclipse had distanced them all![1]

It gives me the spleen to hear the French and English zealously disputing about the extent of their respective Capitals, as if the prosperity of their country depended on that circumstance. To me it appears like glorying in the King's evil, or in any contagious distemper. They would be much better employed in lessening these great cities. There is not a political measure, in my opinion, that would tend to aggrandize the kingdom of France or England more than the splitting their capitals into several great towns. The two great cities of London and Westminster are extremely ill fitted for local union. The latter, the seat of government and the nobility, infects the former with luxury and love of show: the former, the seat of commerce, infects the latter with the love of gain. The mixture of these opposite passions is productive of every grovelling vice.

An overgrown capital, far above a rival, has by numbers and riches, a powerful influence in public affairs. The populace are ductile, and easily misled by designing and ambitious men: nor are there wanting critical times, in which such men, acquiring artificial means of influence, may have power to disturb the peace. What multitudes of Irish labourers, men of the most turbulent characters, who, if a spark were dropped, would readily catch fire! They may be apparently quiet now; but if the distresses of their own native country increase,

[1] A full and interesting account of O'Kelly and his famous race-horse will be found in Mr. T. A. Cook's *Eclipse and O'Kelly*, London, 1907.

and dissatisfaction is promoted, who can say where it may end? That an overgrown capital may prove dangerous to sovereignty, has been dreadfully experienced, more than once, in London; and sufficiently in Paris.

So insolent are the London poor, that scarcely one of them will condescend to eat brown bread. There are, I will venture to assert, in London, a much greater number of idle and profligate wretches, than in Paris, or in any other town, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The wretches, in Swift's style, never think of posterity, because posterity never thinks of them. Men who hunt after pleasure, and live from day to day, have no notion of being burthened with a family. Most things thrive by encouragement, and idleness above all; certainty of maintenance renders the low people of England idle and profligate; especially in London, where luxury prevails, and infests every rank.

In Paris, domestic servants are encouraged to marry; they are observed to be more settled than when single, and more attentive to their duty. In London, such marriages are discouraged, as rendering a servant more attentive to his own family, than to that of his master. But a servant attentive to his own family will not, for his own sake, neglect that of his master. At any rate, is he not more to be depended on, than a servant who continues a bachelor? For what can be expected from an idle and pampered bachelor, but every species of corruption? Nothing restrains such from absolute profligacy, but the eye of their master, who for that reason is their aversion, not their love. If the poor-laws are a folio of corruption, bachelor-servants in London may be well considered as a large *appendix.*

I have often thought, that some place for servants, who have faithfully adhered to their duty, as an asylum in their latter days, would be a great encouragement to them to conduct themselves well during their service. I would propose a place, with a few acres of land adjoining, for a kitchen-garden, for their use and employment. By a contribution among the nobility, a fund might be raised for such a plan; and none but contributors should be entitled to offer servants to the house. By such encouragement an evil would be remedied, that of servants wandering about from master to master for better wages, or easier service, or variety, which seldom fails to corrupt servants. I have at this moment many faithful servants whom I have pensioned off, and who are now enabled to live comfortably.

The progress of political knowledge has unfolded many bad effects of a great city. People born and bred in a great city are commonly weak and effeminate. This is a physical objection against a great city. The environs of London are now so fast increasing, that in a few years they will surpass London itself.

When Lord Thurlow was at Paris, I was one day praising the country around; to which he narrowly replied, that it was all a great stone quarry. I might have told him, that this great stone quarry was covered with fine hills, trees, and buildings; but I remained silent. "You do not consider then," said he, "the environs of Paris so pretty as the suburbs of London?"—"I consider them finer," I replied candidly. If anything could have abated his partiality for me, it would have been this answer; for he brought with him, and carried away all the prejudices of an Englishman.

I always regretted his absence from his own country, because at home I knew that he could be of use; but abroad he could serve no one; and all the time he was away he was in bad humour, which was sure to hurt his health.

I have often thought English tempers very like the pickles made by their housekeepers: so sour that the taste of them makes me feel, as it were, acid also. While a person lives, the most simple truth spoken of his merit is called flattery; and it is only when grace and talents, or beauty are fled to their native heaven, that they are recorded,—then in cold marble, or awkward praise. I always think of Voltaire's apostrophe to the English in his Henriade. It is something like this:—

> Malheureux et coupables, qui péchez sans plaisirs,
> Dans vos erreurs soyez moins condamnables;
> Et puisqu'il faut que vous soyez damnés,
> Damnez vous du moins par des fautes aimables.

I once told Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, that had I authority in the House of Lords, this advice should be put up in golden letters over each door of the house, for the benefit of the peers. I really believe he preferred tough English salt beef to a *pâté de Périgueux*,—and the London porter to the wine of Paris.

He frequently remarked to me, "*Vous détruisez par votre présence.*" At a concert at the Comtesse de Paravicini's, a very tall officer, whom I had never seen before, was inquiring the names of many who were present. On ascertaining mine, he went round the room to all the ladies he knew (they were but few), till he fixed the countess in a long conversation. When it was ended, she

came to me and inquired what the man could possibly mean ; for he persisted in having seen *Milady* with *Milord* at Lisle, three days together, but that I was not the person. Pray are there two ? said she. This compelled me to explain ; for it was Lord Craven's mistress he had seen.

When Horne Tooke[1] pleaded his own cause before Lord Mansfield,[2] Thurlow on the trial sought to surprize him, while Kenyon[3] endeavoured to overpower him by argument ; but Tooke exhibited such talents as defeated their united attacks. Kenyon never forgave Tooke, and died in enmity with him ; but Thurlow, whose manliness of character was equal to the vigour of his understanding, called on Tooke at Wimbledon, in the year 1802. "Mr. Tooke," said he, "I have only one recollection which gives me pain."—"You are a fortunate man, my lord," replied Tooke, "for you have been Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor, and Keeper of the King's Conscience." "As Attorney-General," replied Thurlow, "I must confess to you, that I was prevailed on to act against you, and against my own feelings, for I had always an esteem and friendship for you." "I am aware of it, my lord : I was with you the day before the prosecution against me was expected to come on, for a libel on the King's troops in America, and at that time, you made me a promise to perform your duty with impartiality, and without rancour. Notwithstanding this, as if forgetful of your intentions, and as if influenced by

[1] John Horne Tooke (1736–1812). Author of *The Diversions of Purley*. Tried for high treason, but acquitted, 1794.

[2] William Murray, first Earl of Mansfield (1705–1793). Lord Chief Justice 1756–1788.

[3] Lloyd Kenyon, first Baron Kenyon (1732–1802). Chief Justice of England in succession to Lord Mansfield.

magic, you laboured with all your might to convict me." —"It is true, Mr. Tooke," said Thurlow. "I acknowledge it, and I lament it. So now good morning, and farewell." "Stay, my lord," said Tooke, "if I could not escape you at that time, you shall not escape me now." —"What is your meaning?" exclaimed Thurlow. "I fear no man on earth, nor shall you threaten me with impunity." "I mean, my lord, that you shall stay and dine with me."—"No, I will come to-morrow." He kept his word, and they remained friends during his life.

I have seen a great deal of Horne Tooke. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. The dictionary of Johnson was, perhaps, as stupendous a production as ever came before the world: it is a monument of human industry; but it was for Tooke to penetrate into that labyrinth of confusion, from whence the English language was derived. The "Diversions of Purley" establish his reputation as a most profound scholar, and his illustrations, though mostly political, are proofs of the greatest talents. His knowledge of the British Constitution was equal to that of any lawyer; and when he pleaded his own cause before Lord Mansfield, he asked so many questions with such apparent ignorance, and such assumed modesty, that he entrapped his Lordship into contradictory answers, and led him into great embarrassment by the animadversions that he made, in consequence of the means taken to throw him off his guard. It was allowed, that on this account Lord Mansfield interfered with the Benchers of the Temple, to induce them to refuse Tooke's application to be called to the Bar. His knowledge was feared, his erudition was envied, and his rancour dreaded

and abhorred. Tooke's character was a compound of every thing that could be combined in human nature. He took a peculiar delight in searching for errors and blemishes; and where he discovered them, his fertile imagination enlarged them into every species of mental deformity, and his acrimony changed them into corruption. The singularity of his disposition made him neither an enemy to vice, nor a friend to virtue. He would see the one oppressed, and the other extolled, without any sensations but those which might create an occasion for him to take advantage of either. Tooke himself was oppressed and attacked by all the powers of the law; he was dreaded as a public, and detested as a private man. His feelings might have been exasperated by the circumstances under which he had placed himself. In his private concerns he was greatly embarrassed, and, I believe, he was greatly assisted by the liberality of his friend Sir Francis Burdett;[1] but he had no gratitude: he reviled those who served him.

When Lord Camelford[2] returned him for the Borough of Old Sarum, the legislature passed an act to prevent all clergymen from sitting in the House of Commons, and Horne Tooke was excluded. His contest with Mr. Onslow terminated in his adversary's defeat. It was an action for defamation, brought by Mr. Onslow, and the damages laid at 10,000*l.*, and tried before Judge Blackstone, at Kingston. Mr. Onslow was nonsuited in consequence of the word *pounds* being inserted in the record instead of *pound*. The cause was reheard before Lord Mansfield, at Guildford; when Mr. Onslow was again

[1] Sir Francis Burdett (1770–1844). Married Sophia Coutts 1793.
[2] Thomas Pitt, nephew of first Earl of Chatham, first Baron Camelford (1737–1793). Raised to peerage 1784.

nonsuited. The trial cost Mr. Onslow upwards of 1500*l.*, on account of his having retained all the principal counsel.

In consequence of the conduct which he pursued in the City election for Sheriff, (having supported the party who were in the government cause,) Tooke was represented, by Junius, as having been bribed by the ministry. Junius having made this injurious assertion, Tooke called for proofs of it; but notwithstanding his invectives, the other was not able to substantiate the fact, and abandoned the charge. It did not appear that Horne Tooke deserted his party, for that party was divided into two different factions on personal accounts; and it was not Tooke's intention to put down the Bill of Rights, though his support on the question was fatal to the popular cause. The fact and argument on this occasion were in favour of Tooke, and in classical elegance he was equal to Junius.

His grammatical labours cannot be too strongly appreciated; and if he had furnished the country with a dictionary, it would have been much indebted to him. I have heard it wittily remarked, that the critics would have broken his head, if they could have done so without exposing his brains. He obtained a complete triumph over the "Hermes" of Mr. Harris, and that in a double sense, for he extirpated old errors, and substituted in their place new truths. He cleared away the errors of grammar, and removed the fictions of prejudice.

Tooke's father was formerly a poulterer, near Soho Square. He sent his son to Westminster School, and afterwards removed him to Eton. From Eton he went to Cambridge, and was of St. John's College.

CHAPTER XXII

Murphy at Hammersmith—Anecdotes of him—Lord Thurlow—Burke—Courage of Lord Berkeley when attacked by a highwayman—Gallant conduct of Sir George Berkeley—General Moreau—The Emperor Napoleon.

MURPHY[1] resided at Hammersmith, where he lived in an easy, independent way. He was the person who first introduced Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale. He was a man of a very unblemished character, abounding in anecdote, and very communicative in his conversation. From his intimacy with persons in the highest sphere of life, and his acquaintance with the *literati*, his society was every where delightful. He possessed great classical knowledge, of which his translation of the works of Tacitus is a convincing proof. It first appeared in four quarto volumes. He was engaged in this undertaking for many years. It reflected great credit on his abilities, and more upon his honour, in his refusing to dedicate it to a nobleman, who anxiously desired that gratification: he having already determined to bestow the favour on his most esteemed and valued friend Burke.

His works were productions of a very elegant kind; and his taste was much improved by his friendship with

[1] Arthur Murphy (1727–1805). Author of a life of Johnson and editor of Fielding's works. He resided in Hammersmith Terrace. The house still exists. See *Doctor Johnson and Mrs. Thrale*, by A. M. Broadley. John Lane, 1910.

such men as Burke and Johnson. His "Grecian Daughter" procured him a very considerable sum of money; I have been informed, as much as 800*l*. He was once very intimate with Wilkes, and engaged in a paper-war with him, at the time the latter wrote the "North Briton;" nor was either of them aware that they were engaged in a literary conflict. When this circumstance was discovered, the enemies of Murphy were determined to oppose his next theatrical undertaking, which they did with unfortunate success.

I remember, that at the time of the coalition, when it was found so difficult to form a ministry, the late King offered to concede every point in agitation except one; which was, that Lord Thurlow should not be obliged to resign the Great Seal. Although no arguments could induce the party to relax, yet the King so firmly kept to his point, that the conference was obliged to be terminated. This great director of his sovereign's conscience was dreaded for his integrity, and for the influence which he possessed from his stern virtues.

I have good reason to believe, that the advice and friendship of this great lawyer, during the whole time of the existence of that coalition, which his Majesty so thoroughly disapproved, was the only consolation which he derived while Fox presided at the helm.

During the troubles of the American war, when the capital exhibited scenes of outrage and violence, and when Junius by his writings had astonished and perplexed the world, the King had uniformly preserved his presence of mind; but the coalition was too much for him; his cheerfulness forsook him, and he would come from Windsor to London, and back again, without ever opening

his lips. It was then that Thurlow was, as it were, his resting-place. From his persuasions he was induced to wait for a favourable opportunity of emancipating himself from the chains which surrounded him, and not to adopt vigorous or violent expedients, which might only procrastinate his views.

I remember, that at the time when Burke retired from his party, not into seclusion, but to join the friends of power, he suddenly quitted the benches of the opposition, and having gained the treasury side of the house, burst forth into a most violent philippic against his deserted friends. It was well known, that in the early part of his life, he had practised himself in oratory, in various political debates which were held at the house of a baker, who had great talents, although in so humble a station; and who presided at the famous debating society at the "Robin Hood." Sheridan, who, although he might have expected the desertion of his colleague, was not prepared for an attack, concluded a most animated speech, nearly in these terms:—"The gentleman," says he, "has, in his own words, quitted the enemy's camp; but he must recollect that it is as a deserter, and I trust he will never return as a spy. But," continued he, "I cannot be astonished at his apostacy, when I consider that it is but natural, that he, who on his first entry upon life could so grossly err as to go to the baker's for his eloquence, should come at the conclusion of his career to the House of Commons for his bread." This piece of wit instantaneously and irresistibly captivated the assembly.

Some men, although not possessed of great talents, are very decisive in all their actions. Hesitation is a great sign of weakness: a strong mind should perceive

instantly, at a glance, what step should be taken in great difficulties, or in a perilous situation. These are cases where decision may give a most important balance to the scale, when even life may depend upon it. My brother, Lord Berkeley, gave a very striking proof of this character, by which means he prevented himself from being murdered. Travelling in his carriage at night, and having fallen asleep, he was suddenly roused by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol at the window, demanded his money, and exclaimed, that he had heard his lordship had boasted, that he would never be robbed by a single highwayman, and now was the time for him to show if he meant to keep his word. Lord Berkeley, putting his hand into his pocket, told the man, that he certainly should not have suffered it at this time, if it had not been for the fellow behind him, who was just now looking over his shoulder. The robber instantly turned round his head, almost involuntarily, to see who was there, when my brother, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket, instead of a purse, as the highwayman imagined, shot him upon the spot.[1]

My gallant brother, Sir George, among the many instances that are recorded in the annals of our history, may, I trust, without any presumption on my part, claim his share of merit and bravery. In the ever-memorable engagement of the First of June 1794, he commanded the Marlborough of 74 guns, opposed to the Impetueux, which, after a most terrible conflict, was relieved by the Mutius Scævola coming to its assistance.

[1] George Cranfield Berkeley, seventeenth Baron Berkeley (1753–1818), son of the fourth Earl of Berkeley. Rear-Admiral, 1797; Vice-Admiral, 1805; Admiral, 1810; G.C.B., 1814. He succeeded to the barony on the death of Augustus, fifth Earl, on August 8, 1810.

Here English valour was enabled to prevail, and they were both compelled to strike to the Marlborough. Immediately after the surrender, a French ship of 120 guns, came under the Marlborough's stern, and raked her with a broadside; which caused much damage, and wounded, among the rest, my brother in the head and leg, so that he was compelled to retire from the quarter-deck. In this severe action, the Marlborough was totally dismasted, and many of her crew killed.

When courage is crowned with success, it is called heroism; but when it meets with defeat, it is denominated rashness. Buonaparte's failure in Russia was temerity in the highest degree: he was surprised by the sudden setting-in of winter, six weeks before the usual time; but he ought not to have failed in his calculations, and should have left nothing to chance: had he succeeded as he usually did, his heroism would have been applauded. The world judges from the result of things. Napoleon forgot that the Russians said—"If you come to us with a small army, we shall overpower you; if you come to us with a large one, you will overpower yourselves." He had the elements to contend with, in a climate which overwhelmed his host. When Nelson gained the victory at Copenhagen, it was the result alone, that determined whether he was worthy a court, or a court-martial. The inexhaustible resources of Great Britain were a mystery which Buonaparte never understood, and he knew their reality only by their effects. He little thought, at one period of his life, that he should be compelled to seek a refuge from his enemies, at the hands of those whom he most wished to destroy. The foresight of man often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

A good retreat shows the powers of a great general. Moreau was celebrated for this. No general can have the presumption to say that he shall not be defeated; but he may so conduct his plans of operations, that he need not be surprised. Buonaparte knew how to conquer, and to profit by his victories; but many have known how to gain the victory, who have failed in profiting by it.

To constitute a great man, both moral and physical courage are necessary: the former is most necessary for the council, the latter for the field. The one is a courage which despises all opinion; the other despises all danger. Buonaparte considered Murat as defective in one, whilst himself was perhaps not unsuspected of a deficiency in the other.

I have always contemplated that visionary fabric of Napoleon's imagination, the overthrow of Russia, as the offspring of utter folly. That the vision should "dissolve and leave not a wreck behind," could not be matter of astonishment: the loss was immeasurable, the desolation terrific. When Moscow ceased to exist, the Emperor intended to have abandoned the mass of ruins, and to have occupied the Kremlin with three thousand men. But the idea was vain:—what conception can be formed of the state of 200,000 houseless wretches, wandering about the neighbouring woods, and perishing with hunger? To the Kremlin some of them repaired by night, as a place of refuge, and to the adjacent ruins. But even this resource was denied them, for Mortier,[1] Duke of Treviso,

[1] Edward Adolphe Casimir Joseph (1768–1835). He was made a peer by Napoleon in 1815, and the title was subsequently restored to him by the Bourbons.

after the place had been mined, took the entire possession of it, with the intention of blowing it up.

It was suggested to the Emperor, as said in the bulletins, to devastate every object within twenty leagues round, and to set on fire every village. The same authority stated that he refused to adopt this plan of sacrificing 10,000 innocent persons for the sake of vengeance. It would have been gratifying to see a spark of mercy in the man who deluged Europe with blood; but the order of destruction was in reality issued. Before the plan could be adopted, the scene of ravage was prevented from extending farther, not from the clemency of the invader, but because the means were out of his reach. Buonaparte had given the mandate for the destruction of a fortress that had stood the storms of ages; the mines were completed; the arsenal, the palace, and the church, then stood upon a mass of combustibles, and a few sparks would have levelled all to the ground. Early in the morning the first explosion took place; but the Russian general seized on this signal of destruction, and rushed upon the perpetrators, who were a few detached, desperate men, who had pledged themselves not to quit the place till they had reduced the Kremlin to ashes: but, before another mine could be sprung, the intrepid Iloviasky, with his dauntless followers, had forced the gates, and, assaulting the wretches with the firebrands in their hands, took them prisoners and rescued the place.

Thus was the glory of Moscow preserved, and the plans of Napoleon frustrated. What a moment of pride and exultation to the Russian General, when he planted the eagles of his country again in the citadel! The citadel, the palace, and the arsenal, were left entire,

proof against the impotent rage and falsehood of a man who had previously declared to his soldiers that the Kremlin existed no more.

I cannot sufficiently admire the address of the Emperor Alexander,[1] at the termination of that dreadful invasion, to his invincible defenders: "Soldiers," says he, "that year is gone! that memorable and glorious year, in which you have levelled with the dust the pride of an insolent invader! That year is gone; but your heroic deeds remain! Time cannot efface their remembrance; they are present with ourselves; they will live in the memory of posterity!"

In the words of my friend, Kerr [Ker] Porter,[2] "Buonaparte, like Xerxes, beheld his hundreds of thousands pass in review before him only a few months prior to his shameful flight; but not like Xerxes did he shed tears at the procession of a host, so few of which were fated to return. An ambition more fierce than that of the Persian monarch, had dried up the sources of pity in Napoleon's heart, and rivers of blood had washed away the purer drops from his relentless eyes. The obdurate to others are generally the most weakly sensible to their own sufferings; and it is hardly to be doubted, that he who had viewed the horrors of Moscow and the Beresina without compassion, would, when lying a disguised fugitive at the bottom of a wretched sledge, find it possible to weep over the disappointments of his own pride."

[1] Alexander I (1777–1825). Succeeded his father Paul on the murder of the latter in 1801.

[2] Sir Robert Ker Porter (1777–1842). Painter and traveller. Knighted 1813. As Mr. Ker Porter he often took parts in the Brandenburgh House theatricals.

CHAPTER XXIII

Napoleon at Marengo—Death and character of General Desaix—Anecdotes of his career—Prince de Condé—The Duke D'Enghien—Curious particulars of Napoleon's conduct on the occasion of the Duke's execution—Anecdotes of Napoleon and Josephine—The King of Sweden's opinion respecting Napoleon—Extraordinary physiognomies—Madame de Stael and Tallien—General Hoche; remarkable circumstances attending his death—Anecdotes regarding him—The pretended Dauphin—Anecdotes of Louis XVIII—Lord Strangford.

AT the battle of Marengo,[1] Buonaparte appears to have displayed more self-possession and greater coolness than on most occasions. I have heard a military man, who was very near him on that occasion, declare that the Consul braved death in the midst of bullets, which raised the ground beneath the feet of his charger, where the dead and dying lay covered on the earth, surrounded by combatants, who were falling on every side, at every instant. It was then that he was giving orders with a *sang froid*, which excited the astonishment and admiration of all his officers. Even Berthier advised him to retire. His voice, and the traits of his countenance, were firm and unmoved. The enemy had, by means of artillery and cavalry, so disposed themselves, that the instant danger threatened to precipitate Napoleon from his lofty situation. All appeared to be lost without resource; and the Consul

[1] June 14, 1800.

would have been either taken or killed, had not Desaix arrived at the moment to save him, and to proclaim victory. But whilst Desaix was leading his troops to glory, his own fate was determined; in an hour after he had joined the army with his men, he fell. He saved his country from disgrace, and his commander from destruction. On receiving the mortal wound, he had only time to say to Lebrun: "Go to the First Consul, and tell him, that the only regret which I feel is, that I have not done enough for posterity:" and with these words he expired. Napoleon, on hearing this misfortune, exclaimed, "Why am I not permitted to weep?"

Desaix was born of noble parents, and devoted to the service; he was by birth a soldier. At the military college, he surpassed his companions in his studies, and in promptness for abstract science. In his youth, he was not addicted to dissipation, but on all occasions his distinguished talents procured him the respect of Broglio and Custine, to whom he was successively aide-de-camp and major of brigade. At the opening of the war, his first remarkable action was before Landau. Walking alone in the delightful country which surrounded that town, he heard on a sudden the clash of arms; his ardent spirit animated him; and without other weapons than a slight stick in his hand, he flew to the place from whence the sound proceeded. In an instant he finds himself in the midst of French and Austrian cavalry: each party having been sent thither for the purpose of reconnoitring: an engagement had taken place. Desaix rushes into the midst, encourages his countrymen by his voice and gestures, is overthrown and made prisoner; is disengaged, and renews the fight, and succeeds in

entering Landau with his victorious party, and a prisoner whom he himself had taken. He afterwards distinguished himself greatly, and was appointed general of brigade.

The honourable wound which he had received on his cheek, was caused by a ball which passed completely through that part; nor would he have it attended to, until he had rallied and reconducted his battalions against the enemy who had forced them into disorder.

While before Strasburgh, being attacked by a force infinitely superior to his own, and his troops retiring in confusion, he threw himself before them. "General," said they, "have you not commanded a retreat?" "Yes," cried he, "but it is the retreat of the enemy." At these words, the soldiers returned, rushed upon the enemy, who imagined themselves conquerors, and left them even without the resource of flight.

As a recompense for these acts of bravery, he was, to the disgrace of the French government, ordered to be deprived of his command; but happily, the General-in-chief, who was then at the head of the army, suspended the execution of these orders, and Desaix was not informed of them. Shortly after, a third order, of deprivation, came, but the representative, who had provoked it, or who brought it, perceiving the commotion it was likely to produce among the troops, and fearful of the consequences, failed to have it put into execution, and left to the soldiers a father, and a faithful companion.

His vile persecutors, determined on disgracing him, though they had failed in attacking him personally, revenged themselves in a manner no less unjust than dishonourable—by incarcerating his virtuous mother, the victim of the merits of her son. When the revolu-

tionary horizon began to clear, Moreau profited of the opportunity to name him a general of division, and confided to his care the left wing of the army of the Rhine and the Mozelle. It was then that Desaix made the memorable campaign of the Revolutionary year 4, celebrated particularly for the famous retreat of the former.

At Kell, he sustained the attacks of a rival worthy of himself,—the Archduke Charles.[1] Death hovered round him many times during these engagements, and deprived him of several friends. History will not pass over slightly his valour during the passage of the Rhine, which he executed in open day, in the presence of the Austrian army; a passage the most bold and enterprising that, perhaps, was ever recorded. On this occasion, when the French were exposed to the greatest dangers, Desaix first landed on the opposite bank of the river, during a most tremendous fire, regardless of the impetuosity of the waters. Followed by a small number of grenadiers, he overthrew those Austrians who were bold enough to resist him. One of their number, indignant, without doubt, that a handful of Frenchmen should make such havoc, returned upon them, and fired on one whom he selected as most worthy of his fury: the deadly ball penetrated the thigh of Desaix. Notwithstanding the acute pain he must have felt, generous as brave, he seized his adversary, and made him prisoner without destroying him; nor was it till then that his wound was discovered.

As soon as his wounds were cured, he profited by the suspension of arms, and visited the man who had con-

[1] Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, third son of Emperor Leopold II, *b.* 1771, *d.* 1847.

quered the greatest generals of Europe. His reception was of the most flattering kind. Great men have a sympathetic feeling, which unites them by indissoluble bonds. Buonaparte proclaimed to his whole army, the high esteem in which Desaix was regarded by him. He informed them, that Desaix was arrived from the army of the Rhine, and that he was come to reconnoitre the positions where the French had immortalized themselves. The conqueror of Italy did not leave the brave Desaix long in a state of inaction; he wished to associate him with his glory, and took him with him into Egypt. Desaix was present at the taking of Malta, at the battle of Chebrk-Grisse, and at those of the Pyramids. Desaix displayed such rare talents, and so great bravery, that Buonaparte presented him with a poniard, enriched with diamonds of the most exquisite workmanship, on which was engraved, "Prise de Malthe, Bataille de Chebrk-Grisse, Bataille des Pyramides."

Desaix gained victories at Sonaguy, at Thebes, at Gosseyr, and in numerous other places. Clemency always accompanied the conqueror: no dishonourable trait ever tarnished his memory. His military life, his conduct, both private and political, were standing eulogies of this brave and great general; and from these virtues he acquired, in Egypt, the name of the Just Sultan.

The arts and sciences were greatly indebted to him, both for useful discoveries in his researches among the ruins and monuments of antiquity, and for the protection and security of every kind which he afforded to the learned engaged in these undertakings. Desaix defended the country around Thebes against the most formidable

of the Beys, destroying that barbarous horde, whose valour was worthy a better cause, and pursuing them below the cataracts, where, for the period of twelve centuries, no army had ever penetrated. Such examples of valour afford a high idea of what he was capable of undertaking.

After having signed a solemn treaty, in virtue of which the army of the East was to evacuate Egypt, he departed in a neutral vessel, with a passport from the Grand Vizier, and another from Sir Sidney Smith,[1] and accompanied by an English officer as an additional security. However, notwithstanding all these precautions, he was arrested at the landing-place of Toulon, without regard to his character or the faith of treaties. He was then conducted to Admiral Keith,[2] who declared him a prisoner, and ordered that the vessel should be deprived of the helm, in hopes that it might run a-ground. He was then sent to the Lazaretto. The Admiral, it is said, added insult to this harsh conduct; but, whether Lord Keith was privy to it or not, it was said that a message was sent to him to require him to pay twenty sous a day for himself, and each of the French soldiers who were prisoners, adding ironically, that the equality proclaimed by the French sanctioned the treatment which he might expect, as being on a level with his men.

Desaix answered with that dignity and greatness of soul which so much became him: "I demand nothing but to be freed from your presence. Send, if you wish it, straw for those who are wounded with me. I have treated with Mamelukes, Turks, and Arabians of the

[1] Admiral Sir Sidney Smith (1764–1840). The hero of St. Jean d'Acre.

[2] Admiral George Keith Elphinstone, Viscount Keith (1746–1823).

Great Desert; with Ethiopians, Tartars, and Blacks; all these respected the word they had given, and refrained from insulting a man in misfortune." His letter produced its effect: whether the Admiral considered that he was doing wrong, or that a spark of humanity brought back more moderate sentiments, he suffered him to depart. Desaix disembarked at Toulon.

He there learned that the First Consul was on the point of conquering Italy. Desirous of fighting by his side, and of partaking of his perils, he was eager to join him; but he was also a good son, and loved his mother with the most tender affection. After two years of absence he would have wished to have embraced her, and to have reposed on his laurels; but glory was his passion; he sought to be immortalized, and this desire prevailed.

Obliged to perform quarantine at Toulon, his impatience could not brook the delay; he burned to join Buonaparte, and receiving an invitation from him, he instantly took post and hastened forward with all speed. At St. Germain, he was attacked by some Piedmontese brigands; one of his suite was killed, (an Ethiopian, whom he had brought with him from Upper Egypt, and who had been presented to him by the King of Darfour,) and many others were desperately wounded. The Genius of France, which watched over Desaix, reserved him for a more glorious end.

He arrived at Brondi, the general rendezvous, where his presence created the most lively sensations. His companions in arms hastened to receive him with every possible mark of admiration and respect; and when his division took the position of Tortona, he terminated his career by a ball, like Joubert and Marceau.

I heard this account from a person who was present at the scene, and who described with great feeling the impression he received when he saw the body of the General enveloped in cloth and covered with his cloak. It was conducted in a coach to Milan. He preserved till his death that great simplicity of manners and exterior, which, united to extraordinary courage, gave a pensive character to his countenance, naturally pale. His look was penetrating and ardent. His unalterable *sang froid* inspired in all who regarded him a respect which was due to his greatness. His dress was entirely blue, without embroidery; he wore a hat without feathers and without lace, and high boots. Such was his costume.

He fell when mounted on a horse, which was lent to him by Bessières, chief of brigade. His last words were expressive of that greatness of soul which never abandoned him, and of that sincere love of his country which he had always displayed.

The death of the Prince de Condé, at the advanced age of eighty-two, which took place in the year 1818, excited a considerable feeling in my mind, as I knew and estimated his good qualities. The mind of this amiable Prince, since the murder of the Duc D'Enghien [1] his grandson, the last of a race of heroes which that illustrious family had produced, had been tinctured with a melancholy sadness; but from this calamity he had sought refuge in the comforts of Religion, to which he had, during a large period of his latter days, devoted himself. His military career had commenced in the Seven Years' War, in which he obtained great distinction.

[1] Louis Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien (1772–1804). Shot by order of Napoleon at the fortress of Vincennes, March 20, 1804.

Being solicited by the aide-de-camp in an engagement to move some paces to the left, to avoid the direction of a battery which was the cause of much dreadful slaughter all around him, he replied, "I find no such precautions in the history of the great Condé." When the Duke of Brunswick visited this Prince at Chantilly, not finding the pieces of cannon which he had taken from him at the victory of Johaminberg, and which Louis XV had given to him as a reward of his valour, (Condé having, with great delicacy, kept them out of sight) the duke observed to him, "You have vanquished me twice: in war by your arms, and in peace by your modesty." He was in the highest degree brave, polite, generous, affable, and virtuous.

The stigma which has been attached to the conduct of Napoleon, with regard to the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, is entirely without foundation. The unfortunate duke was certainly condemned to die by the Emperor, but he wished to save his life, and have the credit of the pardon. He wrote the mandate to that effect, but the letter was intercepted by Tallien,[1] and the unhappy duke fell a sacrifice. When the Emperor heard the intelligence, he was overwhelmed with grief; and so great was his despair, that he attempted to destroy himself: Josephine was obliged to have every instrument which could be used for such a purpose concealed from him, and his sword and pistols were removed from his sight. Her care and attentions to him were unremitting; she never left him, and consoled him by every means in her power. She had him brought to St. Cloud; where he remained for fifteen days a prey to his feelings and

[1] Jean Lambert Tallien (1769–1820).

distress. Her influence over him was unbounded, and her affection soothed him into calmness. On his return to Paris, he went to the Opera and theatres; and no sooner had he presented himself, than he was hailed with enthusiasm. He had dreaded to appear again in public, as he imagined he should be considered as the murderer of the duke; but he had a soul above such a crime, and the prince was sacrificed by the intrigues of his ministers.

It is extraordinary to consider how great an influence the Empress Josephine possessed over him. She could curb his passions, which at times were violent, by her look alone. One day, when the Emperor entered her apartments, he displayed great symptoms of anger, having received letters which had caused that effect. He walked with violence about the room, giving way to a gust of passion. Josephine, with an eye of fixed regard upon him, said, "*Napoléon! Tu t'oublies.*" He instantly became pacified; and taking her by the hand, which he kissed, "*Oui, ma chère femme,*" he said, "*c'est toi qui me sauves toujours.*"

At another time he found in the apartments of the Empress, a glass that she had placed with some mixture to allure the flies, which swarmed about the room and among the flowers; he took it away, and threw the contents out of the window, saying, that those flies had not injured him, they only followed the dictates of nature. Josephine replied, that she wondered he who had caused so many thousands of men to die in war, should spare flies. "They were my enemies," replied the Emperor, "which the flies are not; and I was fighting against them for my country, and life."

A lady who was in the household of the Empress

Josephine, had a tortoise-shell snuff-box, which had been presented to her husband by the late King George III, and on which was executed a portrait which greatly resembled his Majesty. This box was one day placed upon the table, where the Empress and the lady were seated at work. Napoleon entered the room, and observing the box, took it up, and having examined the portrait, put it down again, saying, that from all the representations which he had seen of that monarch, he should imagine that it greatly resembled him. The lady, alarmed lest the Emperor should be offended, was at a loss to know how to act. The next day, of course, she did not use her box, and was endeavouring to apologize to Josephine, for displaying unintentionally what she supposed might have given offence to the Emperor. Josephine replied, that she did not conceive that such a circumstance could at all affect the mind of her husband; "but," added she, "as that box appears to me to be too large for you, will you do me the favour to accept this, which is smaller, and of gold?" The gift was received with acknowledgments of gratitude for the delicate manner in which it had been bestowed. A few days after, walking in the gardens of the palace, the Emperor approached her; and, with his usual affability, addressed her by saying, "*Bon jour, Madame! Permettez moi une prise de votre tabac.*" The lady presented the new box which had been given to her by the Empress; which Buonaparte observing said, "You have laid aside the box which contained the portrait of the King of England, and which I much admired. Believe me, madam," said he, observing that she appeared abashed, "I have a mind superior to such unworthy prejudices. I admire

the character of George III; he is a good man and a kind father, and his virtues are always worthy of imitation. It is not George of whom I complain, or of whom I am the enemy; it is his ministers, who mislead him."

Josephine was an American by birth, of the name of La Pagerie, and had formerly married the Marquis Beauharnois.[1]

"I will conduct you to London," often has Napoleon said to Josephine; "the spouse of the modern Cæsar must be crowned at Westminster." Although this might appear at first as *plaisanterie*, yet from its repetitions she discovered the depth of his projects. Josephine must have known the Emperor in moments when dissimulation was impossible; because he was obliged to prove or to disavow suddenly, his sentiments or actions.

Tallien was greatly attached to his wife, and Napoleon was desirous of effecting a divorce between them. An opportunity, as he imagined, presented itself, after a little quarrel which had taken place. But Tallien adored his wife, and was wretched at the idea of a separation. He became seriously ill in consequence of it; and, on the day when Buonaparte had imagined that he had overcome every difficulty, and expected to receive a favourable answer, he found the beautiful young Spaniard (for such she was) at the foot of her husband's bed. She held an infant daughter in her arms, whom she presented to Napoleon; and with that innate pride which her maternal feelings inspired, she said, "Do you believe it possible for a mother thus to abandon the father of her child?" Buonaparte stood amazed and overpowered at the discovery which his rival had obtained of his

[1] It should be Vicomte de Beauharnais.

intention. "She is *une indiscrête*," said he afterwards, speaking of Madame Tallien,[1] "I only attempted to prove her: if she takes me for a Rinaldo, she is cruelly deceived; she will never be my Armida. Let her remain at *ménage bourgeois*: it may be happy for them both that things remain as they are." He had, however, much trouble to conceal his spite, and it devoured him a long time.

When the Persian Ambassador was at Paris, he, as in London, attracted the attention of all ranks, and Askerkan was for a time *tout à la mode*. He was a very fine man, of a commanding person, and most graceful exterior. Before his presentation in public, many ladies wished for an opportunity of seeing him in private; among the rest the Empress Josephine, with other ladies of her suite, took an opportunity of attending upon his Excellency, incognito. As soon as she was introduced, he received her with a most gracious smile, and presented her with a small bottle of essence of roses, which was customary with him when he particularly distinguished any favourite.

The Ambassador, struck with the grace and *tournure* of Josephine, who was unknown to him, desired her to take a seat near him upon his divan; which honour she refused, excusing herself by observing, that such a favour was only bestowed upon privileged persons. His Excellency then inquired, through one of his interpreters, if she would feel disposed to accompany him into Persia, there to reside with him; and that he would engage himself from that moment, to make such an establish-

[1] The myth which makes Theresa Caburrus, the wife of Tallien, one of the heroines of the French Revolution, under the alluring sobriquets of "Our Lady of Thermidor," or "Our Lady of Good Help," is effectively disposed of in M. L. Gastine's admirable biography, of which a translation has been published by Mr. John Lane (1913).

ment for her as would excite the envy of her sex. She replied, through the same means, that she was married, and had two children; and the duty of her situation prescribed to her that it was right to remain in France, where her destiny was fixed.

On the day appointed for the Ambassador's reception at court, Josephine, adorned with all her regalia, and embellished with all her natural graces, received his Excellency with dignity and amiability. The air and countenance of Askerkan cannot be described. He recollected in the Empress, the woman who had captivated him. He remained fixed, and incapable of utterance Josephine released him from his embarrassment; and, with a gracious smile and exquisite tone of voice, inspired him with consolation, observing, "that he must acknowledge she had reason to say, that she preferred to remain in France, above all the offers which could be made to seduce her."

The Empress was extremely fond of India muslin. The Ambassador presented her with some of the finest quality. Napoleon had anxiously wished to introduce at court the French cachemires; but the new nobility, following the example of the old court in articles of the toilette, were not desirous of according with his taste; and he found it impossible to prevail upon them to adopt those ornaments. Frequently did he knit his brows, when ladies were presented to him who wore foreign manufactures; nor did he cease to torment Josephine, by asking her continually the price of the dresses which she wore. In order to satisfy him, she would reply that they were made at Saint Quentin. "Ah! ah!" observed he, "that proves the superiority of our manufactures

over those of our neighbours." Josephine was amused, for the greater part of her robes were of the muslin of India, and of the most exquisite texture.

One day Napoleon entered her apartment in great wrath: he had obtained information that different goods which the Empress had procured, were contraband, from the coast of Holland. He gave positive orders to have any that might come in future, seized before their introduction into France. The Emperor afterwards appeared to enjoy the trick which he had played upon Josephine. He saw that she was disconcerted at not receiving articles which she expected; and, in a moment of petulance, observed to her, that the greatest punishment which could be inflicted on a woman, was to deprive her of her robes and her *chiffons.* He then told her that he would pardon her that time, but on one condition, which was, that if he detected any thing of the kind in future, he would condemn and execute as guilty, those who might commit such faults for her pleasure; "*Tout Impératrice que vous êtes, ma femme, vous n'êtes pas au dessus des lois.*"

Napoleon detested shawls; he liked to see the shape of women, and pretended that it was the deformed who first invented them;—nor could he bear to see a woman without rouge; their paleness gave him pain, as he always imagined them to be ill.

Madame Buonaparte,[1] his mother, delighted in ornaments and fine dresses. Besides being extremely expensive in her habits, she loved to accumulate money. After the Russian campaign Buonaparte was informed that

[1] Madame Letizia Bonaparte (*née* Ramolino), generally known as Madame Mère (1750–1836).

she had concealed, behind a picture, a large sum of money. He accordingly paid her a visit at the Thullieries [*sic*], and telling her that he stood in need of a sum of money, begged of her to lend him some. Madame pretended that he had been misinformed; that what money she had was placed out at interest, and that she had hardly enough for her regular expenses. He replied, that he believed her, and the conversation turned to other subjects.

Napoleon did not lose sight of his object; and a few days after, he went in private to take his dinner with her. Having finished his repast, he examined the pictures, and fixing himself before that which contained the casket, he said, "I shall be obliged to you if you will make me a present of that painting." "Certainly, with much pleasure, my son," she replied, "and I will order it to be sent to you." He immediately rings the bell, and calling for the domestics, commands them to take down the picture. Madame endeavoured to oppose him, but Buonaparte would be obeyed. As soon as the picture was removed, he perceived the casket, examined its contents, and ordered it to be conveyed into his carriage: he immediately took his departure, without an observation to his mother, who saw the seizure with disappointment and pain.

After the battle of Tilsit,[1] the Emperor had an interview with the Queen of Prussia. On the preceding evening, he said to one of his generals, "I am informed that her Majesty is a fine woman." "She is a rose," replied the general, "surrounded by a shrubbery of

[1] An obvious error. The Emperors of France and Russia met at Tilsit June 25, 1807.

laurels." The interview at first was delightful, and even delicate. "I imagined," said Napoleon to her Majesty, "to have seen a fine queen; but you, Madam, are the loveliest woman in the world." Roses, and other flowers, were in the apartment in vases: he took some of them, which he presented to her. "We are but little acquainted, said the Queen, confused, and with an air of timidity, "*mais j'agrée les sentimens de votre Majesté?*"—"Accept, Madam, accept them," said the Emperor; "it is a favourable presage of the friendship which I shall hereafter entertain for you, as well as for the King your husband." The Queen received the flowers; she was pale, and trembling. One of her attendants became alarmed. "Be assured, Madam," said Napoleon, "*Je suis tout à vous:* and if I can do any thing to serve you or oblige you, do not deprive me of that pleasure." The Queen kept silence. He insisted on the subject: at length she asked him with a faltering voice, for the Castle of Magdeburg for her son:—"Magdeburg!" cried he, rising at the same instant, "Magdeburg! Madam, Magdeburg!—but you cannot think of such a thing. Let us speak no more of it:"—and they separated. Thus the conversation finished.

The King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, firmly believed that Buonaparte was the Antichrist predicted in the Revelations, and always called him the *Beast.*[1] He imagined that the number 666, which was marked on its forehead, was comprised in the name of Napoleon Buonaparte; and he wrote to the Duke of Brunswick Oels, in 1807, that nothing should engage him to treat

[1] See *Napoleon in Caricature*, by A. M. Broadley. John Lane, 1911. Vol. II, pp. 218–32.

with the *Beast*, for in doing so, he should not only betray his duty to his God, and violate the ties of man, but should sign his doom both in this world and the other.

Josephine, like Madame de Maintenon, had been too far from, and too near grandeur, not to be aware of what it is. She frequently said to Madame de la Rochefoucault, "It is a continual weight for me to be Queen of France; and more particularly so, as I know beforehand what will be the *dénouement* of the drama."

One day, when it was proposed to undertake an affair of great importance, which the Emperor had suggested, Josephine requested to be allowed a delay of a day or two, as it happened to be a Friday, which she considered as an unlucky day. "It may be so for you, Madam," he replied, "but to me it is the most fortunate day of my life: I never forget that it was the day of my marriage with you."

I was well acquainted with a lady who was in the prison of the Conciergerie for many months with Josephine, when she was under the sentence of the law during the Reign of Terror, while Robespierre tyrannized over France. I have no doubt, from what I have been able to learn, that she greatly contributed to her comforts during that horrible imprisonment. She was led to the scaffold, and the awful instrument nearly suspended over her head, when the joyful cry of "*Vive la République! à bas le Tyran!*" was heard. It was at this momentous crisis that she escaped a fate, which nothing that could have been foreseen but by the eye of Providence, could have prevented.

They who take delight in observing the relation between the physical and moral traits of the human

countenance, and those of that of animals, have remarked that Danton had the physiognomy of a mastiff, Marat that of an eagle, Mirabeau of a lion, and Robespierre of a cat. The temperament of the last was at first melancholy, and ended in being atrabilarious. He had first a pale and dull countenance; it afterwards became yellow and livid. The history of his temperament is a great portion of the history of his life.

Tallien was a man of whom Napoleon stood in awe. "*Méfie-toi surtout de Tallien,*" said the Empress once to Napoleon; "*tu l'as offensé, et un homme tel que lui ne peut supporter l'idée d'être abaissé par un homme tel que toi.*"

Madame de Stael[1] felt a lively interest in the return of Tallien to France; where he could not be received with safety, as he was on the proscribed list. She not only wished his return, but was anxious that he should be in the ministry. The task was difficult: as an emigrant, or *ci-devant* noble, his pretensions would appear absurd. Upon her application to Barras, at the first word he was rejected; "I do not know," said he, "which of us is asleep, but one or other of us must have lost our reason." Her eloquence, however, assisted by a female friend, gained ground, and Barras was already shaken; he despaired, even if he consented himself, of gaining over Carnot, whom he described as possessing the inflexibility of Cato, with all the disinterestedness of that Roman.

General Hoche [2] was one of those examples of singular

[1] Anna Louise Germaine Necker, Baronne de Staël (1766–1817).

[2] Lazare Hoche (1768–1797). See *Napoleon and the Invasion of England*, by H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. John Lane, 1907, pp. 5–43.

talents, which are produced under great revolutions, and which astonish the age by the brilliancy of their powers. He was born at Montreuil; and lost his mother at his birth. At the age of sixteen, he conceived a passion for arms, and entered the French guards. He became the pacificator of *La Vendée*, and was appointed by the Directory to command the expedition against Ireland: his failure is well known. After fourteen years of exploits, he fell ill, and was observed to have an apathy which appeared extraordinary. His health visibly declined; he adopted and rejected every remedy: at length no hopes were left, and one of the bravest men had nothing left in his countenance but traces of destruction. He saw death approach with firmness; but his mind was struck with the prediction which had been made to him at the house of Tallien, by Buonaparte, and he often repeated what was then said:—"It is true, I shall never see more than thirty years. I am a victim, I die a victim, and I am not ignorant whence the blow proceeds." Various conjectures arose from the manner of the general's death, thus premature. Some accused the Directory, others the husband of a woman to whom Hoche was much attached. His death did not appear to be natural. Some hours before his last moment, he wrote a letter to Madame Buonaparte, and revealed to her a secret; advising her not to neglect to use it whenever circumstances might allow.

The memory of General Hoche was dear to Josephine, who never spoke of him without sentiments of the most profound respect and sorrow: she was persuaded that this friend of her's had drunk of the cup of Nero, but never before any one did she hint at the name or quality of his

persecutor. The faculty of medicine at Paris, who inspected the body, perceived no positive traces of poison, and hesitated to pronounce that he died from its effects.

Among the many extraordinary stories which arose from the French Revolution, there was one which gained some degree of credit among a certain class of people :— this was that the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI was alive.

Within the last year, it was reported, that he was still existing in America, where he had issued a manifesto ; and I have heard it declared, that it was on that account that the Marquis de la Fayette had proceeded to that country, as it was supposed that he had been instrumental in saving the life of that prince.

At the time of the conspiracy of George Cadoudal, it was related to Buonaparte that the son of Louis was alive, and was under the protection of the Vendeans. Fouché, then minister of police, was instructed to send to prison a young man, who had excited great interest by declaring himself to be the dauphin. He was a drummer in a Belgian regiment, and was sentenced to run the gauntlet for a slight crime. At the moment that the punishment was to be undergone, he demanded to speak with the colonel, as he had, he said, a secret of great importance to communicate. Being conducted into his presence, he declared to him that he was the dauphin, son of Louis XVI ; that till that day, he had kept the secret in the most profound silence, except in confidence to his sister, to whom he had communicated it,—but that, feeling the disgrace of the chastisement he was going to suffer, he could not suppress his feelings, and begged to be allowed to give the proofs he could produce,

and to have a suspension of the punishment till he had convinced him of the truth.

The officer, who was particularly struck with the appearance and countenance of the drummer, the facility with which he expressed himself, his polished manners, and the semblance of truth which animated his account, undertook to submit this unexpected subject to the general in chief, whose quarters were at Turin. He conveyed the youth in a carriage with four horses; and, having arrived at Asti, an old Swiss Guard recognized him, and, with tears in his eyes, fell at his feet.

As soon as his arrival was made known at Turin, all the ladies disputed for the pleasure of seeing him; and urged him to give a relation of his adventures, which he did in the following manner.

He stated, that when a prisoner in the Temple, he had been confided to the care of a shoemaker, named Simon; this man had every appearance of being fierce and brutal. Often, in the presence of the commissaries of Paris, he appeared to ill-treat him, in order to gain their confidence, but in his heart he deplored his misfortunes, and frequently, when alone, gave him proofs of the most tender affection. His object was, undoubtedly, to save him; but unfortunately great difficulties were opposed to his designs, and the Convention had formed the resolution of destroying him. As they dared not do this openly, they gave secret orders to Simon to poison him, but his generous guardian was horror-struck at this proposition. He procured the dead body of a child, which he put there in his place, and presented it to the commissaries. As the resemblance was not exact, he attributed this difference to the violence of the poison, which had so

much disfigured his features. He then placed him under the care of a friend, who conducted him to Bordeaux, and afterwards to Corsica; but the great misfortune which happened to him after this, was that his benefactor died.

Having soon exhausted his stock of money, and being pressed by want, he entered into the service of a vendor of lemonade. As his sister was at Vienna, his project was to join her there. With this design he quitted Corsica, and repaired to Italy, to pass from thence into Germany. Italy was occupied by the Austrians; a party of infantry fell in with him, and endeavoured to compel him to enlist. On his refusal, he was stripped of all he possessed; and, to avoid a greater misfortune, he was engaged as a drummer, being then only fourteen years of age. From that time he performed his duty with punctuality; but, committing for the first time a fault, he had been sentenced to the punishment, and now having made himself known, his only hope was in the protection of the Emperor.

This recital, made with great simplicity, produced its effect. The attentions paid to him were redoubled. Many who had been about the court, remembered that the dauphin had a wound which he received from a fall from a ladder; it was discovered that the youth had the same wound. The public ran to bestow their homage, and he was called *Monseigneur*, and *Votre Altesse Royale*. The general received orders to bring the supposed dauphin to a court martial; to load him with favours if he spoke truth, and to punish him severely if he proved to be an impostor.

The young soldier, alarmed at the trial he was to

LOUIS XVIII

From an engraving by J. C. Stadler after C. Rosenberg & Son

undergo, confessed that he was the son of a watchmaker at Versailles ; and that he had recourse to this stratagem to evade the punishment which he had incurred : yet, notwithstanding this confession, many believed in the tale. The council of war determined that he should undergo the sentence ; but, at the solicitation of some ladies, his punishment was remitted to running the gauntlet once, instead of three times.

The late King of France, Louis XVIII,[1] at whose suggestion I undertook to write these memoirs, possessed a good understanding ; his character has not been generally known. His wit was not great, but his mind was clear ; he was no stoic, but in his private sentiments was liberal ; he concealed his thoughts on the subjects of both politics and religion, on each of which topics he was by no means bigoted ; he was fond of *bon-mots*, and would be vain of them ; amid many trying circumstances, he conducted himself with adroitness, and, although greatly complicated, he would evade them with skill. He preferred pleasure to power, and eating perhaps to every thing : he returned to the throne of France, as much for the sake of his family as for himself. It was said of him, though perhaps it would have been more truly applied to the men who surrounded him, and to those Holy Allies who replaced him on the throne, "that nothing had been learned or forgotten." He had no more power to prevent the execution of the unfortunate Ney, that atrocious and infamous act, than he had to lead an army against Buonaparte, when he landed from Elba. From his earliest years he manifested a reserved

[1] Louis XVIII (1755–1824). Known as the Comte de Provence and "Monsieur."

and timid disposition. Study was his predominant passion; and his preceptor never remarked in him any of those ebullitions of passion, or warmth of affection, which are always proofs of a great and noble mind. Educated with his two brothers, the Duke de Berry, afterwards Louis XVI, and the Count d'Artois,[1] he always displayed a greater reserve towards his elder, than his younger brother. At the accession of Louis XVI, Monsieur, who had acquired reputation as a man of talents, being fond of quoting the Latin classics in his conversation, wished to take part in the affairs of government. He put into the King's hands a small pamphlet, entitled "*Mes Pensées.*" Louis, meeting him next day in the Gallery at Versailles, said to him, according to the manner in which he was inclined to his character;—"Brother, henceforwards keep your thoughts to yourself." This, however, did not discourage him, and, profiting by the first confusion, he commenced an intrigue against the King and Marie Antoinette.

Anxious to obtain the palm for dramatic composition, the King, then Monsieur, wrote a comedy, in three acts, called, "Le Mariage Secret," in verse; which he wished to have represented under the name of his secretary, the celebrated Ducis, the imitator of Shakespeare on the French stage. The piece was represented, through another secretary, as Ducis did not approve of the style. It succeeded; was elegantly written, but cold in its manner. Under the name of Morel, he also caused two Operas to be performed; "Paminga," and the "Caravane du Caire," which owed their success to the delightful

[1] Afterwards Charles X (1757–1836). His reign came to an end with the July Revolution of 1830.

music of Gretry.[1] He also wrote, in 1814, several political articles, which were inserted in the Journal de Paris, but they were without effect; and it is said that he afterwards suppressed the "Miroir," for having pointed out at that time the defects of his style.

When the train of events at the time of the Revolution indicated the danger to which the royal family was exposed, Louis was amongst the first that emigrated. He left Paris in 1791, and went to Austrian Flanders. He has left a description of this flight, dedicated to the companion of his escape, D'Avary. It was this expedition that Talleyrand so wittily described, as the Journey of Harlequin, who is always afraid, and always hungry.

When banished from Cologne by the Elector, and repulsed from Vienna by the Emperor, Louis, then under the title of the Count de Lille, went first to Poland, and then to Mittau. It was there that he wrote the celebrated Letter to Napoleon, then consul; and, notwithstanding the display of sentiments which it contained, he laboured incessantly for his re-establishment as King; and the conspiracies of Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau, showed what means of success were adopted.

The peace of Tilsit conducted all the Bourbons to England, and Louis took up his residence at Hartwell, and afterwards at Wanstead. His chief favourites were Messrs. D'Avary, de Jaucourt, de Blacas, and Decaze. The latter gained his friendship by a peculiar circumstance: when Courtoin, the member of the convention, died, in 1818, M. Decaze, who knew that this man had in his possession an autograph correspondence, of the King with Robespierre, repaired to his house, and took

[1] André Ernest Modeste Grétry (1741–1813).

possession of it in his capacity of minister of police. He acquired by this means a claim on the gratitude of the prince, and a means of keeping him in dependence. It was this event which raised Decaze to the high offices he had filled.

It was a singular circumstance in the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI, that the twenty-first of the month seems to have been a date particularly ominous. On the 21st of April, 1770, he married Marie Antoinette, whose want of popularity certainly contributed to his fall. On the 21st of June following, a *fête* took place in honour of their nuptials, when fifteen hundred of his subjects lost their lives, by endeavouring, in an immense crowd, to push through a square at Paris, which had been a thoroughfare, but was at that time stopped, unknown to the populace. On the 21st of January, 1791, he was arrested at Varennes. On the 21st of September, 1792, he was dethroned, and royalty abolished in France; and on the 21st of January, 1793, he fell a victim to popular fury, innocent and without a crime.

Lord Strangford's, now Lord Penshurst's [1] grandfather, when very young, was, with Lord Shrewsbury,[2] sent abroad by his aunt, and placed in a Catholic college at Liege, much against his inclinations. He was so very averse to the regulations and manners of the society, that the members of it at last thought proper to confine him in a tower of the building. During the campaigns in Flanders, a regiment, commanded by one of the Duke

[1] Percy Sydney Clinton Smythe, first Baron Penshurst (1780–1855). Ambassador at Stockholm, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg.

[2] Apparently Gilbert, thirteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, *de jure*, who became a Catholic priest and died in 1743. He succeeded to the earldom on the death of his cousin the Duke of Shrewsbury (1660–1717).

of Marlborough's Generals, happened to take possession of the place, and entered the college which they occupied. One morning, as the General was walking alone in the garden, he perceived a slate fall at his feet, from the window of the building, with something written upon it. On taking it up, he observed these words: "Lord Strangford is confined a prisoner in this tower, against his will." The general immediately inquired of the prefect into the circumstances of the case, and having commanded the young nobleman into his presence, he found the statement to be correct, and ordered his immediate liberation. The present Lord Penshurst, his descendant, has the slate with the inscription in his possession, which he keeps as a curiosity.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Margrave's illness—His death and character—The King of Prussia executes a deed in my favour, which is ratified by his successor—The Margrave's body interred at Benham.

WHILST we divided our time between Brandenburgh House and Benham, in every enjoyment which human life could afford, surrounded with friends, and having public days at each place, society of every kind was not wanting. The Margrave's delight consisted chiefly in doing acts of beneficence, and attending to his studs, which were his chief amusement. He constantly ran horses, both at Newmarket and the other leading races; and his pride was to excel.

He had a favourite grey horse, which was to run for the Derby,[1] and which, from his own and the public opinion, there was every reason to believe was likely to gain the stakes of that year. One morning he called me to him, and with much earnestness said, he had one favour to beg of me, if he should not be alive in the spring when those races were to take place. "If I should be taken from you," said he, "let me entreat of you on no account to be persuaded by any one to withdraw the grey horse from the course, as I am certain, if fairly used, he will win the Derby." I begged of him not to talk in

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. cxvii.

such a manner, as I hoped he would live to see his horse come off victorious that year, and live to see many others. I perceived, from the earnestness of his manner, that he had something more upon his mind; when he informed me that he was aware that he had a complaint which would baffle the skill of the faculty, and that he was resigned to his fate, whenever he should be called away.

His observations were but too true; his constitution gradually gave way, and he resigned his life at Benham, —after lingering for two years with a pulmonary complaint, —when he had nearly completed his seventieth year. He had, previously, declared his intention of leaving me in the possession of all his property: a proof that he thought me deserving of his tenderness was, that he fulfilled his wishes.

To dwell upon his virtues would be unnecessary. I believe a better man never existed. There never was a being who could act upon more sincere principles. Nothing could divert him from what was right. None could bear with patience, like himself, the ill conduct of those to whom he was once attached. None could more easily forgive. It is a great misfortune, and humiliating to human nature, that we can never speak of a good man without being necessitated to speak of plots,—of envy. None was ever more exposed to them than the Margrave. It is astonishing that so kind a friend, and so excellent a master, should have been liable to such injurious treatment.

His dignity was the dignity of virtue. The different branches of the royal family, to whom he was so nearly related, can bear testimony to his goodness. The King, when Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York, Sussex, and

Gloucester, received his attentions with pleasure.[1] The Dukes of York, Clarence, and Gloucester, at different times, visited him while we were at Anspach, where they staid some time; the latter for near two months: and such was the Margrave's hospitality, that he would allow of no expenses being incurred by his royal guests, not even in the most trifling minutiæ.

Frequently have I known him relieve distress, wherever it deserved his assistance.—He has often returned the rents to his tenants, when he has found that from misfortune, or some unforeseen cause, they have been distressed to make up the sum. One farmer in Berkshire, (of whose case he had been informed,) when he came to settle his accounts, he followed out of the room, and, without a word, put into his hands two hundred pounds, which the poor man had just paid with difficulty: nor would he wait to hear his thanks. He generally carried about him large sums of ready money, which he at times distributed in portions to those from whom he heard a tale of woe.

Calumny against such a man must have been an outrage to truth. It should have been impossible for him to have enemies, for he possessed no indignation. Contempt with him was a painful sentiment. Mildness and goodness were naturally implanted in his breast. When an offence was offered to him, he suffered it not to reach him. By his moderation, he humiliated those who would injure him; and shamed them by returning good for evil. Sensibility was the basis of his character.

To so many virtues he added the rare merit of not being aware of possessing them. Without pride or ostenta-

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. lxxxix, etc.

tion, he knew not that he deserved praise. He forgot that he was a prince and a sovereign.

He was so perfectly genteel and princely in his air, that, even with his great coat and round hat, the sovereign was perceived. His complexion was fair and brilliant in colour; his hair was of the lightest brown; his eyes quite blue. He fenced, rode, and danced with equal grace; was a good shot; played well at billiards, and all games; had a good ear for music, and had learned to play on the violoncello; added to which, he was an excellent arithmetician. His profile showed the most benignant disposition I ever saw; and, had he been in a class of life to have chosen a profession, I should have advised the stage; for, strange as it may appear, he was an excellent mimic. Alone with me, and after a drawing-room at Anspach, or a circle at Brandenburgh House, he would frequently represent the attitudes, voices, and ridiculous speeches of persons whose peculiarities had escaped my notice; and that so well, that when I saw them afterwards, I could scarcely refrain from laughter. Yet this talent he never exercised before a third person, or gave any human creature cause to suspect it. His humanity and politeness superseded any natural propensity to ridicule. His penetration was very extraordinary; he has often probed the characters and designs of people, and, when with the utmost concern and reluctance I have listened to his remarks, his observations have always been justified. He applied the money allowed to him for his pleasures, in relieving his subjects. It is not to be wondered at, that he was at Anspach always called "our Alexander;" nor am I surprised now, as I was, when a woodcutter

coming out of a wood, into which the Margrave with myself and about fifteen other persons were riding, made up to him, and putting his hand familiarly on the saddle, said, "I have lost my knife; you will take care, and let me have it if they," pointing to the suite, "find it."

The Margrave's favourite study was military tactics; in which he obtained the greatest honour and knowledge, under the tuition of his godfather, the Duke of Wirtemburg,[1] and that immortal hero, his uncle, Frederic the Great.

He slept in the King's tent; and, he has told me, that he was sent to bed long before his uncle had retired into his tent, on account of his extreme youth, but never was asleep when his uncle arrived. He constantly saw him go to a table, where a large book was placed, in which the monarch wrote, sometimes very little, at other times a great deal; and, upon asking him at last, what he was writing, he replied, "A journal of my own campaigns: when I am dead, no doubt somebody will make use of and publish it; now, by setting down faithfully every night the occurrences of the day, I am sure no lies will be told."

Frederic preferred and loved his nephew above any of his relations; indeed, the Margrave was the only one who resembled him: and, at the parades at Berlin, when we were there, the soldiers, as he passed, frequently said, "Look at our old Fritz!" the name usually given to Frederic the Great.

I had in my possession one hundred and nine letters, all written by Frederic to his nephew, except a few, by

[1] Charles Eugene, Duke of Würtemberg. He reigned from 1737–1793.

his secretary, when the king was afflicted with the gout. I have likewise the ring which he constantly wore on his little finger; and which, with many magnificent things, he left as legacies to the Margrave. One of the horses which he bequeathed to him, I have repeatedly rode on occasion of the reviews at Anspach.

The Margrave's tender regard for his mother, the care and attention he bestowed upon that amiable Princess during the last ten years of her life, will ever be proofs of his filial piety and affection: and are among the brightest and fairest features of his picture. Indeed, the fixed principles of the affection, duty, and respect due from a son to a mother, were so deeply and solemnly engraved on his mind, that he thought no man could have one good quality who did not fulfil them most religiously.

It may be imagined, that the Margrave was not possessed of the frailties of human nature, and that he never strayed into the paths of gallantry; but it was quite the reverse. In his youth he had mistresses of every country, except of Germany; and I discovered, though he never mentioned it, that his reason for resisting all the advances of his fair countrywomen, who, from his rank and personal attractions, were desirous of holding him in the soft bondage of love, was the fear of creating confusion by their court intrigues, or by the designs of their relations. Like his uncle, he had a detestation of the German language, and never made use of it when he could avoid it. He never loved a woman long who was bold in her manner, or flaunting in her dress. He was naturally tender and affectionate, but brief and peremptory in his commands; and when displeased, his remarks were very severe. Pedantry and affectation of learning,

either in man or woman, excited in his discriminating mind the greatest dislike.

He excused any folly that proceeded from affection, and the foibles of love he always pardoned; nay, seemed to approve: but the affected sentiments which people are apt to exhibit, who talk about their feelings either in love or friendship, always made him laugh; and I have often seen him, what the French call *persifler*, or quiz, such imitators of passion, when they tried to persuade him that they were deeply affected by either sentiment.

The Margrave, in all his gallantries, was never known to seduce or encourage the advances of a married woman; nor to remain long attached to any woman, who practised coquetry or dissimulation.

I think the quality for which he most esteemed me was, my abhorrence of lies; and he frequently proved to me his hatred of affectation, by his elegant way of begging me to be affected, and, with infinite humour, quoting the tricks of other ladies; saying, "Would it not become you to do so and so?" mentioning those tricks.

The noblemen of my country who have been at Anspach, can best record the manner in which he treated them at his own court; and, as it were to represent the feelings of Englishmen in general, the Duke of Norfolk, on the Margrave's first arrival in England, offered him any or all his fine seats to reside in. The city of London, by the Company of Fishmongers, gave him the freedom, and round the medal presented to him is this remarkable motto: "He married our countrywoman, and we adopt him as our brother."[1]

[1] See Vol. I, Introduction, p. xcii.

May that spirit of benevolence arise out of his ashes, that princely munificence, that unbounded charity, that constancy to all that was good, that abhorrence of all that was bad, which so distinguished him! May these good qualities be diffused; and may women, like me, have self-denial enough to conceal for years, as I did, the partiality, the friendship of such a sovereign, (if ever such exist,) who first when I was an infant, then as a young mother surrounded by a numerous family, told me by words and looks, what his friendship, what his sentiments were; and never after varied in them. Could I do less for such a man, than accept his hand, though he had given up his sovereignty, and had no power of making me a suitable dowry at his death? I was left alone to cheer that setting sun, whose retreat from the world was clouded by all the horrors that the savage manners of war produce, and all the calamities caused by the French Revolution.

The late King of Prussia,[1] as a mark of his regard and esteem for me as wife of the Margrave, executed a bond for the sum of 2000*l.* per annum; to be paid to me after the decease of the Margrave. This bond was ratified by the present King, in his own hand-writing; but I regret to say, that not one shilling of it has been ever paid to me, although various applications have been made. When the sovereigns of the North were in England, in 1816, I was advised by counsel to proceed against the king of Prussia, to recover my rights; it would have been a curious circumstance to have brought a sovereign into an English Court of Justice, to obtain the effect of an instrument signed by his own hand. A negotiation

[1] Frederick William II (1786–1797). See *ante*, p. 53, etc.

on foot afterwards with M. Rothschild,[1] who hrough my agent, a considerable sum for the but I declined to take it, as I imagined that ooner or later, might prompt his Majesty, if he ange it with the ministers of Prussia, to relieve rom the obligation by which he is bound.

argrave's body was interred in Benham church, nonument has been erected by me to his beloved ; and I have placed in the house at Benham nt mausoleum, the marble of which I procured ly, as a record of his virtues.[2] I spared no for this memorial: the sum of upwards of five pounds, which it had cost me, is a small con- n of my gratitude.

. . . . .

efined taste of Sir William Gell,[3] the bosom f my amiable Keppel,[4] and whom I almost ed as another son, has led him to pass his life ring the antiquities of Greece and Rome, and to an unremitting assiduity in all his researches. I en accustomed to his society for years; and his l knowledge and various acquirements have

aniel Meyer Rothschild (1777–1836). Came to England in tled at St. Helen's Place 1805, and soon after moved to t.

Margrave died at Benham January 5, 1806. See Vol. I, Intro- p. cxx–cxxi.

illiam Gell (1777–1836). Archæologist, traveller, and letter- uthor of *A Journey in the Morea*. Sometime Chamberlain Caroline. A great friend both of the Margravine of Anspach on Keppel. They are all three buried in the same tomb in tant cemetery at Naples. See Vol. I, Introduction, p. cxxix.

el Richard Craven (1779–1851). In 1814 he became Cham- the Princess of Wales, and gave important evidence in her the trial of 1820. It was doubtless through him that Queen ecame the last occupant of Brandenburgh House. See also roduction, p. cxxix.

SIR WILLIAM GELL, 1777-1836

endeared him to all who really knew how to estimate his qualities. Keppel and Sir William have been inseparable friends. I lament to say, that the gout has made such violent in-roads on the constitution of Sir William, that his health has lately been totally undermined.

My beloved Keppel's health was dreadfully shaken by the Margrave's death. His attendance in his sick room was incessant, and his attention to me was truly filial. After my husband's death, his agent informed me, that he constantly made two wills every year, and never altered one word of them. On this man's observing that it was a singular will, as I was the only person named in it, the Margrave replied gravely, "Sir, I know whom I trust."

I continued to reside at Benham, till I thought it proper to go to Anspach, to make inquiries respecting a sum of money of the Margrave's, which was mine by right. I then discovered that the Germans took care to pay their countrymen their pensions, and, as I was a foreigner, I met with no redress. It was my own fault that that money had been left there; for it was part of the Margrave's mother's privy purse; as she left him, by will, all in her power, and it amounted to 60,000*l.* part of which he placed in the funds in England. It was at my request that he left the rest at Anspach, to cover the annuities he had bestowed on people there. It is strange to say, that the English Government, during the war, refused to let the Margrave send 75*l.* out of the country to a pensioner, though he annually sent into England for his use the sum of 30,000*l.* a year.

The English newspapers amused the public for nearly two years after the Margrave's death, by inserting my

marriage with various personages, from princes down to private individuals. As soon as peace offered a ray of hope to change the scene with any degree of comfort, Keppel embarked for Paris at the same time that Louis XVIII returned to the throne of his ancestors. We promised to meet in the autumn, and pass the winter at Marseilles ; but the Princess of Wales wrote him a letter, in which she requested he would attend her as chamberlain, as her situation demanded a person in whose honour and integrity she could depend. She hoped that I should not object to this proposal, but that I would consent to his joining her in Germany, and accompanying her as far as Naples, from whence, in the spring, he might leave her and return to me.

I told Keppel, that I could not refuse her Roya Highness such a request ; but, on the condition that he was to receive no emolument, and that he should perform every service required, without being considered as one of her household. It was fortunate for Keppel that I made this stipulation ; for when the Princess, at Naples, took umbrage with her friends, he was the only person who did not suffer by it. At the time that the Princess changed her intentions, and embarked without her suite at Naples, Buonaparte landed at Cette, and all the English in France hastened with the utmost speed to quit that country.

I had just sent a person to Paris, to engage me a house, with the idea that I should have been joined by my son. On the arrival of Buonaparte, I went to the Austrian Consul at Marseilles, as the Countess of Sayn, and procured a Genoese Bombarde to take me to Genoa ; proposing to go from thence across the lower part of Italy,

and to come to England through the Tyrol, by way of the Netherlands: and I wrote to Keppel, persuading him by all means to stay at Naples, unless he could find his way to England by an English ship.

I bought a carriage at Marseilles, and had my arms and supporters painted upon it, and travelled under my real name, knowing that the Austrian was the best protection. When I reached Genoa, how great was my surprise to find, that the Princess of Wales had arrived by sea from Naples, a few hours before me. All my inquiries respecting my son were fruitless; her Royal Highness had only Dr. Holland [1] among all her English friends.

As the Princess heard of my inquiries, she sent for me to invite me to tea; and although I remained with her for two hours, I could gain no information from her. She appeared greatly embarrassed when I said, I hoped Lady Elizabeth Forbes [2] had behaved well; her reply to me was, that she was a very good girl.

I went from this visit with a very heavy heart, disappointed at neither seeing nor hearing of my son. I afterwards learned, from a person in the Princess's suite, every thing that had happened, and congratulated myself that I had insisted that Keppel should not be one of the number.

From Genoa, I proceeded to Ghent, where I saw Louis XVIII; and in the winter following, after the

[1] Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D. (1788–1873), afterwards Physician-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of the fifth Earl of Granard by Lady Georgiana Berkeley, his second wife, whom he married in 1766. There were two sons and three other daughters, but neither of the sons succeeded. Lady Elizabeth Forbes died unmarried. After the death of her husband in 1780 Lady Granard became the wife of the Rev. Samuel Little, D.D.

battle of Waterloo had restored universal tranquillity, I proceeded to Naples, to embrace my son.

The King of Naples made me a present of two acres of land, on a most beautiful spot of ground, commanding a complete view of the bay. Here I built a house,[1] in form similar to my pavilion at Brandenburgh House; a large circular room in the centre, with smaller apartments surrounding it. The Duchess of Devonshire,[2] and many of our English nobility, resided at Naples; and the high esteem in which I was held at court, rendered my life extremely agreeable.

A curious circumstance occurred in Sicily, during my residence at Naples, in 1814, which engaged the attention of the English, and excited much sensation among the people of the country. Lord Herbert, eldest surviving son of the Earl of Pembroke,[3] during his journey through Sicily, became enamoured of the Princess Octavia Spinelli, widow of the Prince of Butera. This attachment having come to the knowledge of Lord Pembroke, he determined to go over into Italy, to prevent any thing serious arising from this connexion. As soon as the arrival of Lord Pembroke was made known to Lord Herbert, dreading his father's severity, and fearing, against his own feelings, he might be compelled to part with the Princess, he ran to her, on the night of the 17th of August, and entreated her in the strongest terms to give him her hand, that night. Ignorant of the laws of England, and of those

[1] The Villa Craven, at Posillipo. See Vol. I, Introduction.

[2] Elizabeth Foster, second wife of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, whom she married in 1809. She was the second daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol.

[3] George Augustus Herbert, eleventh Earl of Pembroke (1759–1827). Succeeded his father in 1794. His son, Lord Herbert, was born in 1791 and died in 1862. He married, August 17, 1814, Octavia Spinelli, Princess Dowager of Rubari, who died in 1857. He was succeeded by his nephew, the second Baron Herbert of Lee.

formalities necessary to the union of two persons of different religions, they sent for the curate, Dr. Ignatius Joseph Urso, in whose presence, and before two witnesses, they contracted a marriage, which is generally denominated clandestine.

Among the Catholics, though such a marriage is valid in all its extent, it is forbidden by the laws ; and to avoid the many inconveniences which generally happen from them, the two sponsors are condemned to a temporary detention. Accordingly, as petitions were brought by the competent authorities to the government, the new-married pair were separated, the one was confined in the castle of the city, and the other in the monastery of Stimmati.

The Earl of Pembroke, by every means in his power endeavoured to break the sacred union ; and himsel solicited for the further detention of the wedded pair. Before marriage, Lord Herbert had confided, into the hands of the Princess, an absolute promise, written and signed by his own hand, and sealed with his own seal. This contract, though very simple, was very energetic : it ran as follows ; " I promise, on my honour, to marry Octavia Spinelli, Princess of Butera, widow, when she wishes ; under my hand and seal,—Herbert."

Religious ceremony afterwards ratified this promise given, and as it was the effect, not of a hasty passion, but of deliberate resolution, it gave great offence that Lord Pembroke was supposed to have influenced two English clergymen who resided there, not to interfere in the affair. They refused to perform the ceremony, answering to Lord Herbert, that it was out of their power to oblige him, as they had been formally interdicted.

Lord Herbert, notwithstanding these injunctions, always manifested his sincere constancy, in every letter which he wrote to the Princess, during his confinement for three months in the castle; styling her, "My Lady Herbert." At length, on the night of the 13th of November, he effected his escape from confinement.

Previous to his departure, he left a letter for the Princess, but whether it contained an eternal adieu, or an excuse for what he had done, is not known; as, in the general seizure of his Lordship's property, it fell into the hands of persons who did not think proper to deliver it. The situation of the Princess may be better imagined than described. Deprived of the retributions due to her as widow of the Prince of Butera, and uncertain as to her future destiny, she was placed in a most cruel situation.

In the summer of last year [1825], I came again over to England, for the purpose of seeing the monument I had undertaken to have erected to the memory of the Margrave, at Benham. During my stay there, I sent to the Duke of York,[1] to request he would lend me two marquees, to place on the grounds. His Royal Highness, with his usual kindness, immediately provided me with two very handsome ones, accompanied with a letter in his own hand-writing.

For the Duke of York I had always the greatest esteem, nor have any circumstances caused me to change the high opinion I have ever entertained of him. He possesses one of the best hearts in the world; and, like the Margrave, loves to do a good action, without the ostentation of it. I have always enjoyed his confidence,

[1] Frederick Augustus, Duke of York (1763–1827). It was to him that these *Memoirs* were originally dedicated.

and never abused it. While in London, I had several visits from Mr. Canning,[1] whose high talents are so well known that it would be unnecessary for me to eulogize him; and I most heartily congratulated him upon the marriage of his amiable and accomplished daughter, with that deserving and highly estimable nobleman, the Earl of Clanricarde.[2]

I would willingly conclude my memoirs without any mention of the conduct of the late Queen Caroline;[3] but, as great injustice has been done to his present Majesty, I feel it incumbent on me to allude to that delicate subject.

His present Majesty has been universally admired, for the great urbanity of his manners, for his high accomplishments, and for the goodness of his heart. Although he may have enemies, no one has ever dared to insinuate that hypocrisy was a component part of his character.

Possessed of every manly grace, and adorned with every personal attraction, it is not to be wondered at, that in a country so polished as our own, and in a court where every beauty was displayed, he should be the admiration of all who were anxious to obtain his favour.

His conduct to our sex has been unexampled; and those who have had the happiness of knowing him, as I did, will not hesitate to do justice to his feelings, on all occasions where female delicacy was concerned.

His liberality never failed, even to his wife, with whom,

[1] George Canning (1770–1827). Prime Minister 1827.

[2] Ulick John, first Marquis of Clanricarde (1802–1874). Married, 1825, Harriet, only daughter of George and Viscountess Canning. Lady Clanricarde died in 1876.

[3] The somewhat spiteful allusions of Queen Caroline to the Margravine of Anspach, whose son served her so faithfully, are referred to in the Introduction. See Vol. I, Introduction, pp. lxxix and cxxx.

smarting under painful sensations and irritating observations, he was upon the most unfriendly terms; he took her enormous debts upon himself, and made sacrifices, as was observed by the minister of the day, which no other husband in the world would have made, had he been brought before parliament, and placed in a similar situation. The creditors of the Princess, without the intervention of the Prince, could never have received any thing; and, if I recollect rightly, the amount of her Royal Highness's debts was 75,000*l.*; part of which were discharged by the droits of Admiralty, and the Prince liquidated the remainder, which were upwards of 40,000*l.*

Such actions furnish their own panegyric; and in the pleasant contemplation of them, I rest from my work.

THE END

THE VILLA CRAVEN AT POSILLIPO, NAPLES, NOW KNOWN AS THE VILLA MARIE, ACQUIRED BY THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH, SEPT. 4, 1817, AND NOW THE PROPERTY OF SIGNOR ROBERTO DE SANNO

APPENDICES

APPENDICES

EARLY POETIC EFFORTS OF LADY CRAVEN

A

THE ABODE OF GENIUS

A FABLE

ADDRESSED TO THE REVEREND MR. JENNER IN THE YEAR 1771.

SIR JOHN RUPEE from India sails,
Richer than any King of Wales.
Enormous diamonds, pearls untold,
With many a pound of powder'd gold,
Enrich his store; here, painted glass,
There, muslins lay; a weighty mass!
Besides of many curious things,
Fit only for the use of Kings.
With heavy ballots, great and small,
But he, the heaviest of them all,
Look'd up, and smil'd, with self-applause,
" 'Tis well the Nabobs have no laws;
Soon shall these shining trifles bear
A whisper to my sov'reign's ear,
That John Rupee would be a peer.
These too shall bring me cooks from France,
These too shall teach me how to dance,
These too "—must yield in this same hour,
Cries Death, to my superior power.
For while the Knight laid out his wealth
In projects to destroy his health,
Death soon, in habit apoplectic,
Took care the Knight should not be left sick,

And thus his grand designs were soil'd—
By death were spoilers ever spoil'd.
An heir, the only one he had,
In circumstances rather bad,
Was selling, at a country fair,
Tape, candles, snuff, and such-like ware;
When the glad tidings reach'd his ears,
Turns colour, hems, and 'round him stares,
Cries, "Bet—our Bet, what must we do
With all those things, for I don't know?"
"Why, law," she answered, "there's the vicar,
"Wull tell us for a drap of lequor."
"No, no," says Tim, "I understand
"That had I genius at command——"
"Why, fetch him then, you sorry elf;"
"That's right," says Tim, "I'll go myself."
The story runs, that France and Spain
Sent Tim, sans genius, home again.
And there a friend, one lucky day,
Advis'd him quite another way:
"Go north," he cried, "the air is keen
"And clear, where Genius may be seen."
Now Tim and Bet, in hack post chaise,
Set out for Scotland in two days;
Resolv'd to travel day and night,
To find this Genius, clever spright!
Who was to set all matters right.
Without one broken wheel or bone,
From Kent to Coventry, jog on
The clumsy pair; but Fortune's smile,
Which can far wiser heads beguile,
There quickly chang'd it to a frown,
As they, their horses at the Crown.
'Twas Sunday; and the boys never fail,
To keep the Sabbath strict—with ale.
Ah! luckless man, in Warwickshire,
Whose lot is to be driven in by Beer.[1]
(Says Prudence, whisp'ring in my ear,
And dost not thou, gay trifler, fear
Thy muse so weak, so young, should now
Be stuck, or smother'd in a slough?

[1] A postillion's name in Coventry.

Pshaw ; prithee friend, I cry, begone,
And let me with my tale have done.)
The roads were bad, the ways were deep,
Both Bet and Tim were fast asleep,
Night long had taken place of day,
The driver long had lost his way,
When some most awkward bank or ditch,
'Twas dark, and so they knew not which,
O'erturned the sleepers in the dirt,
The chaise was broke, but they not hurt,
Soon scrambled out, but where to go
They could not think, they did not know ;
Bet cried, because she could not see ;
Tim soon crept half way up a tree,
From whence a glimm'ring light he spied ;
Sure, that's a house, our Bet, he cried ;
Then, arm in arm, they walk together,
To seek a shelter from the weather ;
Some fifty yards they go—and find
A small brick house, a wood behind,
A field before, a garden gate,
Secur'd with care, a garden gate,
Secur'd with care, for now 'twas late :
They call—a female voice replies—who's there ?
With stick and lantern then draws near,
And lets the trembling travellers in :
My master, Sir, is not within,
Says Mrs. Mary, for 'twas she,
A house-keeper of fifty-three.
Quickly their downfall they recite.
" Oh dear ! you must sleep here to-night,"
Adds Mrs. Mary ; " walk in here ; "
Then leaves them, and with friendly care
Returns with ham, cold chicken, cheese,
And any wine that you shall please.
Now round the room with scorn Tim gaz'd,
High on a desk was music rais'd,
Here books in burly chaos laid,
And there some poems lately made ;
With these, an inkhorn and a fiddle,
An half writ eclogue, and a riddle.
No stucco, glass, nor gilding seen,
But all was plain, and neat, and clean.

Tim swore at all delays, but eat,
While Bet sat grumbling o'er her meat:
" 'Twas hard they were no farther got;
To be detain'd too in a cot,
Where Genius never shew'd his face,
'Twas sure a mortal cruel case!
Why maybe, Tim, we may not get
To Mr. Genius three days yet;
I wonder where this Genius is,
Will he be yours, and you be his? "
When lo! a voice, sweet, shrill, and clear,
Cries—" Who wants Genius? I am here."
They stare, amaz'd—where—where—why here,
Laid snug in Jenner's elbow chair.

B

There is a collection of early unpublished poems by Lady Craven in possession of her descendant, Lady Helen Forbes.

These poems are bound up in a thin quarto volume which contains the fine heraldic bookplate of Lord Macartney, Knight of the Order of the White Eagle and the Bath. They have all been copied very neatly, but the handwriting, which is uniform throughout, appears to be contemporary. On the first page is a sonnet to the Right Honble. Lady Craven on her poetical works by the Rev. Mr. Jenner:—

I saw fair Craven sit in state
To smooth her verse, and from her air
The Graces at her toilet wait
The Muses hover round her chair.
A Muse began, with skill profound,
To teach her all the critic art,
The fair one lent an ear, but found
A better tutor in her heart.
Cupid look'd on, with that warm look
Which at his Psyche's feet he wears,
From his own wing a pen he took,
And dipp'd it in a lover's tears.

Take this, he said, nor court their art,
The Muse's skill is poor to mine,
With this imprest, shall every yielding heart
Preserve, indelible, the ever living line.[1]

There is a long prose dedication à *Moi-Même* in French, signed Elizabeth Craven, Nov. 28, 1773. A note states that this dedication accompanied a copy of the verses sent to the Duchess of Marlborough, March, 1774.[2] The first item of any importance, following sundry riddles and conundrums, is an "extempore epilogue spoken at Blenheim by Lady Craven dressed in a great coat and jockey-cap, with a whip in her hand, at the conclusion of the "Blenheim party" playing *High Life Below Stairs* :—

Lest, Sirs, you should mistake me by my Dress
I am—a Muse—which you would never guess
My figure is a strong one, I confess
Deputed by my sisters, post I came
To save these infant actresses from shame.
At 'Nassus to me says Melpomene,
"The folks at Blenheim only play at Domino,
I think the game too trifling for her Grace
Some greater play becomes her noble race"
Says I "Lord Sister something they must do."
"Ay something," she returned, "but something new,
So take a hack, and tell the Party there,
To look unlike themselves and make fools stare,
And you, to add to all the fools surprize
Must take some very human like disguise."
A jockey of Queen Bessy's female reign
I come—and seriously maintain
That all grave politicians are but Asses
Compared with those who represent these farces.

Next comes an epilogue spoken at Blenheim on January 7, 1773, by Tag (Miss Harriet Wrottesley), Rag (Lady Craven)

[1] Jenner died in 1774. There is, or was, a monument to his memory in the churchyard of Claybrook, in Leicestershire, upon which is engraved an epitaph written by the Margravine of Anspach.

[2] Caroline Russell, only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford. Married August 23, 1762, George Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough [1739–1817].

and Bobtail (by Tibby, a little boy, fiddler to the Duchess).[1]

Mr. Jenner's effusion of 1771 provoked a reply from Lady Craven far longer than the original. It opens with the lines :—

> Say, Parson didst thou never see
> A frightened steed fly o'er the plain ?

Three or four pages are taken up by "A punning vulgar ballad to be sung at table to the ancient tune of 'a begging we will go.'" It must be confessed the puns are not very good, but the rousing chorus, "A punning we will go," may have made the song popular. In 1770 Lords Suffolk and Guernsey being very fond of puns, Lord Aylesford entreated Lady Craven (as she explains in a note) to send them the "Punning Song" to promote the hilarity of a shooting-party at Castle Rising. She at once added the following stanza :—

> Mark well my words
> My shooting Lords,
> Though now both in your Prime
> No game you'll kill
> Do what you will
> If you forget to *Prime*.
> And a punning we will go.

The Rev. Mr. Jenner is honoured by "The Abode of Genius —a Fable," and another set of verses in response to his "False Alarm."

There must have been theatricals at Combe Abbey as well

[1] In these theatricals at Blenheim and similar performances at Combe Abbey we doubtless have the genesis of the dramatic performances at Brandenburgh House which entered so largely into the life of the light-hearted writer of these verses. The Blenheim performances continued to flourish for nearly twenty years. The music for them was very often composed by Dr. Philip Hayes [1738–1797], and the MS. album of the Ladies Elizabeth and Caroline Spencer is now in the possession of A. M. Broadley. Many interesting details concerning the Blenheim plays will be found in the Reminiscences of Professor Edward Nares [1762–1841]. Two mezzo-tints by Jones after J. Roberts, published in 1788, perpetuate the acting of Lord Charles Spencer and Lady Charlotte Spencer in *False Delicacy*, and of Lady Caroline Spencer, Lord William Russell, and the Honble. R. Edgcumbe in *The Guardian*.

as at Blenheim, for we have an epilogue translated from the French, written by Lady Craven for "a musical entertainment performed there by a select party before a numerous audience on Jan. 18, 1774." The "Chinese Rail—a Hobby Horse" (1772) is interesting on account of the allusions to Benham and Newbury, thirty years later so closely associated with the last years spent by the writer in England.

> How oft doth care from greatest objects flow
> While real bliss the smallest can bestow?
> Or why should beggars scorn the Noble's lot
> While Nobles envy them their rustic Cot?
> With what complacency the humble swain
> Looks o'er the naked down, or humid plain,
> Whilst I through natural or borrow'd taste
> With horror fly the black, unsheltered waste.
> On favourite Benham turn my wishful eyes,
> And see ten thousand polish'd beauties rise
> The woods, the lawns, are nature's beauties there
> By taste are polish'd and by taste made fair
> But, by the self same taste, are mix'd with care
> Not such like care attends the neighbouring swain
> Who shall in happiest ignorance remain.
>
> . . . . . .

She thus concludes this effusion by declaring that Music is "her hobby horse divine," a feeling shared by many at Blenheim, where "self tutor'd Brown" had just "shewn he was no fool." The lines to the Countess of Granard [1] were written in 1765 before her marriage; but the elegy on the death of the Rev. Charles Jenner is dated 1774. In the following year (1775) Lady Craven visited Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. The verses addressed to her by her host, and her neat reply to them, are both copied into this volume, and are quoted in the Introduction to these volumes.[2] The concluding poems are an "Address to my Harp" (1775) and "A County Eclogue for January, 1776."

> Hear me each married dame, oh hear!
> And blooming virgins hear me,

[1] Lady Georgiana Berkeley, who became the second wife of the fifth

No month for us in all the year
Is like dear January
The birthday fine, the sportive Ball,
And Beaus whose merits vary
If those are joys we find them all
In charming January.

. . . . .

May Wit and Mirth each hour employ
No Fools or Fogrums near ye
To chill with Frowns our rising joy
Like Frost in January
Alike the Fogrum and the Fool
In converse ne'er can spare ye,
Of scandal each the willing tool
In busy January.
Avoid them all, like some disease
Through envy they would mar ye
Their very looks their thoughts must freeze
Like winds in January.

C

Verses written by Lady Craven on dreaming she saw her Heart at her feet, from the original dated January, 1780, discovered by Mrs. Climenson, amongst the Elizabeth Montagu MSS. and signed " C."

When Nature tir'd with thought was sunk to rest,
And all my senses were by Sleep possest,
Sweet Sleep, that soft and balmy comfort brings
Alike to Beggars and despotic Kings,
I dreamt of peace I never felt before,
I dreamt my Heart was lying on the floor.
Observ'd it, strange to tell! with joyful eyes,
And stranger still without the least surprise.
Elated with the sight, I smiling sat
Exulting o'er the victim at my feet;
But soon with words of anguish thus addrest
This painful, sweet disturber of my Breast:—

" Say busy, lively, trembling, hopping thing,
" What new disaster hast thou now to bring,
" To torture with thy fears my tender frame,
" Who must for all her ills thee only blame ?
" Speak now, and tell me why, ungrateful guest
" For ten years past hast thou denied me rest ?
" That in my Bosom thou wast nurs'd tis true,
" And with my Life and with my Stature grew.
" At first so small were all thy wants, that I
" Vainly imagin'd I cou'd ne'er deny
" Whate'er thy fancy ask'd—Alas ! but now
" I find thy wants my ev'ry sense outgrow ;
" And ever having, ever wanting more,
" A power to please, to give, or to adore.
" Say, why like other Hearts dost thou not bear
" With callous apathy each worldly care ?
" Why dost thou shriek at Envy's horrid cries ?
" In thee Compassion, Hatred's place supplies,
" Why not with malice treat malicious Men ?
" Why ever pity when thou shou'dst condemn ?
" Why, at the hearing of a dismal tale,
" Dost thou with sorrow turn my Beauty pale ?
" Why, when distress in any shape appears,
" Dost thou dissolve my very soul in Tears ?
" Why in thy secret folds is Friendship bred ?
" In other hearts its very name is dead.
" Why, if keen Wit and learned Sense draw nigh
" Dost thou with emulation beat so high ?
" And while approving, wish to be approv'd ?
" And when you love, wish more to be belov'd ?
" Why not, in cold indifference ever clad,
" Alike, unmov'd, regard the good and bad ?
" Why dost thou waste my youthful bloom with care,
" And sacrifice myself, that I may share
" Distress in others ? why wilt thou adorn
" Their days with roses and leave me a thorn ?
But here I saw it heave an heavy sigh
And thus in sweetest sounds it did reply :
" Ah ! cease, Eliza ! cease thy speech unjust,

" Thy heart has e'er fulfill'd its sacred trust ;
" And ever will its tender mansion serve,
" Nor can it from thee this reproach deserve
" Against my dictates murmuring have I found
" Which thus has laid me bleeding on the Ground,
" Compare thyself in this same hour depriv'd
" Of this soft Heart, from whence all are deriv'd
" The same bewitching graces which adorn,
" And make thy Face appear like beauteous Morn :
" With me its brilliant ornaments are fled,
" And all thy features, like thy Soul, are dead.
" 'Tis I that make thee others' pleasures share,
" And in a Sister's joy forget thy care.
" 'Tis by my dictates thou art taught to find,
" A Godlike pleasure in a godlike mind ;
" That makes thee oft relieve a Stranger's woes,
" And often fix *those* friends, that wou'd be foes.
" 'Tis I that tremblingly have taught thine Ear
" To cherish Music ; and 'tis I appear
" In all its softest dress, when to the Hearts,
" Of all beholders my dear Voice imparts
" Harmonic strains ; 'tis not because 'tis fine,
" For ev'ry note that's felt is surely mine.
" In smoothest numbers all that I indite,
" For 'tis I taught thy fearful hand to write,
" My genious [*sic*] has with watchful care supplied.
" What Education to thy sex denied ;
" Made Sentiment and Nature all combine,
" To melt the Reader in each flowing line,
" Till they in words this feeling truth impart,
" She needs no more who will consult the Heart ;
" And own in reading what is writ by thee,
" No study ever cou'd improve like me.
" And when thy bloom is gone, thy beauty flown,
" And laughing Youth to wrinkled Age is grown,
" Thy actions, writings, friendship, which I gave,
" Still shall remain an Age beyond the Grave.
" Then do not thus displa'd let me remain
" But take me to thy tender breast again."

Seduc'd I was in haste, then stooping low,
Soon reinstated my sweet, pleasing foe;
And waking, found it had nor less nor more
Than all the Joys, the pangs it had before!

C.

[Endorsement by the "Queen of the Blue-Stockings":—
"Lady Craven's Verses to her Heart Jan., 1780."

. . . . . .

Fifty years divide the writing of these lines from the publication of the *Memoirs*, but in 1826, as in 1776, the Margravine of Anspach had no sympathy with fools, fogrums, or dullness. There is nothing half so good in the book as this cheery County Eclogue.

D

To Lady Craven sending to inquire after Lord Carmarthen, just recovering from a severe illness.

1

When Deities join to befriend us,
How can we fear sickness or woe
Then if Venus and Phœbus attend us,
A Fig for what Fate can bestow.

2

O'er Light, Music, Poetry, Physic
Apollo his Empire has prov'd
So Darkness, false chords, Rhyme and Phtysic
Can alike by his Power be remov'd.

3

But infallible sure is the Cure;
When Beauty her succour imparts,
And Med'cine, to render more sure
Joins the Power she claims over Hearts.

4

I know with Apollo you've flirted,
And the Muses grew jealous at last,
His Godship they found you'd diverted
And fancied, God knows, what had pass'd.

5

But from me not a word should transpire
I hate to make Ladies fall out,
And with pleasure would soften their Ire
Since whenever you're mentioned, they Pout.

6

This secret I ne'er had disclosed
But your friendly regard for my health
Such a debt on my feelings impos'd
That I could not discharge it by stealth.

7

Else under good Jackson's enclosure
I'd have sent a polite formal letter
But sure by this serious disclosure
I acquit what I owe you the better.

8

Then Adieu, fair Eliza, take warning
Immortals in cunning surpass us
And those Prudes, in Sol's absence some morning
May get you black-balled at Parnassus.

Your Ladyship's most obliged and
faithfull servant,
CARMARTHEN.

E

Epistle to Lord Macartney on his return from China[1] from the person who told him just as he was setting sail to go there that his Embassy would fail.

My dearest Lord Mac
You are coming back
As I told you before you set sail
That whim of Will Pitt
Was an unlucky hit
How could he in China prevail ?

'Gainst Mandarins sly
Too wise and too high
To be lull'd by his presents to sleep
They very well know
Where'er Englishmen go
What they borrow or take they will keep.

In the East or the West
Have they left any rest
To the Indians who let them once land
First they set up a tent
Then are never content
Till o'er nations they take the command.

Yet Billy should know
When trees chuse to grow
With too great abundance of shoots
Their number so grate
With no sap is replete
And the Branches at last kill the roots.

The Emperor he[2]
To see you did agree
And I'm told when you lay on your face
That you and your Friends all
Did perfectly well sprawl
With flounder-like sort of a grace.

[1] Lord Macartney's mission to Pekin took place in 1792–94. He returned to England in the latter year.

[2] The newspapers informed us of Lord M. and his suite prostrating themselves on their faces when they had an audience with the Emperor, who was not inclined to give it.

So you made, my Dear Mac
Horizontal your back
For some minutes to please an old King,
As John Bull, sure you felt
To have knuckled or knelt
A very humiliating thing.

Then we're told my Dear Lord
Of that sweet pretty word
Hy-ny-en[1] to soothe all your cares
Faniquoi no more
As we were heretofore
How sweet are these words to our ears.

So invincible Will
Our Minister still
Will tell our astonished nation
That truly *ad hoc*
To be a Peacock
Must save us from humiliation

With his usual ease
He will say the Chinese
Call'd us English White Devils till now
But now Gentlemen
We are called *Hy ny en*
Which means a fine peacock I vow

Yet I must believe
That in his large sleeve
The Emperor hoaxed us so well
That he said, tho' in jest
He thought it was best
You should go before the leaves fell[2]

[1] Thirty mandarins waited on Lord M. a few days previous to his departure from Canton to inform him that till then the Chinese had called the English *Faniquoi*, which signifies White Devils, but in future they should be called *Hy ny en*, which means a Peacock. This honour and advantage must satisfy the English nation and the East India Company for all the expense and trouble of Lord M.'s embassy.

[2] The Emperor preferred seeing the peacock's tail to his head, and was in haste *Hy ny en* should turn his back upon his kingdom, and actually sent Lord Macartney word that his health was so precious he feared it would be affected if he stayed till the leaves fell.

For you this regard
Deserves some reward
So I thank him sincerely I do
The sooner you went
The more I'm content
For the sooner we all shall see you

For believe me dear Mac
The best diploma hack
Who e'er went full gallop to treat
May fail on the road
If he carries a load
On a path quite unknown to his feet

Some curious Japans
With beautiful fans
You will bring I can make no doubt
Fine satins perhaps,
And Chinese fly-flaps
While Billy will smoothly make out

To my credulous nation
The vast obligation
This voyage to China confers
On our Belles that are fainting
For old queer Chinese painting
Crooked cups, brown tea-pots and furs

Return then in haste
And make no more waste
Of your talents, your health or your time
For your friends only live
Who think and who grieve
That to fling them away is a crime

Come to my fireside
'Tis my boast and my pride
That you, like all English men
War ne'er marred of a joy
Tho' call'd *Faniquoi*
Leave to Billy to be *Hy ny en.*

F

A Conversation between the River Kennet and the Navigation in the year 1800.

The River (astonished)

What is this ugly thing that has crawl'd along so stagnant, so quiet by my lovely stream, and has without my knowledge or consent made me shallow in some parts and wide in others ?

The Navigation (in a dying, half-extinguished tone)

I am the son of several Fathers, But that one which lays best claim to the Honor of having produced me is that Dead Monster[1] near Southampton, who lies offensive to the eyes and nose of all the wealthy Inhabitants around Southampton ; Have mercy on me Heaven-begotten Source. I cannot last long.

The River

Ugly thing. How dare you presume while I love and beautify this Barony[2] to exist between me and those woods from whence so oft maternal eyes[3] have gazed with fond delight on me. Intruder ; avaunt ! No longer prevent my generous stream from flowing into those cavities[4] which were intended to form a lake that would seem to unite by one clear surface Benham and Hampstead.

The Navigation

Alas ! I cannot stir. I am lock'd down by many huge locks invented by Art, and my makers intend I should be finished.

The River

And if you were, of what use could you be ?

[1] The Cut now given up near Southampton.
[2] Hampstead Marshall.
[3] The Margravine's eyes.
[4] From which peat had been excavated.

The Navigation

I should make the fortune of some Individual at the expense of the public, I should make, as others of my Brethren have, Individuals find out that land carriage is cheaper and safer than water, I should make England look more like Holland and give some amusement to the Bargemen whose faculties are stagnated; for they can land, eat Turnips and catch Hares or Wild Ducks unperceived, and set the new gentry on your shores upon new speculation how to get rid of their superfluous wealth as wisely as they did by subscribing to my formation. I should perhaps disguise those Eyes you speak of from looking at you, and those humble feet belonging to them from ever treading our shores.

The River

This last supposition is impossible. As long as those exist they are turned towards me, all new *levels* but those which God and nature made are odious to them as *me*. They belong to a countrywoman of ours who never forsook us and when least expected by me was borne on Eagles Wings back to wash her weary feet in my limpid stream. Peace, reptile! She comes, I meet Her. May her bright Star crush thee soon, and with Thee perish all Murderers of Taste and beauties of Nature. Fly my vicinity, and with thee be annihilated all Monopolisers, Contractors, Poachers, Barbarous Parents, Unnatural Children, Bloodshed, Murder, Rapine, Theft, and Folly.

The Waters ceased speaking, the River kept its course, and the Navigation crawled by its side as usual.

G

Prologue written by the Margravine of Anspach for the theatrical performance given at Brandenburgh House, 1799.

This night our entertainment claims compassion
As wholly and compleatly out of fashion
It is indeed ; will it be reprobated ;
From Kotsbue neither copied or translated ;
Will English palates us'd to German messing
Now relish English food, and English dressing.
Why—yes—I say, who love my country's glory,
Can you prefer Dutch Herrings to John Dory.
I never did. I who was born and bred
In London's tastefull town, and ever led
Of Taste the gay fantistic reins thro' Life
And proud to own, I'm a fishmongers wife.[1]
No faulty Stranger, and no Birthday Low
Shall constitute from Northern Climes our Show
Old British humour now our purpose suits
From Sir John Vanbrugh's wit to Puss in Boots.
Why such our fancy, I will if I'm able
Explain like Esop's wisdom ; by a fable.
Young Jacky Bull, some forty years ago,
With childish spirits high and Pockets low,
Resolv'd like other College youth's to roam
And seek a fortune elsewhere than at home
He ransacked Austria, Russia, France and Spain,
But poor as he set out came home again
Then humbly taking axe and spade in hand
He plough'd, he sow'd his own Paternal Land
Accumulated store his Labour crown'd
In his own small domain were treasures found.
The moral 'tis scarce needful to explain
While yet of English fire some sparks remain
While in our ancient authors still we read
That sterling humour foreign authors need
Let English wit then—Phœnix-like arise
From her own ashes to her native skies
For Wit like Beauty, Envy's self disarms
When decked by Native, not by foreign Charms.

[1] The Margrave had become a Freeman of the Fishmongers' Company.

H

Another prologue for the Brandenburgh House theatricals written by the Margravine of Anspach.

In those magnificently vicious days
When Marlbro' conquer'd and Molière wrote plays,
Gigantic virtues, monstrous vices then—
To be describ'd—required a monstrous pen.
So Molière's Rake, thro 5 long acts did evil;
Plung'd thro' each crime and feasted with the Devil.
In two short acts not so my milder Rake,
He for a feast, an angel-wife must take—
For by our English Lords—tis understood
Marble inferior is to flesh and blood.
That man's inconstancies and wild alarms
Are best subdued by Lovely female charms.
A mother and infant's heavenly smile,
Can tame the fiercest he in Britain's Isle.
But since Molière; how alter'd are our Fashions
Gaming now supersedes all other Passions.
Why at this word each blushing beauty starts;
Does she not all life through, gamble for hearts?
Gentlemen, the coldest of ye all must feel
Ye needs must love, when Ladies stoop to deal.
The trader too, in this all trading nation
Plays a deep game and stakes his reputation.
I'm told 'tis Commerce reigns throughout the Land
He that sits highest forms his neighbour's hand.
Who in the set this secret dares reveal
When Public Plunder forms each player's weal
When all look tamely on, the knave, the fool,
Alternately may win, or share the Pool.
Joking apart—I play a desperate game,
I set against Molière an author's fame
You who look on, see best the game I'm told
Pray which has won, my new theatre or his old,
By your decision Critics those undone
Are silenc'd and must shuffle, cut and run.
If won this game, I have not play'd in vain
And if you bid me play, I play again.

I

BY THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH

Colin met Sylvia on the green,
Once, 'twas the charming first of May
And shepherds ne'er tell false, I ween,
By chance they met as Shepherds say

Colin he blush'd and bowed, then said,
Will you sweet maid, this first of May,
Begin the dance, by Colin led,
To make this quite his holiday

Sylvia replied, I ne'er from home
Yet ventured till this first of May
Say is it fit for maids to roam
And make a shepherd's holiday

It is most fit, replied the youth,
That Sylvia should this first of May
By me be taught that Love and Truth
Can make of Life a holiday.

Translated into Italian by the "Marchese Berio from the original English of H.S.H. Elisabeth Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth."

J

Verses addressed to H.S.H. the Margravine on the appointment of milk-woman to the Pope.

1

His Holiness deranged and ill
Was often heard to mutter
Throw to the dogs your nasty pill
I only long for butter.

2

St. Dominic said in a dream
Leo away with plaisters
And trust to butter and to cream
For curing your disasters.

3

Each doctor long his art had tried
To drive away the spleen
Whoever spoke—the Pope replied
" Butter and Margravine."

4

'Tis now resolved to wait no more
" Her butter to my knowledge "
The Pontiff cried, " is worth a score
Such quacks and all the College."

5

" We Popes are not so easily turn'd
I'll search the country round "
And at the Strozzi newly churn'd
The melting pot was found.

6

George our King may freely call
His Flower Girl Miss Fellowes
The Margravine's a name they all
May hear of and be jealous.

7

For now the dames may on their knees
Knock under as I hope
They'll not dispute the *pas* while she's
Milkwoman to the Pope.

8

Thus in sweet sympathy of state
Six kingdoms ruled shall be
The Pope rules heaven and earth and fate
Milk, cheese, and butter she.

K

Lines written by the Margravine of Anspach at Marseilles in 1815 and apparently addressed to Horatio, second Earl of Orford (1752–1822),[1] or to his son, Lord Walpole, Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg between 1812 and 1815, who succeeded his father as sixth Earl and died in 1858.

A thing my dear Lord, that I ne'er
Should have thought on
Was to hear at Marseilles that you
Was at Houghton
With roast beef and plumb-pudding
are treating the Russ[1]
While the Austrian Ambassador adds
to the fuss
But your looks tell them both you
think of your Son
Whom here to the Garcons, I say
is my own
And his wife is so pretty, so
Sweet a musician,
that wants only cramming
and not a Physician
Turtle Soup—Asses Milk—good porridge
all that
And much more would I give her
To make her quite fat
But—I wish you of Blessed years at
least have a million,
to enjoy all the honours of
Brighton's Pavillion
Where an order I hear is created
for Dames
of high Beauty and wit and
Poetical Fames
I suppose the ext o der your

mine got : ser shone[1] is the Thought
for 'tis clear
A Tedescan order must honour
a Peer
An Old Peer of England by inheritance too ;
But unless he is fond of a Bauble that's new—
he'll find himself one worth twenty times two
of gravens[2] new made, tho
like me, saucy Elf,
you might claim a *Durchlachen*[3]
from Witikind's self :
but before to the land of Sour Crout
you are Roving
to my own native shore I
shall be moving
and I hope I shall find you
by my wise injunctions
having fill'd up Canals and
all their vile junctions—
for till that is perform'd, as
you know I'm no frog
Live I cannot where reigns
a perpetual fog,
and my Rose-color'd mind
like Flora's true Rose
must droop and be kill'd
where the sun never glows ;
vice-versa, so here as it shines every day
my muse she will laugh, dance, sing or play
And I thought she might just as
well dictate a Letter
to make you like mamselle
L'âsne somewhat better
than you did when I shew'd
you her name in a box
which set you a screaming
like Berkeley's game cocks—
and so furious you look'd

but now has most humbly
desired me to say;
she only ran away
to come and fight another day.
if my verse is irregular, you
may thank yourself
for with me you are
an irregular Elf—
there are times when all
that I do is most charming;
at others, the very best
jest is alarming.
arrangez vous s'il vous plait
you never can blame
the froth of a cream when
the fond is the same
for howe'er I may trifle with
those I don't know
I am always with those that
I love, statu quo
and you to this Latin, add, Probatum est
for my constant esteem for you is no jest
And tho' you forget me
for Ages when near you
no time or events from my
friendship can tear you

Elizabeth—12 Jan 1815
Marseilles.

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1826

MÉMOIRES DE LA MARGRAVE [*sic*] D'ANSPACH, écrits par elle-même contenant. Les observations recueillies par cette princesse, dans les diversis cours de l'Europe, ainsi que des anecdotes de la plupart des Princes et autres personnages célèbres de la fin du XVIIIe siècle. Traduits de l'Anglais par J. T. PARISOT, traducteur des Lettres de Junius, des Mémoires de Shéridain, etc., Paris: Arthus Bertrand, Libraire, Rue Hautefeuille, No. 23, Éditeur du Voyage autour du monde, par le Capitaine Dupevrey. MDCCCXXVI.

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Queen Isabelle.

Shrewsbury.

er,
Oxford;
Bristol.

Edward I, King of England.

Gilbert the Red=Princess Joan of England;
Earl of Gloucester. | b. at Acre in the Holy Land, 1272;
d. 23 Ap., 1307; bur. Clare.

Sir Hugh le Despencer=Lady Alianora de Clare;
favourite of Edward II; | coh. to brother; b. Nov., 1292;
b. 1283; beh. 24 Nov., | d. 30 July, 1337; bur. Tewkesbury.
1326; bur. at Tewkesbury.

=Lady Elizabeth la Despencer;
b. 10 Dec., 1325; m. 1338; d.
before Aug., 1389.

Sir James Berkeley, 2nd son=Elizabeth, dau. of
d. 13 June, 1404; bur. Bristol. | Sir John Bluet, of Ragland.

abel de Mowbray, dau. and co-heir of Thomas Mowbray, 1st Duke of Norfolk,
f Henry Ferrers and sister and coheir of Margaret Duchess of Norfolk: she d.
., 1452; bur. at Grey Friars, Gloucester.

by courtesy, 8th Lord Berkeley, 2nd son=Isabel, dau. of Philip Mead, of Mead's Place,
ept., 1506; bur. Austin Friars, London. | Alderman of Bristol; d. 1516; bur. Austin Friars.

nas, 10th Lord Berkeley, bro. of 9th lord=2. Cecilia . . .
1533; bur. Bristol; fought at Flodden. | relict of Richard Rowden,
co. Gloucester, Esq.

Henry, Earl of Surrey=Lady Frances de Vere,
"The Poet Earl," b. 1516; beh. v.p. Sept., 1547. | dau. of John, 15th Earl
of Oxford; she d. 1577.

Berkeley=Lady Katherine Howard;
., 1613; | d. 7 Ap., 1596; bur. Coventry.

son=Elizabeth Carey, d. and h. of George Lord Hunsdon,
try. | cousin of Queen Elizabeth; she d. 23 Ap., 1635.

h=Elizabeth, dau. of Sir Michael Stanhope, of Sudbury.

ley=Elizabeth, dau. and coh. of John Massingberd,
rd. | of Massingberd, Lincs.

ist, 3rd Viscount
19.

Charles II, King of England.

Charles, 1st Duke of Richmond, K.G.,
son of Louise de Keroualle; b. 29 July, 1672;
d. 27 May, 1723; bur. Chichester.

keley, K.G.=Lady Louisa Lennox;
Berkeley. | b. 24 Dec., 1694; d. of smallpox 15 Jan., 1716; bur. Berkeley.

=Elizabeth, dau. of Henry Drax, of Charborough, Co. Dorset;
d. 1792; rem. Robert, Earl Nugent.

Georgiana=1. George Forbes,
b. 18 Sept. 1749; | Earl of Granard.
d. Feb., 1820. | 2. Rev. Samuel
Little, D.D.

ELIZABETH=1. May 30, 1767, William,
b. Dec., 1750; d. | 6th Lord Craven.
13 Jan., 1828. | 2. Oct. 13, 1791, Christian
Frederick, Margrave of
Anspach.

B

OF ELIZABETH, LADY CRAVEN, AFTERWARDS MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH

liam, 6th Lord Craven = Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, dau. of Augustus, 4th Earl of Berkeley; b. Dec., 1750; d. 13 Jan., 1828. Rem. the Margrave of Anspach and was created Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire.
, 1737; d. 26 Sept.,
s uncle; bur. Binley.

1807
William = Louisa Brunton; b. 1783; d. 27 Aug., 1860; bur. Binley.
f Craven; t., 1770; ly, 1825; y.

Georgiana; b. 1772; d. unm. 18 Aug., 1839.

Arabella = General Hon. Fredk. St. John, brother of Viscount Bolingbroke.
b. 1774; d. 9 June, 1819.

Henry Augustus Berkeley; b. 21 Dec., 1776; Major-General; d.s.p. 20 May, 1836.

Marie Clarisse Trebhault.

Keppel Richard, Chamberlain to Queen Caroline; b. 1 June, 1779; d. unm. at Naples, 24 June, 1851.

1833
George Augustus = Charlotte, dau. of Walter Smythe, of Bambridge, Hants; rem. the Marquis de la Force.
b. 15 Dec., 1810; d. 25 July, 1836.

Frederick Keppel; b. 11 Ap., 1812.

Louisa Elizabeth Frederica b. 26 June, 1815.
1. Sir George Frederick Johnstone, Bart.
2. Alexander Oswald of Auchencruive.

William George = Lady Mary Yorke, dau. of the Earl of Hardwicke.
b. 6 May, 1835. dec.

Walter Arthur Keppel = Contessa Lisa Oldofredi.
b. 27 Mar., 1836; dec.

us. Caryl. Constance = Francis Sandford.

Isabel = Charles, Earl of March, now Duke of Richmond.

Arthur. Louis. Maria. Julia.

MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH AND BAYREUTH,

OWING HIS RELATIONSHIP TO THE ROYAL HOUSE OF ENGLAND.

(I)

JOHANN GEORG, Elector of Brandenburg, 1603–1625.
His third son was

I. JOACHIM ERNST, 1603–1625 = Countess Solms Laubach.
Margrave of Anspach

II. FRIEDRICH.
t Nördlingen during Thirty Years' War, 1634.)

III. ALBRECHT = Countess von Oettingen.
["The Righteous" 1634–1667.]

JOHANN FRIEDRICH = Eleonore, daughter of Duke Johann Georg of Saxony.
1667–1686.

ISTIAN
BERT.

VI. GEORG FRIEDRICH II, 1686–1703. (Killed at Schmittmühlen in War of Spanish Succession.)

VII. WILHELM FRIEDRICH, 1703–1723. = Christiana Charlotte, daughter of Duke Friedrich Karl of Würtemberg.

III. KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH, died 1757. = Friederike Luise of Prussia, daughter of Friedrich Wilhelm I, niece of George II of England, and sister of Friedrich II—the Great.
he "Wild Margrave."]

IX. CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH KARL ALEXANDER, born 1736. Succeeded 1757. Inherited the Margravate of Bayreuth 1769. Abdicated 1791, in which year he married, as his second wife, Elizabeth, Lady Craven. Resided in England 1793–1806. Died January, 1800, and buried in Speen Church, Newbury.

(II)

RGE I (1660–1727), King of England = Sophie Dorothea of Zell.
e Grand Elector of Brandenburg.

II (1727–1760),
f England, m. at
hausen Sept. 2
1705, Wilhelmine
otte Caroline
Caroline), dau.
hann Friedrich,
ve of Branden-
Anspach, and
e great-aunt of
an Friedrich Karl
der, the last Mar-
and husband of
Craven.

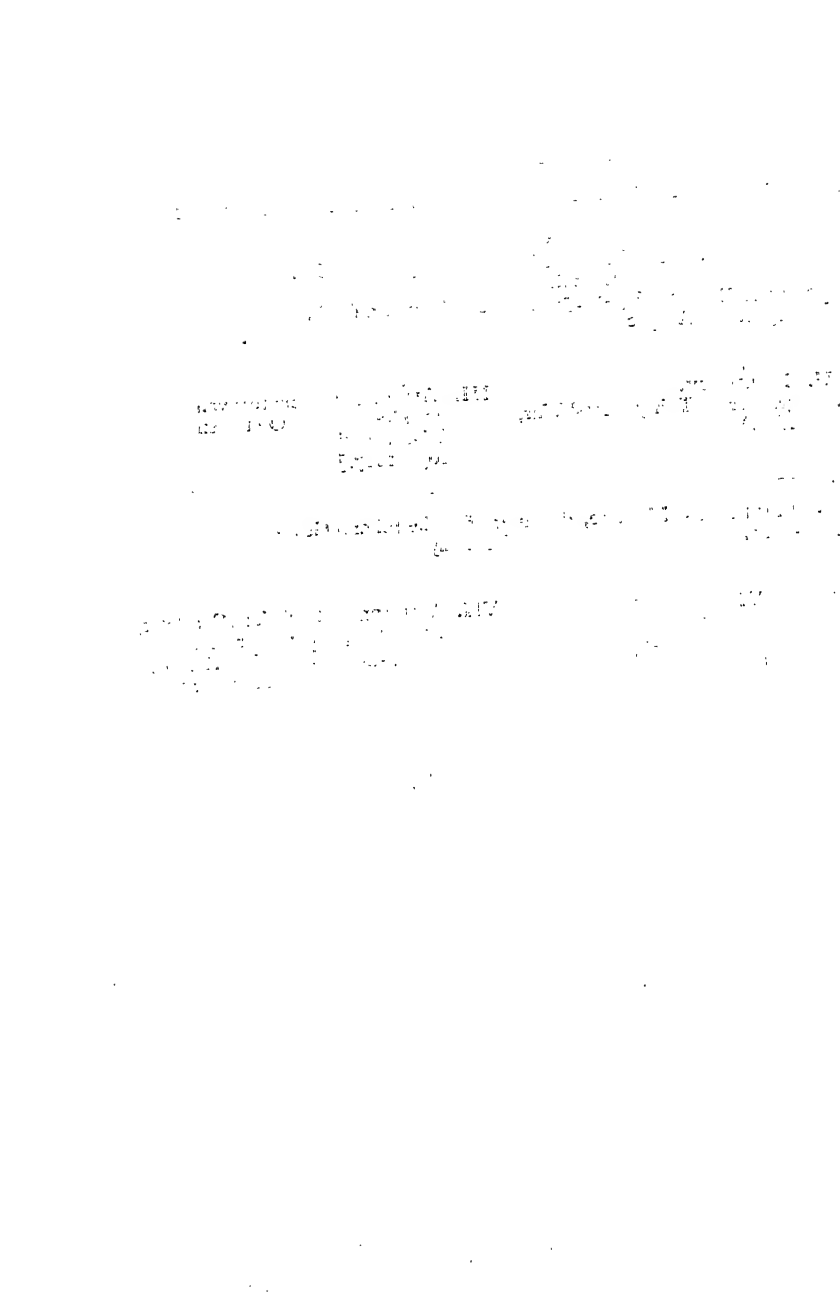
SOPHIA CHARLOTTE m. Friedrich Wilhelm I, King of Prussia.

FRIEDRICH II (the Great)

WILHELMINE, Margrave of Bayreuth.

FRIEDERIKE LUISE = Karl Wilhelm Friedrich of Anspach [The "Wild Margrave"] d. 1757.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH KARL ALEXANDER
(as above)
m. at Lisbon, October 1791, Elizabeth, widow of William, sixth Earl Craven.



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